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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERY.

America's fine volunteer army—The origin and development of the national guard, or State militia, its services in time of civil disorder, and its possible value in case of war.

OUR country has a vast territory, and a population of seventy millions. In time of disorder our standing army of twenty five thousand men is too weak to maintain authority. We must depend upon the organized militia of the several States, numbering about a hundred and twenty thousand uniformed and equipped men.



THE FIRST CORPS OF CADETS, MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA

In many sections the term "national guard" is applied to the militia. This is not strictly correct. It may be explained as an anticipation of a Federal reorganization of the militia of the whole United States; but until the reorganization takes place, our volunteer forces remain simply State troops, and we can have no national guard.

In the older colonial States, Indian attacks and the wars of last century led to the early creation of militia forces. In the newer Western communities, Indian troubles and strike riots have compelled citizens to unite for the common defense. Nowhere have men formed military companies in order to play at soldiering; they have always been forced to organize for self protection.

Our recent history, in so far as it treats of internal disorder, is a history of the militia. Only six years ago, in Nebraska, our volunteer soldiery were called out to face hostile Indians. In our great cities, when the police were powerless, they have again and again quelled riot and anarchy. During the Pullman riots several million dollars' worth of railroad property was saved by the Illinois State troops. The great fires in Chicago, Boston, and elsewhere showed the usefulness of the militia in another way.

Not long ago the Wisconsin Legislature refused, as unnecessary, an appropriation for an armory. The money was raised by private subscription, and the armory was built barely in time to defend the city of Milwaukee against a dangerous outbreak of anarchy. In the Ohio strike riots, after much damage by the mob, the militia saved two million dollars' worth of property at an expense to the State of thirty thousand dollars. During the Pennsylvania strikes, in 1887, the whole State militia was on duty.

In New York State the militia was of inestimable service in Buffalo in 1892, in Oswego in 1894, and particularly in Brooklyn in 1895, when seven thousand motormen and conductors went on strike, and several thousand reckless sympathizers became rioters. The first and second brigades of New York and Brooklyn, seven thousand strong, protected every threatened point in the city. All the militiamen remained under discipline,

unruffled by the abuse and violence of the mob.

It is interesting to note the difference in the attitude taken by rioters toward the police and toward the militia. They do not ordinarily appear to nurse any specific grievance against the police, for these they regard as workmen earning a living by their duties. The policeman is established in their minds as a professional; the militiaman, on the contrary, being only an amateur, who, not paid for preserving the peace, must be doing it for love, or to gratify his hatred of the mob. The rioting is not usually the work of strikers, but of the lawless element. It is well known that blank cartridges are not used now; so we seldom hear of mobs derisively defying troops to fire. The militia's aid to the civil power has ceased to be negative, and has become positive.

Our militia is a volunteer force similar to the British volunteers, who constitute a really fine army of two hundred and thirty thousand men. The term "militia," in England, is applied to another organization, quite distinct from the volunteers, and numbering about a hundred and twenty thousand. Its men are recruited from the peasantry, and are paid for their services; they form a part of the British army establishment, and go into training quarters with bodies of regular troops for periods of forty one days at a time. The volunteers come from a higher social stratum. For example, the ranks of one regiment are filled by students at Cambridge, each of the larger colleges of the university furnishing a company.

The success of the British volunteers shows what is in store for the militia of the United States when it becomes a truly national guard, with Federal headquarters at Washington. At present it does not receive the encouragement enjoyed by the kindred organization, though it has proved its value in the hour of peril as the English volunteers never have. The greatest benefit reaped from the movement in England is the advancement of rifle practice; it is said to have found a nation of shopkeepers, and in a few years turned them into a nation of sharpshooters. In this regard our militia is not far behind; indeed, this department of military



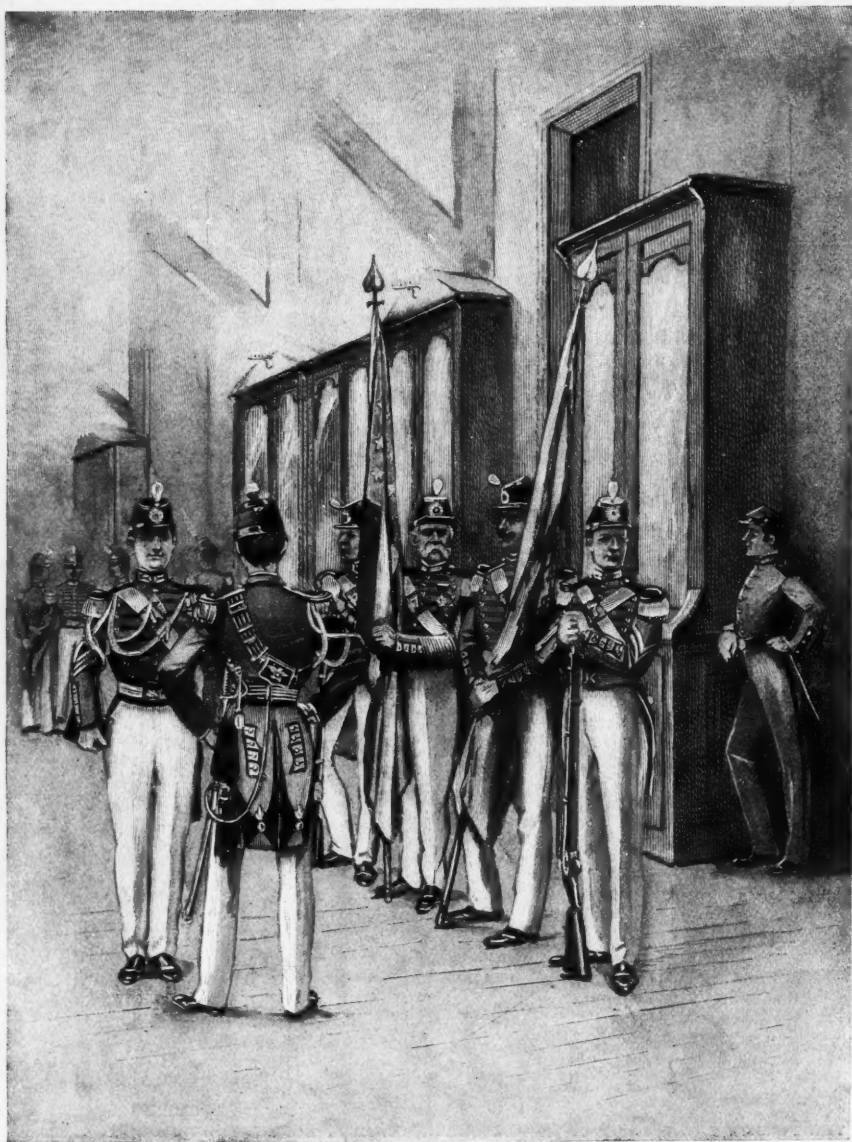
THE TWENTY THIRD REGIMENT, OF BROOKLYN, ON DUTY DURING THE BROOKLYN STRIKE.

science was not appreciated by our regular army authorities until they benefited by the work of our militiamen at Creedmoor.

In almost every State and Territory we have an organized militia, Alaska and the Indian Territory excepted. Wyoming, with the smallest force—three hundred and forty one according to the latest report—has been overtaken by Oklahoma, with four hundred and thirty eight men,

not to speak of a general with eight officers on his staff. New York leads with more than thirteen thousand; Pennsylvania follows with eight thousand; Illinois and Ohio have six thousand each; and Massachusetts, New Jersey, Georgia, and California, four thousand.

A time worn gibe at the militia refers to the needless multiplication of officers, especially in certain sections of the country. The facts show some surprises, no



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, OF NEW YORK.

section having a monopoly of moderation. Vermont has a general in command of State troops which number only seven hundred; while no general is reported for Georgia's force of four thousand, or Alabama's twenty five hundred. Pennsylvania today has four generals; yet until 1877 there were ten major generals and three brigadiers. This must have

aroused the emulation of her little neighbor, Delaware, whose three hundred and seventy two militiamen are commanded by three generals and seventeen staff officers. Virginia, with three thousand troops, furnishes her one general with a staff of nine officers only, one half the proportion of staff officers reported in New York, one third that in Massachusetts,



A TROOPER OF SQUADRON A, OF NEW YORK.

one eighth that in Pennsylvania, and one tenth that in Vermont.

A gradual reorganization of the militia is in progress throughout the country, and the tendency is to dispense with officers appointed through political influence, either replacing them with competent military men, or abolishing their positions.

Excellent results have been accomplished within a few years, and soon all the States will be marching abreast.

Although, as has been said, our militia has not yet received such official recognition as is accorded to the English volunteers, our government has shown an increasing readiness to help the soldiery



THE PHILADELPHIA CITY GUARD.

of the States. In 1812 the Governors of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut resisted the order of the President placing their militia under officers of his appointing, and denounced his action as a "Federal interference." The present attitude of the War Department does not

consider the idea of control, but valuable aid is extended in the way of inspection and instruction. Officers of the army are detailed to act as inspectors, visiting the troops at their armories and annual camps of instruction, reviewing them on ceremonial occasions, and, if occasion

permits, observing them in their work of aiding the civil power in time of danger. As yet, the appropriations granted by Congress do not permit professional coaching such as English citizen soldiers receive from adjutants and sergeants of the regular army. A few attempts have been made to utilize the regular army as a means of object lesson instruction, by placing companies of regulars on duty with State militia during their annual encampments.

At most of these State camps of instruction, every militiaman has one week's tour of duty each year with his company, regiment, or brigade. In Pennsylvania the entire State division has gone into camp. The South Dakota militia camps at Fort Sisseton, which, with its fortifications, has been assigned for the purpose by the United States.

At the armories, the troops are instructed in drill, sharpshooting, and the duties of guards and sentinels. It is impracticable to devote much time to the duties of soldiers in the field. Still, in Pennsylvania Major General Snowden and his staff, who are earnest military students, developed a creditable scheme of battle formation. Sham battles are not approved for militia in a limited training period; they amuse the spectators, but are regarded as demoralizing the men.

Most military critics agree that in case of foreign invasion it would take a year before we should have a really powerful army ready for the field. This is a lesson from our civil war, which Von Moltke styled "a contest between two forces of militia." A year of fighting was wasted by both sides in trying to learn the business of war. General Wesley Merritt declares that "there was not a battle in the first year of the war where one half the number of regulars could not have defeated both armies united."

An army inspector discovered that one company of a Minnesota regiment was composed of veterans of the civil war, who were still able to march in the militia ranks in which they had touched elbows and fought for the flag. But the expert found that their efficiency was seriously impaired by the fact that they had learned the lessons of war under methods which are today antiquated and hard to forget.

Though it might be at a serious disadvantage in coping with trained regulars, the militia will always be our pride and bulwark as an arm of the civil power. The forces of many of the States are excellent. Many authorities give the lead in physique and intelligence to the militia of Illinois, who in the Pullman riots displayed fine soldierly qualities. A division that makes a remarkably effective showing when handled in one command is that of Pennsylvania, whose eight thousand troops made such an impression when they appeared on parade in New York in 1889.

The uniform in general use throughout the States' militia is that of the boys in blue of the regular army. A few organizations prefer a more distinctive attire. The gorgeous costume of the Philadelphia City Troop, only worn now upon occasions of ceremony, is a Colonial dragoon uniform, and recalls the organization's service in the Revolution. The Quaker cavalymen keep on file a letter from General Washington, thanking them for their valuable work in the Jersey campaign. A captain of the troop, when minister at a foreign court, attended a royal function in its imposing uniform, and threw all grandees into the shade, nearly becoming *persona non grata* in consequence. On ordinary duty, the troopers wear the regular cavalry fatigue uniform, with the cowboy's sombrero. The men make a gallant show on their spirited thoroughbreds.

The Boston Corps of Cadets, which numbers two hundred and fifty infantrymen, and ranks high in military excellence, dates from 1741. On one of the battlefields of the Revolution, when the corps was ordered to a very exposed position, an aide rode up and said: "General Sullivan, do you know what you have done? If one of these young men gets killed, it will put half of Boston in mourning." In the civil war, nearly all the members of the corps became officers in the fighting regiments. The uniform was formerly that of the ancient French Guards; it now consists of a white coat, a shako, and light blue trousers. The Cadets—who, by the way, are almost all graduates of Harvard—own a fine armory in Boston, and a permanent camp and club house in Hingham.

The Philadelphia Troop and the Boston Cadets are perpetuated as private club corporations, membership practically limited to young men eligible by birthright or social popularity. The militia at large is more democratic. There are "crack" organizations, but they are not clubs; simply military bodies. It is said that in a Massachusetts regiment, not long ago, hints were given to two lieutenants that their resignations were desirable because they were mechanics. A man of the best social standing, who belonged to the New York Seventh, in speaking of this and of another case of snobbishness, declared that the Seventh was free from such a spirit. No one would dare to add to the military regulations any qualifications for membership, and all private considerations are subordinated to the good of the regiment. The officers are elected on military merit alone; wealthy and distinguished men are content to be left in the ranks. It is the high intelligence and the self abnegation of its members that have made the pet regiment of the metropolis the splendid organization that it is. Most New Yorkers will assert that no body of volunteers can be found anywhere to compare with the thousand men of the Seventh. As those masses of gray and white move in parade, rank after rank, with stately sweep and firm resounding tread, the passing of the Seventh is always a spectacle to fire the

local heart. No wonder that in the civil war six hundred officers were taken from this one regiment.

The Twenty Third, of Brooklyn, is a body worthy of special mention; and another is Squadron A, of New York, whose three troops of two hundred and forty men, with their handsome hussar uniform of blue, have won the praises of experts for horsemanship and sword-play. Their expert riding equals that of the best in the regular army.

The Maryland Fifth, of Baltimore, is the pride of the South. Its marching won universal admiration in the great parade at the dedication of the Grant Monument. The Southern militia may well give the nation cause for pride, as the best young men of the section are enlisted in the ranks of the infantry, while several of the cavalry troops are more than a century old.

The First Light Battery of Wisconsin has received special praise for its saber exercise; and there are many other volunteer bodies that deserve separate mention did space permit.

Every young American should be encouraged to join the militia. The training and discipline of a soldier will make him a better man and a better citizen. His flag and his country will no longer be meaningless, perfunctory terms to him, but the living symbols of a patriotic duty for which he will always be ready.

Edge Kavanagh.



DREAMS.

'Twas but a dream;

I claimed you once again. Back rolled the weary years—
Time was not. Strong enduring love that knew no fears
Was all in all. Love's parting came, told through love's tears.

'Twas but a dream!

'Twas but a dream;

The vision faded, and gray grew the sky and cold.
We buried love, but memory keeps its tender hold,
And binds us two for aye with endless chains of gold.

Thank God for dreams!

Maud Howard Peterson.

THE TWO TREATMENTS.

BY LAURA S. PORTOR.

Where doctors disagreed—The rival physicians, the professional and the amateur, and the result of their prescriptions for a desperate case.

SHALLCROSS had been in love with her for eight years, and she had never loved him in return, except as she loved some five or six other men—as good, stanch friends, who helped her by their friendship and faith in her to be the strong, sweet character she was. He tried to appear satisfied with his fate, and would declare himself so, though often the unhappiness of his strong nature would contradict the statement.

Now he was very ill. She had had a little letter from his best friend, telling her so. It was a brief letter, barely stating the facts, but there seemed to lurk in it an unspoken suggestion or appeal for help. She took it to her mother, and said very simply:

"I wish I could go to him. I can't bear the thought of his being ill, and no one but Deringforth to care for him."

"There is Deringforth's wife," her mother suggested.

"She can be there so little of the time. I have known him so long. If he were to die I should rebuke myself. Will you go with me, so that it will be possible for me to go."

Her mother was an austere, puritanic woman, with strong prejudices, which had withstood all advancement of ideas, and remained stubbornly old fashioned.

"Girls did not want to do such absurd things, when I was a girl," she said. "I do not know what we are coming to."

She went, however. She always objected before she consented. That was a part of the consent.

They left Philadelphia that morning, reaching Baltimore in the afternoon. Deringforth met them.

"I am glad you've come, Miss Chisworth," he said, taking her hand. "Seeing you is about the only hope we have

left for him. Will you come right away? There is no time to be lost. He is very low."

All three walked over to Shallcross' apartments on Charles Street. Deringforth opened the door without ringing. Mrs. Deringforth, a happy faced little woman of forty, came softly down the narrow hallway to meet them. Margaret Chisworth went anxiously forward, and put her hand in that of Mrs. Deringforth. Her eyes were full of questions. She flushed suddenly, and stood as if abashed. Shallcross had always wanted the two women to meet.

"Mrs. Deringforth is, next to you, my best friend. She has heard me speak so much of you. I have told her how I love you," Shallcross had said.

"And does she know——"

"Yes," he had answered quickly; "she knows you do not love me."

This dawned upon Margaret now as Mrs. Deringforth held her hand, and she fancied that the greeting was not a friendly one.

"Is he better?" she said.

"He is sleeping," Mrs. Deringforth whispered. "When he wakens you must go to him."

Then they sat about in the stiff backed chairs of the apartment parlor, and conversed in hushed voices, Mrs. Deringforth talking to Mrs. Chisworth, who remained haughtily unapproving throughout. Deringforth was telling Margaret the details of his friend's illness.

"Is there nothing further to do to help him?"

Deringforth shook his head. "I'm afraid not. He doesn't seem to care much about getting well. He says he has nothing to live for."

Margaret drew her under lip in and

looked intently out of the window. Deringforth was looking at her steadily. He thought she must know what he was thinking about, as well as he himself knew it.

He rose and left her. Mrs. Deringforth and Mrs. Chisworth were too engrossed to notice her. In a few moments Deringforth tiptoed back, and beckoned to her. She rose quickly. Mrs. Chisworth broke in on something Mrs. Deringforth was saying.

"Where are you going, Margaret?"

Margaret stopped. Deringforth was holding the portière aside for her to pass.

"He is awake. She is going to see him."

Mrs. Chisworth rose.

"It would be better if I went too." She turned to Mrs. Deringforth. "I do not approve of these new ideas, you know. I am of the old school, and I cannot get accustomed to such innovations. Now if they were engaged——"

"You will hardly be able to see him, madam," Deringforth was saying. "Two people at once would excite him too much. It would be better if Miss Margaret could go at once."

When they reached the door of the sick room, Margaret stopped and drew back.

"I won't know what to say," she said.

Deringforth stopped with his hand on the knob.

"Miss Chisworth," he replied, "I told you there was nothing to do to make him better. But there is. Will you do it?" She nodded her head. Her eyes were very wide. "Tell him, then, that you love him. I don't mean as a friend. Give him some hope."

Her eyes were wider still.

"How could I," she said simply, "when I do not love him—that way?"

"Well, that's the only thing," said Deringforth. "He does not care to live; as things stand now. That would change everything."

"Yes, but how can I, when it is not so?"

"You'd rather have him die, then, than tell a story?" he said, making a move to open the door. Then he turned and looked at her.

"I had not thought of it in that way," she said.

"That's what it means."

"But would it be right?"

Deringforth made a slight gesture of impatience.

"It's not a thing to split hairs over. I think his life is worth it."

"You put it so strongly," she said quickly.

"That is because, in my mind, there is only one thing to do."

"If you think I ought," she said, "I am willing to trust to you."

"That's it! You are the right kind of a girl. You won't regret it, either—to save his life. When the worst is over, take the hope away slowly, if you like, and he will have strength to get well. Leave him without it now, and he is dead by tomorrow."

In a moment more she was in the room. Deringforth went to the bed, stooped over the pale face, and laid his hand on Shallcross' brow with an almost feminine tenderness.

"She has come, Shallcross, old fellow."

Shallcross opened his eyes wearily.

"No, she hasn't. She doesn't care enough about me for that."

Margaret went forward quickly.

"Oh, but I do," she said softly.

Shallcross looked at her in utter bewilderment. Then a smile stole across his face, and he tried to rise. She slipped down by the bed. He groped around for her hand, and held it. Deringforth left them together.

Shallcross feasted his eyes on her steadily, without speaking.

"It is not too good to be true," she said, with a little laugh of embarrassment. "It is really I."

"God bless you!" he said. "But you need not have come," he added wearily. "Did Deringforth send for you? I thought so. You would not have come otherwise."

"I should not have known you were ill."

"No," he said with a frown; "tell the truth. You would not have come otherwise."

"Yes, I would," she said firmly and sweetly.

He looked at her intently, as if trying hard to believe her, and shook his head

slightly. "That is just because I am ill that you say so."

"No, no," she said quickly. "You are always so distrustful. Nothing could have kept me from coming to you." He kept his hand on hers, and looked at her long and silently. She was talking on softly. Finally she stopped. "You are not listening," she said.

"What were you saying?" he answered wearily. "I was just listening to the sound of your voice."

"But you must listen to what I say."

"What were you saying?"

"I was saying how glad I am that you are better—that you are going to get well."

"But I don't think I am," he said lazily. "I don't much care."

"Don't say that," she said quickly, "because I care so much. You are going to get well for my sake."

"I don't see what for."

"Just because I want you to. Because I need you. Because I should be so much happier. Just because I want you to," she repeated.

"That's because I am ill," he said in a drowsy voice.

She put both her hands over his.

"Oh, don't say that! I want so much to have you well."

"I don't see what for," he reiterated. "It is good, though, to see you. I would rather die this way—you here, my hand touching yours closely like this—than to live a whole life, and not have any right even to lay my hand on your own. Can't you see? But then, you never did understand."

"Yes, I do," she said. "That is why I want you to live."

"Why?"

She hesitated for a moment. Then she leaned closer.

"Because I want you to have the right."

He looked at her curiously; then he laughed a little weak laugh.

"As if I can't see what you are trying to do!"

"I am not trying to do anything but——" Her throat felt tight as she spoke.

"But what?"

"But tell you——"

"But tell me what?" His voice was strained and parched, and his eyes full of a dumb agony.

"That I love you," she said. Then she bent her head on the hands which held his.

He was silent a long while. When he spoke his voice was low, and in its old tender tone.

"If I thought you meant that," he said, "there's nothing that could make me die! But I know you don't—and I am well out of the way. My love has always bothered you."

"But if I tell you it does not, now? If I tell you that I mean it?"

"No! I won't be pitied," he said, but his eyes watched her intently.

"I am not pitying you. If I tell you that I really mean it——"

"Do you mean that you love me well enough to——" He stopped.

"Yes," she said, raising her face, and looking in his eyes with wide, troubled ones. "Yes; I do. That is what I mean."

Then she leaned over and kissed him.

While Mrs. Chisworth was sleeping soundly that night at the Stafford, Margaret lay awake beside her, her mind full of the events of the afternoon. It surprised her that the thought of Shallcross and her new attitude toward him was not an unpleasant one. There was a certain pride in the situation. After all; despite her many contradictions of it, there was a keen pleasure in being the one object of a man's living. There was pleasure in the thought that her hand could hold death back from Shallcross. She felt that she could not be loved like that often in a lifetime.

Two o'clock was striking when she fell asleep with a smile on her lips. She had decided that what she had told Shallcross that afternoon was not an untruth; that she would never—as Deringforth had suggested she might do later—withdraw the hope of her love from him. After eight long years of resistance, there was a pleasure in yielding to his love.

That night, when the doctor returned, he was much pleased with the condition of his patient. "It is critical," he said to Deringforth, "but he will live if we are careful. There is no doubt about that."

I will remain again tonight. By morning he will be out of danger. That treatment I have been giving him is wonderful. I'll venture to say there's not another doctor in town could have brought him through. You need not mind staying tonight."

"I would rather," Deringforth said. It irritated him to hear the doctor crediting himself with the success of the case, especially as he had said only that morning that there was absolutely no hope.

Shallcross had dropped into a sound sleep. There was a peacefulness about his face which Deringforth never remembered seeing there before; and he blessed Margaret Chisworth with all the gratitude of his nature. At two o'clock the patient coughed, and half wakened. The doctor went to the bedside. Shallcross opened his eyes, smiled drowsily, and closed them again.

"He is all right," the doctor said, coming back to where Deringforth sat. "That treatment of mine is astonishing." he added in a whisper. "By George, I'm no second rate physician, am I now, eh?"

The boast irritated Deringforth unspeakably. "I think I'm a better doctor than you are," he said in the same whisper.

"Eh, what have you to do with it?" said the doctor.

"Almost everything," Deringforth answered; "at least with the treatment. The actual remedy happens to be Miss Chisworth's."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean if I had not got her here he would have died."

"Oh, well, you know I advised that too," the doctor said. "That is a part of my treatment."

Deringforth felt himself more than ever irritated.

"Yes," he said, "but just having her here would not have saved him."

"What then?"

"It took more than that. The girl had to care for him."

"Well, what of that?"

"Well, she did not care for him, don't you see. That had to be managed."

"How do you mean?"

"I had to get her to say she cared for him. Do you see?"

"No, I don't," said the doctor stupidly, in his harsh whisper.

"Well, your medicines were mere truck as long as he thought she did not love him. That was what was killing him. I got her to say she would let him think she did care for him, just until we got him out of danger."

"Well, by George, you have had a share in it, then, haven't you?"

"Oh, I did not mean that," Deringforth said, still irritated. "Only, I thought I'd tell you."

A moment later there was a sharp groan from the invalid. Both men turned toward the bed. Shallcross lay with his hands clinched tightly. His lips were quivering, and his brows held down.

"I guess it is that pain in the shoulders again," the doctor said. "That's what I wanted to avoid." He bent over Shallcross and looked closely at him. "I think he is asleep. I guess he won't waken."

A few hours later the doctor stood holding Shallcross' pulse, looking seriously at his watch. Deringforth was nervously pouring out some brandy in a glass.

"He is not out of danger yet," the doctor said. "I doubt if he gets through, after all."

In the morning, early, Margaret Chisworth came again to the apartment. Deringforth met her. He was pale and worn out.

"He is nearly gone, I am afraid. The doctor says he can't pull through. But then, he said that before. Won't you try again?"

She put off her furs and hurried into the room. She was shocked to see the change in Shallcross' face, which was white and drawn, and full of a dumb pain. He opened his eyes, and looked drearily at her.

"Are you not glad to see me?" she said tenderly, taking his hand.

"Yes, of course I am," he answered huskily.

"Then why do you not appear so?" she laughed, trying to be light. Then she stooped and kissed him.

"Don't do that," he said, pushing her away weakly. "I would not have you do it for anything. Good God, I did not know what you were doing!"

She drew back in dismay, and glanced questioningly at Deringforth.

"Don't you want me to kiss you? Are you not glad——"

"No," he said, with a sudden strength, rising half way on his elbow. "You have done your part. I did not mean you should have done so much. I ought to have known you could not really love me! And yet—oh, God, if you had!"

He sank back. She threw herself on her knees by the bed, and called him.

"Ah, but I do! How can I make it true to you—as true as it really is?"

But Shallcross did not open his eyes.

"It is no use now," the doctor said, taking his hand. "He is gone. It seems even that treatment could not save him. I knew if mine could not, nothing could."

"Damn your treatment!" said Deringforth, burying his head in his hands.

Margaret sank down upon the bed, weeping passionately.



IGNIS FATUUS.

WHAT glorious form before me seems to dance
 With soft, seductive, passion stirring glance,
 And white arms waving, becking onward chase?
 Close leaning, smiling, praying fond embrace;
 Illusive yielding to my swift advance;
 Then while I clasp it, joying in the chance
 A near to scan that radiant, rosy face—
 Mere shining shadow in far misty space.

Methinks 'twas first in childhood's pretty dreaming
 Thy bright robed beauty stirred to eager stress;
 And since through life thy shifting splendor, gleaming,
 Has lured my longing soul to after press,
 False phantom, changed in merest outward seeming!
 Thou, my ungained, still hoped for happiness.

Josephine Bettes Parkman.



FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

VIII—GÉRARD.

The great French portrait painter of the days of the First Empire and the Bourbon Restoration—His friendship with Napoleon, and his long reign in the artistic and social world of Paris.

THE salons of France are of the past, that of the Princesse Mathilde being almost the only one left in Paris; and hers is in the home of a woman who lives upon traditions, and who will not condescend, in these days of republicanism, to strike the modern note.

No artist today can make his name as the painter of famous women, because women who become famous generally do so through some other power than that of personal charm and influence. They impress themselves upon the coming generations by the work of their hands or their brains. They write books, or paint pictures, or lead "movements." But in the old days, women were content to enjoy the honor which was theirs. In France they influenced the national voice, they made opinions, and marked themselves upon their times, and when they wished to leave some sign of their careers, they went to a good portrait painter, whose talent it was to put the living charm into the dead canvas.

François Pascal Simon, Baron Gérard, was one of the most famous of these men. More than any other painter, perhaps, he has given to us something of the life of his time. He was born in 1770, in Rome, where his father was in the service of the French ambassador. He was sent to Paris while very young, and was educated in an aristocratic school. When he left there he became a pupil of the sculptor Pajou, and finally fell into the hands of David. It was not only Gérard's art, but his life, which David influenced. The great historical painter had nine of his pupils in the Institute, and of these Gérard was most truly his pupil and representative. But the coming freedom, born during the Revolution, influenced Gérard deeply, and carried him out of the classic style of his master into some-

thing of the romanticism of the new Napoleonic era.

Napoleon's own artistic desires, and the influence which his reign inevitably exerted upon art, were curiously at variance. It was his wish to be classic above all things. He tried, and succeeded to an almost grotesque degree, in marking his reign by a trail of tables and chairs and decorations in designs which are as much out of place in the palaces where they find themselves as the Corsican soldier was out of place in the homes created by the pleasure and beauty loving French kings. But the emperor, with all his power, could not arrest the tide of progress, and in the air of the Napoleonic era French art became freer, moved by the spirit of the times. Gérard was one of the first to catch this new feeling. His début as a painter was made by a revolutionary picture, "The Tenth of August, 1792." Before this his father died, and he was compelled to return for a time to Rome with his mother, who was an Italian. She hated the teachings which her son had come to know in Paris, and did everything in her power to dissuade him from returning there. It was doubtless due to her influence that he curbed many of his ideas, and kept out of his historical pictures something which, left to himself, he would have put into them. Among these historical canvases are several of Napoleon's battles, "Henry IV Entering Paris," "Philip V Called to the Throne of Spain," and many others.

After his return to Paris from Italy Gérard found it difficult to support himself, and his chief source of income was from his work for the publishers, for whom he made drawings illustrating the classics. But at last, by his portraits, he attracted the attention of Napoleon, who



ISABEU, THE PAINTER, AND HIS DAUGHTER.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by François Gérard.



THE COMTESSE REGNAULT DE ST. JEAN D'ANGÉLY.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by François Gérard.

allotted him an apartment in the Louvre. Here the painter began to gather about him that company which would make his name remembered had he never painted.

As a man, Gérard was greatly superior to most of those he met, even in the society which he frequented. His mixture of French and Italian blood seemed to

give him an unusual number of qualities, and a singular charm. He associated with kings and princes on almost, if not quite, an equal footing. They said of him that his personality was always finer than his work. He had a singular resemblance to Napoleon, and added to it a personal magnetism which was far more



THE DUCHESSE DE TALLEYRAND.

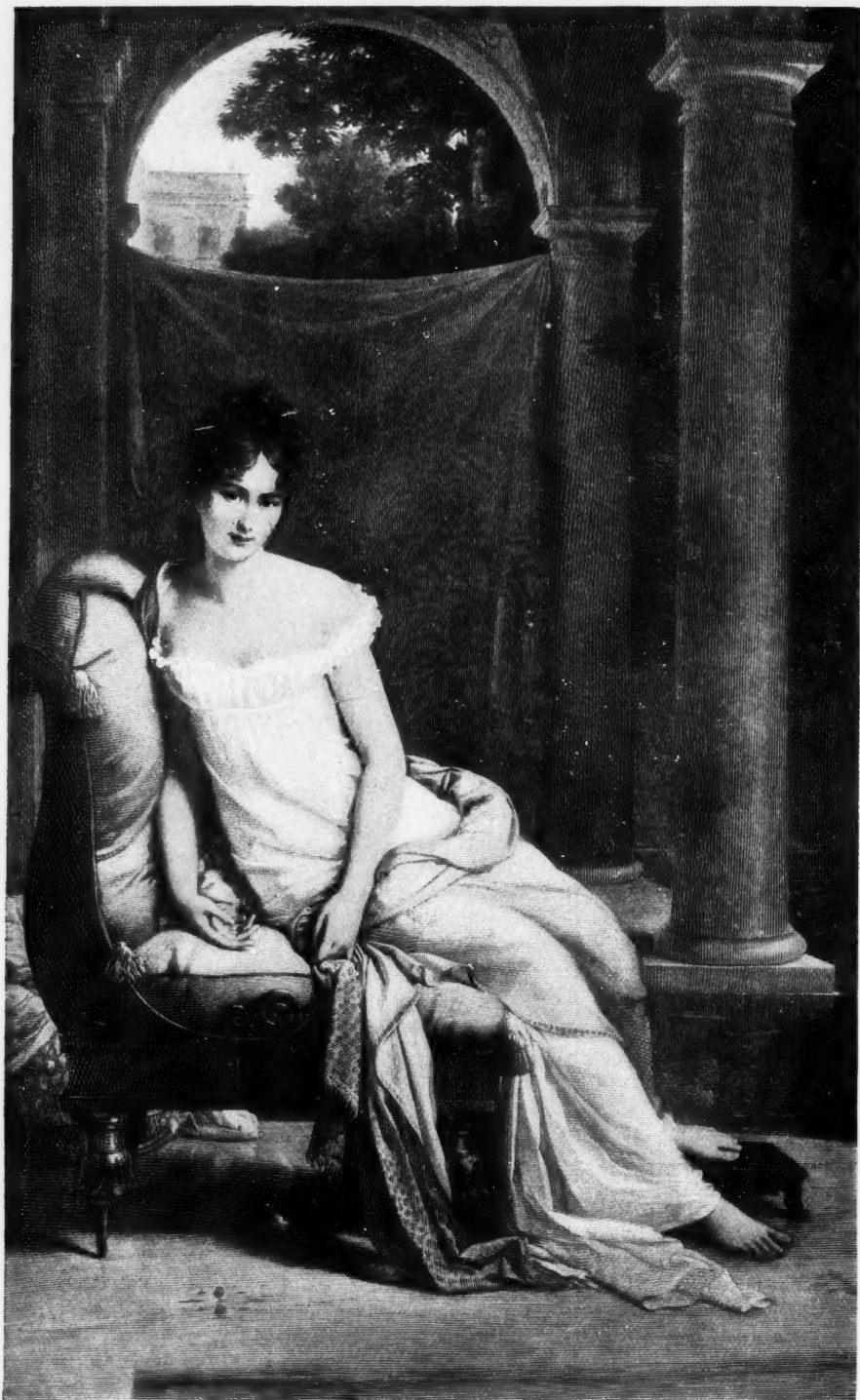
From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by François Gérard.

binding than that of the emperor. The two men had the greatest respect, and even affection, for each other. Napoleon once said of Gérard that he "housed the sacred fire." The artist had the reputation of an *homme d'esprit*, and his insight into passing events was held to be almost as profound as that of Talleyrand.

As the years went by, Gérard lost some of his revolutionary feeling. When Na-

poleon fell, he accepted the Bourbon restoration, and was as great a friend of the newcomers and their royal visitors as he had been of the Napoleonic régime.

It had been the desire of Napoleon to create a society like that which surrounded other courts, and he called upon women who had names and fine manners to assist him. But they quietly refused to come, and it was only here and there



MME. RÉCAMIER.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by François Gérard.

that the old life could be found. Neither Josephine nor Napoleon's sisters knew how to create a salon; and Marie Louise was not a Frenchwoman. The one *grande dame* who shone through all this time, as she shone through every political change, like a sun which no clouds could dim, was Julie Récamier, whose fame as a social leader has never been surpassed. Mme. Récamier made her first appearance during the consulate, when the social atmosphere of Paris was a peculiar one. She was very young, lately married to a man of thrice her age, who was as indulgent as a father, and who allowed her to do as she pleased in almost every case. It was not so much her intelligence as her heart which charmed. She was not brilliant, like Mme. de Staël, at whose house Gérard was also a constant visitor, and whose greatest portrait he painted; but she was generous, sweet, and loyal. She had her vanities, but she gave her friends so much that they were quite willing to allow her her own idiosyncrasies. Indeed, with all her generosity, she might be called, in a certain sense, the very quintessence of selfishness. She cultivated herself, and the world's opinion of her. Nothing else was allowed to stand in the way. She was the link between the discordant elements of the society of her day, and reconciled the hostile cliques that came together under her roof by the charm of her own individuality. She has been called the "flower of the salon," and surely no one in history has so thoroughly shown what can be done by a woman of great social tact.

The Duchesse de Talleyrand was another woman who became a great friend of Gérard's, and he was one of the few who became really intimate with the imperial family. Napoleon never felt himself an upstart; he had the greatest, the most profound re-



THE MARQUISE VISCONTI.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by François Gérard.



THE DUCHESSE DE BROGLIE.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by François Gérard.

spect for his own genius and his own powers. There were years when he felt that the world lay in the hollow of his hand. But his sisters, more than his brothers, seemed to be resentful of the fate which had made them rulers of nations, the greatest founts of social and political power in Europe, and had forgotten to give them the birth and training that would make their crowns sit easily.

They were ten times more particular in giving their intimacy than Marie Antoinette, the daughter of a hundred kings, had ever been. But Gérard they treated as one entitled to their respect. Caroline Bonaparte, whom her brother made Queen of Naples, sat for her portrait, with her children about her. Gérard painted Josephine, too, and when she had been sent away, and Marie Louise came to the



MARIE LOUISE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by François Gérard.

throne, he painted the plain faced Austrian princess and her son, the little King of Rome, whose birth cost so much and whose life was so futile.

Another *grande dame* who was a favorite subject of Gérard's was the Comtesse Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, whose best known portrait hangs in the governmental museum at Angers, the old capital of Anjou.

Gérard was beyond and above all professional jealousy, and he appears to have had so high and generous a character that he never inspired hostility in others. One of his favorite pictures was his portrait of Isabey and his little daughter. Isabey, who was the most famous miniature painter of his day, and the father of Isabey the marine painter, was a friend of Gérard and also of Mme. Le Brun. A



THE QUEEN OF NAPLES AND HER CHILDREN.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by François Gérard.

reproduction of his portrait by his brother artist appears on page 177.

For more than thirty years Gérard was one of the famous hosts of Paris. Hundreds of stories are told of the conversations in his apartment. Here the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Czar of Russia, and all the kings and princes who flocked to Paris after the restoration of Louis XVIII, met in the most informal fashion.

They came to sit for their portraits, and stayed, and came again. One of Gérard's famous pictures, "Corinne," was purchased by Prince Frederick William of Prussia and presented to Mme. Récamier.

Then, quite suddenly, Gérard died, in January, 1837, having lived a busy, full, and productive life, and having helped to immortalize the great Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of his day.

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

XXXI (Continued).

THE three Saracinesca men left the court together and drove away in a closed carriage. They decided that Orsino and Ippolito should return to Rome at once and quiet the family by their appearance, while San Giacinto went up to Camaldoli, to keep matters in order as far as he could. Orsino offered to go back alone, if San Giacinto would accompany his brother, but the big man preferred to take matters into his own hands, as he usually did when there was a crisis of any sort.

When the two brothers were alone in their compartment in the train that left Reggio that evening, Orsino drew a long breath. The sunset glow was over the hills, and the rushing breeze that blew in through the open window was sweet and clean to the taste after the foul air of filthy Messina and the almost more poisonous atmosphere of the court room. Orsino looked out in silence for a few moments, too glad to speak to Ippolito. When he looked round at last, he saw that his brother was leaning back in the opposite corner, with closed eyes, one hand thrust into the bosom of the cassock, the other lying upon the seat behind him. Orsino watched him, expecting that presently he would open his eyes and begin to talk. But Ippolito had fallen asleep almost instantly in his corner, exhausted by the long strain of days and nights spent in terrible anxiety.

No one ever knew what he had suffered during that time. Though of a fiber different from his father and his brothers, he was strong and healthy, but in those few days he had become thin and white, so that he looked positively delicate now, as he leaned back in his corner.

His anxiety had not been all for himself. It was a fearful thing, indeed, to be accused of murder, and be led like a murderer through a yelling rabble, to be lodged in a prison, to be thrust forward to the bar of a crowded court room to answer for a great crime. But it was worse to be accused by the real murderer and to be bound by one of the most solemn of all vows to keep that murderer's secret and bear his accusation without giving one hint of the truth.

It was no wonder that at the first relief from such a tension he should fall asleep at last, and Orsino was glad when he saw and partly understood. He had slept little himself since the night of Francesco's death, but he could not have rested now, for he still had much anxiety and many things to disturb his peace. He was in profound ignorance of what had happened to Vittoria and her mother, though he had been almost hourly in communication with his own family.

Corona's first impulse had been to leave Rome instantly and join her sons, and it had been with the greatest difficulty that Giovanni had persuaded her to await the result of the preliminary hearing. He himself was afraid to leave her, and he

*Copyright, 1896, by F. Marion Crawford.

had perfect confidence in San Giacinto. He was in reality most preoccupied about his wife; for he, like every one else, was struck from the first by the outrageous improbability of the accusation. He hardly ate nor slept, himself, it was true, but he was all along perfectly certain that Ippolito must be at liberty in a few days, and that the whole truth must be known before long.

Corona said little after she had consented to remain at home, but she suffered intensely. The beautiful high features were like a white marble mask, and when she spoke at all, her words were brief, nervous, almost hard. Her eyes were like black steel, and her figure grew slighter, and seemed to grow taller, too. Giovanni thought that the little, soft, gray streaks in her intensely black hair were suddenly growing broad and silvery. He was almost more anxious for her than for Ippolito.

But she never broke down in any way. She showed herself to the world, in her carriage, as if nothing had happened, though she received no one during those days. She knew how to bear suffering, for she had borne much in early life, and Giovanni needed not to fear for her. He hardly left her. They so belonged to each other that it was easier to bear trouble together. Possibly, though he did not know it, he looked to her in his anxiety quite as much as she looked to him. It would have been hard to say; for where there is such sympathy, such trust, and such love, there is also a sort of community of courage and of strength and of endurance for a joint suffering.

When the news of the decision in Messina came, however, Giovanni considered the trouble to be at an end. Corona only smiled faintly as they read the telegram together.

"At liberty on bail," she said slowly. "That is not an acquittal. He is still accused of the murder."

"Long before the trial we shall have discovered the truth," answered Giovanni confidently.

"Until we do, he is still accused of the murder," repeated Corona, with slow insistence.

She had not believed it possible that he could be held for trial. But the glad-

ness of a near meeting with him stole upon her anxiety.

As soon as the first greetings were over, he went with her to her own sitting room, and they remained alone together. For a long time she held his hands and looked into his eyes, while he spoke to her.

"Do not ask me any questions, mother dear," he said, smiling at her. "You know that I did not kill the poor man, and no one believes that I did. Do not let them torment me with all sorts of questions. If I could answer them, I should have answered them at once. I cannot."

Still she did not speak, for Orsino had written and telegraphed every detail, and had again and again spoken of Ippolito's inexplicable silence.

"Mother, trust me, and do not ask me questions," said the young priest earnestly.

"Yes," she said at last. "I trust you, and I always have. I was not hesitating, my dear, and I shall never ask you anything about it, nor allow any one else to do so, if I can prevent it. But it has dawned on me—the truth I wanted. I believe I understand."

A startled look came into Ippolito's eyes, and his hands closed suddenly upon hers. He opened his lips to speak, but could not find wise words, for he believed that she had guessed the truth, by some extraordinary and supernormal process of intuition.

"No," she said reassuringly, "do not be afraid. I shall not even tell you what I think, and I shall certainly not tell any one else. But——" She stopped suddenly.

"But what?" he asked, in the utmost anxiety, searching her eyes.

"Nothing that I need say, my dear boy," she answered quietly. "It is better to say nothing about such things when one is not sure. Sit down beside me, and let us be together as we used to be before all this happened."

He sat down and they remained long together.

There was but one opinion in Rome. Every one said that Tebaldo Pagliuca knew more about his brother's death than he chose to tell, and had managed to cast

the burden of evidence against Ippolito. Hundreds of people called at the Palazzo Saracinesca, and Ippolito had scores of notes from friends, congratulating him on having regained his liberty.

Old Donna Francesca Campodonico came to see Corona, a saintly, shadowy woman, who lived alone in a beautiful old palace near the Tiber.

"A Corleone, my dear!" she said. "What do you expect? We are told to love our enemies, it is true, but we are at liberty to love them as enemies, and not as friends. In order to do that it is necessary to distinguish them, and the more clearly we draw the line the better."

"It is refreshing to hear you speak of any one as an enemy," answered Corona, with a smile.

"My dear," said Donna Francesca, "I am very human, I assure you. Never have anything to do with a Corleone or a Braccio. There is very little to choose between us. We are hereditary sinners!"

She was a Braccio herself, and Corona laughed, though she knew there was truth in the saying. The Braccio people had many friends; but so far as the Corleone were concerned, all Rome agreed with Donna Francesca, and congratulated the Saracinesca, quite regardless of the fact that Ippolito was not really acquitted.

But Corona was not as she had been before, and her eyes followed Ippolito about, when he was within sight, with a sort of wondering, anxious expression that showed how perpetually her thoughts were occupied with him.

XXXII.

ORSINO made an attempt to see Vittoria on the day after his return. The liveried porter put his ear to the speaking tube as of old, and then, shaking his head, told Orsino that the ladies could see no one. He volunteered the information that Donna Maria Carolina was very ill, and that her servants believed her to be out of her mind since the death of her second son. The young lady did not go out every day, he said. When she did, he always heard her tell the coachman to

drive to the Hotel Bristol. There were two sisters of the French order of the Bon Secours who took turns, as nurses, with her mother. The doctor came twice daily, and sometimes three times. The porter had asked the doctor about Donna Maria Carolina, and he had answered that she was in no danger of her life. That was all.

The porter, as has been said, volunteered the information; but if he did so, it was because he knew Orsino and had read in the newspaper a full account of Francesco's death, and of the hearing at Messina. Being a good Roman, he felt personally outraged at the idea that any member of a great old Roman house should be accused of killing a Sicilian gentleman. He might kill him, if he chose, the porter thought, but it was an abominable insult to accuse him of it. The man had never liked Francesco, who had been stingy and self indulgent, spending money on himself, but never giving a present to a servant if he could help it, and generally ready to find fault with everything. Tebaldo was not mean. Orsino, when he gave at all, gave lavishly, and he gave whenever he happened to think of it, as he did today. The porter bowed low, as much to the banknote as to the heir of all the Saracinesca, and Orsino went away.

He wondered why Vittoria went to the Hotel Bristol whenever she went out. He remembered having once or twice left cards there on foreigners, but he could not remember their names. He might recognize them, however, if he saw them, and he drove to the hotel at once. Looking down the list of the guests, he immediately came upon the names of Mrs. and Miss Slayback, and he remembered how it had been said of late that the young American girl was to marry Tebaldo Pagliuca. It was tolerably clear that these were the people whom Vittoria visited when she went out at all. Orsino remembered that he had been introduced to them at some party. Without the smallest hesitation he sent up his card to Mrs. Slayback, and in a very short time was requested to go up stairs.

Mrs. Slayback received him with cool interest, and showed no surprise at his visit.

"I have been in Sicily most of the time since I had the pleasure of being introduced, or I should have done myself the honor of calling sooner," said Orsino, rather formally.

"Of course," answered Mrs. Slayback. "I quite understood."

She was silent, as though expecting him to open the conversation. That, at least, was what he thought.

"You are staying in Rome very late," he began. "Of course it is cool here compared with Sicily, and June is really one of our best months, but, as a rule, foreigners are afraid of the heat."

But she had not wanted that sort of conversation, and had only been making up her mind how she should speak, being taken at short notice by his visit. He was a good deal surprised at what she said.

"Please do not talk about the weather, Don Orsino," she began. "I am very glad that you have come to see me, for I am in great perplexity. I know that you will tell me the truth, and you may help me. Will you?"

"Certainly," answered Orsino, becoming grave at once. "Anything that I could do——" He waited.

"My niece is engaged to be married to Don Tebaldo Pagliuca. She is an orphan, a niece of my husband's, and is—well—rich, to say the least of it. She has fallen in love with this young Sicilian and insists upon marrying him. The Romans say that it is a family of brigands. You shot one of them in self defense not long ago, and now the papers say that your brother has killed Don Francesco, whom we knew. It is rather an awful double tragedy for civilized modern life, you know. Such things happen with us in the West, though not so often as formerly, but they do not happen to people who live in New York, for instance."

"I hope not," said Orsino gravely. "Sicily is a good deal less civilized than your West, I fancy. But I assure you that my brother did not kill Francesco Pagliuca, though I believe he knows who did kill him. He only tells me that he did not, and I am willing to give my word for him on the strength of his."

"But Don Tebaldo gave evidence on

oath that he saw your brother do it," objected Mrs. Slayback.

"And Don Tebaldo is engaged to marry your niece," answered Orsino. "You will allow me to say that the fact silences me."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Slayback, "for I do not wish my niece to marry him. I come to you for an argument against the marriage. I do not wish to silence you, as you call it."

"You know Don Tebaldo very well," replied Orsino. "You have probably formed an opinion about his character. I am in a very difficult position with regard to him myself."

He wondered whether Vittoria, growing intimate with the American girl, had spoken of him.

"Your position cannot be half so hard as mine."

Mrs. Slayback spoke with a conviction which reassured him, and he merely bent his head a little, as though assenting to what she said.

"It is clear," she continued, "that since you know that Don Tebaldo has sworn to this evidence, while you yourself, on your brother's word, are willing to swear to the contrary, you believe that Don Tebaldo is deliberately perjuring himself. That is perfectly clear, is it not?"

Orsino said nothing, but he could hardly keep from smiling a little at her directness.

"Very well," she went on; "should you allow your niece, or your sister, or any one belonging to you, to marry a man who has deliberately perjured himself?"

"You are perfectly logical," said Orsino.

"Oh, perfectly! I always was thought so, in my family. And now that you have helped me so far, for which I am really very grateful, can you tell me whether Don Tebaldo is coming back to Rome at once?"

"I am sorry, but I know nothing of his movements. I believe you know his sister, Donna Vittoria, very well, do you not? I should think she might be able to tell you. His mother is very ill, poor lady."

He had taken the first possible opportunity of introducing Vittoria's name.

"Vittoria comes to see Lizzie whenever she can get out for an hour," answered Mrs. Slayback. "But yesterday, when she was here, she did not know anything about her brother. I think she does not like to talk of him, for some reason or other. Have you seen her lately?"

She asked the question very naturally and easily.

"No," said Orsino. "Her mother is ill, and she has no one else with her. She could not receive me, of course."

"I suppose not. She could in America. She is sure to come tomorrow afternoon about five o'clock, I should think, unless her mother is much worse. We shall be very glad to see you if you like to come in for a cup of tea."

"You are very kind—very kind, indeed—and I will come with pleasure," Orsino answered, surprised and delighted by the unexpected invitation.

"That is," said Mrs. Slayback, as though correcting herself, and not heeding his answer, "that is, you know, if you have no objection to meeting Donna Vittoria after all this dreadful business. If you have, come in the next day, and we shall be alone, I dare say."

Again Orsino found it hard not to smile, though he was very far indeed from anything like mirth.

"It would be more likely that Donna Vittoria might object to seeing me," he said.

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Slayback, with alacrity. "I think she likes you, by the way she sometimes speaks of you, and she does not believe her brother any more than you or I do, I can see, though she does not quite say so. Indeed, I hardly understand her. She wears black, of course, and they see no one since that poor man's death, but she comes here just the same. As for being sad, she was always sad, ever since I knew her."

"She has had enough to sadden her," said Orsino gravely. "None of us who have been concerned in this dreadful affair can be anything but sad just now."

When he went away he could not make up his mind as to whether Mrs. Slayback knew anything of his love for Vittoria or not. Foreigners, and especially Americans, were unlike other people, he thought. It never would have occurred

to any Roman lady, a mere acquaintance, to ask him to come for a cup of tea and meet two young girls. An intimate friend might have done it, in order to do him a service, but not a mere acquaintance. But foreigners were different, as he knew.

He pondered the question all night, and the next day seemed very long until it was time to go up to the Hotel Bristol at five o'clock. He thought the correct Swiss porter's face relaxed a little when he saw the card Orsino gave, as if he had been told to expect him. This was the more apparent when Orsino was ushered up stairs at once.

He heard an exclamation in Vittoria's voice as he entered the drawing room, and then for a moment he seemed to himself to lose consciousness, as he advanced. He had not known what it would be to be brought face to face with her after all that had happened.

Neither she nor Miss Slayback saw anything unusual in his face as he came forward, and the latter certainly had no idea how disturbed he was as she smilingly held out her hand to him. Vittoria had uttered the one little cry of surprise, and then she felt very cold and frightened for a moment, after which she apparently regained her composure.

"My aunt is lying down in the next room, so it is perfectly proper," said Miss Slayback, in the very words she had used to Tebaldo.

Her voice brought Orsino back to lively consciousness at once, and as he sat down nearly opposite to the two young girls, he glanced from the one to the other quickly, before looking long at Vittoria. Miss Lizzie seemed worn and harassed, he thought, and much less pretty than when he had last seen her. There was a nervous restlessness about her, and she was unable to sit still for a moment without moving her hands, or her head, or her shoulders, to look round, when there was nothing to look at.

Vittoria's gentle young face was undeniably sad. She did not look weary, like her friend, for she was not naturally nervous; but there was something shadowy and half ethereal about her eyes and features that moved Orsino strangely. He made a civil remark to Miss Slayback, in order

not to be silent, and she answered him in short, broken little sentences. Somehow the whole position seemed odd to him. All at once Miss Lizzie rose to her feet.

"I knew I had forgotten something!" she said. "It is the day for letters to catch the French steamer, and I have not written to Uncle Ben. I always write him a line once a week. Do you mind amusing Don Orsino, Vittoria? Just a moment, you know—I can write a letter in ten minutes."

And before Vittoria could answer, she was gone, talking as she went, and not looking back. As the door closed after her, Orsino was beside Vittoria, with both her hands hidden in his and looking into her face. She met his eyes for a moment, and her head sank on his breast, as though she were very tired.

"It is not meant to be, love," she said, and he could but just hear the words.

"It shall be, whether it is meant or not," he answered, bending down to her little ear.

"It is all too terrible!" She shook her head against his coat, hiding her face. "Nothing but death, death, everywhere—my poor brothers—one after the other." She roused herself and laid her hands upon his shoulders, looking up suddenly into his face with wide, searching eyes. "Tell me that Ippolito did not kill him!" she begged. "Tell me that it is not true! I shall believe you. I cannot believe myself, when I say it."

"It is not true," answered Orsino earnestly. "I will pledge you what you will for my brother, my word of honor—everything. It is not true." He repeated the words slowly and emphatically.

"I know it is not, when you say it." Her head sank upon his shoulder. "But it is all so terrible, so horrible! Tebaldo killed him. I know it. I knew he would, when I saw his face that night, after they had quarreled. Tebaldo has put it upon your brother—I know it, though I do not know how it was."

He kissed her hair, for he could not see her face.

"It is a worse crime than if Ippolito had killed him to defend himself," she said. "I feel—I do not know—but I love you so—and yet—oh, Orsino, Orsino! How will it all end?"

She rocked herself a little, to and fro, her forehead against his coat, and her hand twisted painfully upon his, but there were no tears in her voice, for she had shed all she had in the lonely nights since she had seen him last.

"It shall end in our way," said Orsino, in the low tone that means most with a man.

"You and I? Married?" Again she shook her head. "Oh, no! It will be different—the end! I am not cowardly, but this is killing me. My mother—" She lowered her voice still more, and hesitated. "My mother is going mad, they say."

Orsino wondered how fate could do more than it had done upon the Corleone.

"Nothing shall take you from me," he said, his arms going round her and folding her to him. "Nothing, neither death, nor madness, nor sorrow."

She was silent for a moment, and the mirage of happiness rose in the mist of tears.

"But it is not possible," she said, as the brief vision faded. "You know it is not possible. Ippolito did not do it—I know. There is not that to separate us. But you could not take the sister of such brothers as mine have been to be your wife. How could you? And your father, your mother—all that great family of yours—they would not have me, they would not—oh, it is impossible! Do not talk to me of it, love. It will make it harder to die."

"To die? You?" His voice rang with life.

Suddenly, and for the first time since he had loved her, he pressed her head gently backwards, and his lips met hers.

She started, and a little shiver ran to her small hands, and her eyelids dropped till they closed, and still he kissed her, long and passionately. And the color rose slowly in her cheeks when her pulse beat again, for it had stopped a moment, and then she hid the scarlet blush against his coat, and heard the heavy, mysterious beating of his heart through flesh and bone and cloth—the strong, deep sound which no woman forgets who has heard it, and has known that it was for her.

"You can make me live," she said

softly. "But not without you," she added, drawing a deep breath between.

"Together," he answered. "Always together, to the very end."

Then, by degrees, as the great wave of passion subsided, they talked more quietly, he with perfect confidence in the future, and she more hopefully, and they forgot Miss Lizzie and her letter, till they heard her move the handle of the door. They both started.

"Does she know?" asked Orsino.

"I never told her," Vittoria had time to answer, before Miss Slayback could hear.

"I have written such a nice long letter to Uncle Ben," said the young girl airily. "I hope you have not bored yourselves! Not that I am very amusing myself," she added, pausing before a mirror as she came in. "I am a perfect fright! Just look at my eyes. Oh, well, it does not matter! Don Orsino does not mind, and I am sure you do not, Vittoria, do you?"

It was the girl's way of trying to jest at what was a real pain, if it was not a very great sorrow. Her worn little face betrayed her, as well as the dark lines under her eyes. She had believed herself very much in love with Tebaldo, and, to tell the truth, she was in love with him still, so far as she had yet any idea of what it meant to be in love. But she had just made up her mind that she could never marry him. It was not possible to marry into such a family, where everybody was always killing everybody else, as Mrs. Slayback expressed it. The friends of the Saracinesca had found a great deal to say about the previous history of the whole tribe of Pagliuca d'Oriani, including the Corleone of old, during the last four days, and much of it had got into the Roman papers, which all took part against the Sicilians. Romance was very well, up to a certain point, Miss Lizzie thought, but it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, and she had drawn it now. Yet her heart ached for the fierce eyed Sicilian, all the same, and her small face was weary and careworn.

XXXIII.

TEBALDO'S nerves were beginning to give way. It was of no use for him to argue with himself, and tell himself that

the knife would not be found. He knew that the possibility existed. No one in Santa Vittoria would look for it, but there was the bishop, who would shortly reconsecrate the church, and there was the judge, who had told San Giacinto that he might go up to visit the scene of the murder. The bishop might order the grating to be opened in order to see the bones of the saint; and the judge, accustomed to the ways of criminals, might insist upon a search, seeing that the murder had taken place within arm's length of the altar.

In his broken dreams, the judge and the bishop appeared separately and together and turned into each other, and invariably found the knife, and then Tebaldo was suddenly in the court room, at the bar, where Ippolito had stood, instead of on the witness stand, and he heard all the people yell and curse his name, as the villagers of Santa Vittoria had cursed the young priest. As in the old days of torture a man was drawn up by his hands to the high vault of the prison, and then dropped all at once with a hideous wrenching and tearing of the joints till his feet were but a foot from the floor, so Tebaldo's sudden waking was but a sudden change of agony renewed each time and each time more unendurable, till the fear of dreaming was outdone by the dread of returning to consciousness.

When he was awake he imagined impossible schemes for getting possession of the knife unobserved. It might have seemed simple enough to go up to Santa Vittoria, call the sacristan, and have the church opened for him. Then he could have invented an excuse for sending the fat man away while he quietly reached down through the grating and felt for the knife. In his ordinary state of mind and health he would have done that, and there were ninety nine chances in a hundred that he would have succeeded.

But it looked differently to him now. In the first place, a sheer physical horror of going back to the village at all had taken the place of the cynical indifference which had at first left his cunning and his coolness free to act. Every one who has dealt with humanity under the influence of pain or fear knows that the effect of either is cumulative, and that in each individual

there seems to be a limit beyond which the nerves will resist no more, and the will power altogether ceases. A man may bear a certain grievous pain on the first day without a sign; on the second day he will grind his teeth; on the third he will wince; later he will groan, writhe, and at last break down, like a mere child, under one tenth of the suffering he bore manfully and silently at first. And it is the same with any given fear. In a smaller degree it is so also in the matter of losing one's temper under constantly renewed irritation of the same kind.

Even in another direction, but in one which equally concerns the nerves, this thing is true. Often, in a farce on the stage, an indifferent action passes unnoticed; it recurs and excites attention; again it comes, and the audience smile; once more and they laugh, and cannot control their laughter each time the action is repeated, until a certain capacity for being moved to mirth again and again in one direction, which varies in each individual, is momentarily paralyzed. People afterwards realize with surprise, and sometimes with a little shame, the emptiness of the absurdities at which they have laughed so heartily; as many a man has despised himself for having been angry at a trifle, and wondered at his own weakness in having winced under an insignificant pain. But the trifle is only the drop that overfills the cup at last.

So Tebaldo had almost reached the limit of endurance, and the mere idea of going back to the village and the church was intolerable to him. It seemed to him that even if he could make up his mind to the attempt, he would be sure to fail. The sacristan would come back unexpectedly and find him with his hand through the grating, groping after the knife; or the lame boy, who always hung about the gate, would look in and see him. Yet he could not have locked himself into the church, for that also would have excited suspicion.

The idea that he might get some one else to recover the weapon for him took hold of him by degrees. At first it appeared to be madness to trust any one with his secret, and his keen sense rejected the plan with scorn. But it suggested itself again and again with in-

creasing persistence, because the mere thought that he might get the thing back without going to Santa Vittoria in person was an inexpressible relief, and he began to try and think of some person whom he could trust to be prompt and secret.

At first he thought of asking some one in Santa Vittoria. The fat sacristan, whom he had known for years, could do it easily. But Tebaldo recognized at once that he had no hold upon the man, who might betray him at any moment. Money would tempt the fellow, but no sum could silence him afterwards, if he should demand more, as was very probable. Besides, it would be necessary to write to him, and the man might lose the letter, even if he were able to read it well enough to understand, which was quite doubtful.

There was Don Atanasio, the apothecary. He would do much out of hatred for the Saracinesca, as his daughter had done already. But he was a cautious old man, dependent, in a large measure, upon the government, and would certainly not be inclined to endanger his position to oblige Tebaldo. It would not do to risk a refusal.

Then it occurred to the wretched man that women had more than once saved men who loved them from desperate danger, and that, after all, he might do worse than to tell Aliandra the truth. If she were willing, she could go up to Santa Vittoria on a pretext and visit the little church, and get rid of the sacristan. Then, if she wore a wide cloak, she could kneel down on pretense of looking through the grating, and her slim woman's arm could run through it in a moment, and her hand could not fail to find the knife. He could remember, now, exactly at how many inches from the left he had dropped it through. The details came back to him with vivid clearness, though at first he had almost quite forgotten them.

He almost made up his mind to go to Aliandra for assistance, and the half decision was a sudden and immense relief. He could eat and drink and he felt that he should sleep. Immediately his mind outran this first plan, and he saw himself in Rome again, in three or four days at the most, engaged to marry the great

heiress, resuming his regular life of wise courtship, and discussing with his future wife the details of a brilliant existence. He drove away the subconsciousness that the thing was not yet done and reveled in visions in which there was no fear.

But that did not last long, for he could not sleep, after all; and the knowledge that he must act quickly grew constantly more disturbing, till he rose in the night and sat by the open window, working out his plan. He must go to Randazzo again and see Aliandra; then he must wait at the inn, while she went up to Santa Vittoria. The hours of waiting would be hard to bear, but at the end of them there would be freedom. She would come back, and he should see her pass. He should go to her father's house. She would meet him at the door and draw him into the familiar sitting room, and a moment later the weapon would be in his hand. After all, if he once had it, she could have no proof against him, beyond her mere assertion, if she should ever turn against him. For the sake of his love for her, she would never do that, he thought.

He telegraphed to Tato at dawn to meet him at the Piedimonte station. It was a Thursday, and he felt sure that the judge would not be at leisure to go up to Santa Vittoria before Sunday. It was most probable, too, that the bishop would choose the Sunday to reconsecrate the church, and it occurred to Tebaldo that it would be strange if the two should meet as they were always meeting in his dreams. But there was plenty of time before that, and all would come right. Aliandra would not refuse to do him this service.

Tato met him at Piedimonte in person, instead of sending down his man, and in obedience to Tebaldo's telegram he had brought a light conveyance in which the two sat side by side, with Tebaldo's little valise at their feet, and his rifle between them. They were old acquaintances, for Tato had driven the Corleone family for years himself, and by deputy, as it were, while he had been serving his time in Ponza. He had a profound respect for Tebaldo, for he knew how the latter with his brothers had long ago led the soldiers astray when pursuing the brigands in the

neighborhood of Camaldoli. There was probably no man in that part of the country who knew as much about people of all sorts and conditions, and about their movements, as the smart looking owner of the stable at Piedimonte, nor any one who could keep his own counsel better. He was a thorough type of the *maffeu*, at all points, as San Giacinto had at first observed to Orsino. San Giacinto had always believed that the man had known of Ferdinando's intended attack, and of the pitfall in the avenue.

Tato told Tebaldo that he had driven San Giacinto alone up to Camaldoli on the previous evening, returning during the night.

"What courage!" he exclaimed, with some genuine admiration, as he spoke of the big man. "After all that has happened! He is a man of iron, full of courage and blood."

"There was no particular danger in driving up to Camaldoli," observed Tebaldo indifferently.

Tato looked at him curiously for a moment, to see whether he were in earnest.

"Then you do not know?" he inquired. "They are in the woods above Maniace."

"They" means the outlaws, or the carabinieri, as the sense requires.

Tebaldo looked quickly at Tato in his turn.

"How many?" he asked.

"A dozen or fifteen," said Tato. "There is Mauro, and Leoncino, and the one they call Schiantaceci—he was a gentleman of Palermo, but no one knows his real name, and the Moscio—eh, there are many! Who knows all their names? But Mauro is with them."

"Leoncino is a good man," observed Tebaldo quite naturally.

"Souls of his dead! You have spoken the truth. It was he that wore the carabinieri's uniform when they took the Duca di Fornasco's bailiff. He has a face like a stone. Yet Mauro himself is the best of them, though he is often ill with his liver. You know the life they lead. The food is sometimes good, but sometimes it is badly cooked, and they eat in a hurry, and then that poor Mauro's liver troubles him."

"Why have they come over from Noto? Do you know?"

"For a change of air, I suppose," answered Tato imperturbably. "But they say that the Fornasco is coming from Naples. Perhaps they would like to try for the Saracinesca. Who knows what they want?"

"Do the carabinieri know that they are near Maniace?"

"How should they know? Mauro and the Leoncino rode into Santa Vittoria yesterday afternoon to see—good health to you—to see where Don Francesco died. They asked the little lieutenant of infantry to tell them the way to the church, as though they were strangers. Do you think he has their photographs in his pocket? He took them for two farmers going from Catania to Randazzo."

"They might have caught San Giacinto last night when you drove him up," said Tebaldo.

"If every one knew where to look for money, there would be no poor men," returned Tato. "They did not know about the Saracinesca, and the carabinieri do not know about them. Thus the world goes. Each man turns his back on his fortune and chases flies. Should you not like to see the Moscio, Don Tebaldo? You know that it was he who helped that angel of paradise, Don Ferdinando. He goes everywhere, for he is not known."

"Yes. I should like to see him. But I do not care to go up to the Maniace woods, for I am known, though he is not. How can I see him? I should like to ask him about my brother."

"Where shall you stay tonight?" inquired Tato.

"At the inn at Randazzo. I am not going to Santa Vittoria. I have business with Basili."

"I will arrange it," answered Tato. "Leave it to me."

Tebaldo assented and remained silent for some time. As they drove on, nearer and nearer to Randazzo, the folly of his present plan became clear to him, and in the place of Aliandra, as an agent for getting back the knife, the possibility of employing the young outlaw known as Moscio presented itself, and the possibility of confiding freely in a man whose

position was ten times more desperate than his own, and whose evidence could never be of any value in the eyes of the law. Mauro himself was under obligations to Tebaldo, who could have betrayed him to the authorities on more than one occasion, less than a year earlier. Again and again both Mauro and Moscio, as well as three or four others of the band, had been at Camaldoli, and the Corleone had given them food and drink and ammunition at a time when a great effort had been made to catch them.

"Are you quite sure of being able to send a message to the Moscio?" asked Tebaldo.

"Leave it to me," said Tato again. "I have a little bundle for him in the back of the wagon. How do I know what is in it? It feels like new clothes from the tailor in Messina. The Moscio is fond of good clothes. He writes to his tailor, who sends the things, when he can, by a sure hand. You know how they live as well as I do. They always wear new clothes, and give their old things to the peasants, because they can only carry little with them. And then, they are well brought up and accustomed to be clean. But I speak as though you were a Roman. You know how they live. The Moscio will have his bundle this afternoon, and this evening he will come down and have supper with you at Randazzo, at the inn. I know this, therefore I asked if you wished to see him, and not another."

Before Randazzo was in sight, Tebaldo had quite made up his mind to confide in the outlaw, and he could hardly have believed that he had left Messina that morning with the firm intention of employing Aliandra to help him. But he looked forward to seeing her and to spending most of the afternoon with her.

He was disappointed. Everything happened exactly as at his last visit. Basili's man appeared at the door of the house, instead of from the stable, and gave precisely the same message. Aliandra had taken Gesualda to the country to visit some friends, and had not come back. No one knew when she meant to come.

"Tell me something else," said Tebaldo, offering the man money, for he knew that the story could not be true.

The man threw back his head in refusal. "You might give me also Peru," he answered. "This is the truth, and this I have told you."

"I should like to see Signor Basili," said Tebaldo, thinking that he might get into the house.

"The notary sleeps," answered the man stolidly, and he began to shut the door.

To force an entrance seemed out of the question, and Tebaldo went away angry and disappointed. He could see that it would be of no use to try again, for the same answer would be given to his inquiries. It was enraging to know that the woman he loved was within a few yards of him, and able to keep him away from her. But his anger was a relief from the perpetual anxiety about the knife, which was wearing out his nerves, day and night.

In the afternoon he shut himself up in the room he had taken and tried to write to Aliandra, but he was in no condition for composing love letters. He could find nothing but reproaches for her unkindness in refusing to admit him; and as soon as he had expressed them, he felt that his own words exhibited him in an absurdly undignified position. Besides, he was really waiting in the unconscious hope of explaining her conduct to himself, when he knew that it was as yet inexplicable. Meanwhile he tore up the pages he had covered, and threw the whole blame upon Basili, unwilling to admit that the woman he loved could turn against him.

In the hot hours of the afternoon he shut the windows and dozed restlessly on a hard sofa, and his evil dreams came upon him once more and tormented him, waking him again and again just when the sweetness of rest was within reach. At last, his body being very weary, the dreams could no longer wake him, and tortured him at their will while he lay in a heavy sleep.

It was already dark when he awoke with a start. The door had opened, and a youth was standing beside him holding a candle in a brass candlestick, shading the flame a little with the other hand and looking down into his face.

"I regret that I disturb you," said the

young man, in a gentle, girlish voice. "I hope you have slept well?"

Tebaldo was already sitting up on the sofa, and had recognized the Moscio. The outlaw could not have been more than twenty two years old, and looked a mere boy. He was of medium height, delicately made, very carefully shaved, and dressed with a sort of careless good taste, wearing a black velvet jacket, immaculate linen, riding trousers with gaiters, patent leather shoes, and silver plated spurs. He was hatless, and his soft, brown hair curled all over his head, close and fine, like curly Astrakhan fur. There was a tender, youthful freshness in his skin, and he had beautiful teeth. He had studied for the bar, and had been driven to outlawry because, failing to pass his final examination, he had shot his teacher through the head at the first opportunity. But he had killed a number of men since then, and had almost forgotten the incident.

Tebaldo rose to his feet and greeted him.

"A friend told me you were here and wished to see me," said the Moscio. "I am at your service, though to tell the truth I am somewhat ashamed to meet you, after that unfortunate affair at Camaldoli."

"Why?" asked Tebaldo. "I do not see—"

"It was I that fired over the carriage to draw away the escort," replied the other. "Your poor brother was too enthusiastic. I was afraid that something would happen to him, for the plan did not seem to be very well thought out. In a manner I feel responsible for his misfortune, for I should not have consented to what he proposed. I hope, however, that there need be no bad blood between you and me on that account."

"Ferdinando was always foolish," answered Tebaldo. "It was certainly not your fault."

"And now you have had another misfortune in the family," said the youth sadly. "I take the first opportunity of offering you my most sincere condolence."

Tebaldo knew that with such a man it was better to be frank or to say nothing. He bowed gravely, and proposed that they

should have supper. The Moscio answered with equal gravity, and made a little bow on his side, by way of acknowledgment.

"I was about to ask you to be my guest," he said. "I supped with you at Camaldoli the last time we met. We might have supper here in your room," he suggested. "But I fear to inconvenience you——"

"Not at all," replied Tebaldo. "I prefer it also. We shall be more at liberty to talk."

"For that matter," said the brigand, "the conversation in the public room is often amusing and sometimes instructive. The lieutenant of carabinieri sat at the table next to me the last time I spent the evening here. He was very friendly, and asked my opinion about catching the Moscio."

"If you prefer to have supper down stairs, let us go down," said Tebaldo, laughing a little. "But the fact is that I wished to consult you on a little matter of my own."

"In that case it is different. But it was I that proposed your room."

While the waiter came and went, preparing the table, the two men talked a little, continuing to exchange small civilities. The waiter knew them both perfectly well, and they knew him. In twenty minutes they sat down opposite each other, as proper and quiet a pair to see as one could have found in that part of the country. The Moscio had good manners, of a slightly provincial sort, and a little too elaborate. He watched Tebaldo quietly, with a view to profiting by the example of a gentleman who had lately been much in the capital. He ate sparingly, moreover, and mixed his black wine with a large proportion of water.

Tebaldo watched the girlish face, the bright, quiet eyes, and the child-like complexion of the man who had done half a dozen murders, and envied him his evident peace of mind. He knew, however, that his guest would not stay long, and that it was necessary to tell him the story. The Moscio gave him an opportunity of doing so almost as soon as the waiter had gone away.

"It was with the deepest regret that I

heard of Don Francesco's accident," he said, looking up at Tebaldo.

"For that matter," answered Tebaldo boldly, "I killed him myself."

"I always supposed so," replied the outlaw, quite unmoved. "Are you going to join us if you are found out? It would be a pleasure to have you among us, I need not assure you. But, of course, so long as there is no suspicion, you will remain in the world. I should, in your place. Poor Ferdinando, whom we all loved as a brother, liked the life for its own sake. Poor man! If he had ever made an enemy, he would have killed him; but having none, his hands were clean as a child's. And in his very first affair he was shot like a quail by a Roman. Heaven is very unjust sometimes. Yes, we all thought that you must have sent Francesco to paradise yourself and put the blame on the priest. It was well done. The priest will go to the galleys for it, I dare say."

The youth's manner was as quiet as though he were speaking of the most ordinary occurrences. The knowledge of what he really was, and of what desperate deeds of daring he had done, somehow acted soothingly upon Tebaldo's nerves, for he needed just such an ally.

"Yes," he said. "It was done well enough. But I made a little mistake which I hope you will help me to rectify for the sake of any service I may have done you all before I sold Camaldoli."

"Willingly," answered the Moscio, with courteous alacrity. "But if it is for to-night, I hope you can lend me half a dozen Winchester cartridges, for I am a little short."

Tebaldo explained briefly what he wanted. The Moscio smiled quietly.

"Nothing could be easier," he said, when Tebaldo had finished. "I will ride into the village tomorrow morning and get your knife. But, for another time, I should advise you to keep your weapon about you when you have used it. If you are caught, it is because you are suspected already on some good ground, and the weapon makes little difference. But if you get away quietly, you leave no evidence behind you."

"That is true," answered Tebaldo

thoughtfully. "But there is no name on the knife."

"Nevertheless, some one might recognize it as yours, if any one had ever seen it."

"No one ever saw it, excepting my brothers, and perhaps my sister, when it lay on my table. But your advice is good. I might have saved myself much disquiet if I had brought it away."

The Moscio made Tebaldo explain very exactly to him where the knife lay. He knew the village and the position of the little church well enough. They talked over the details of the matter for a while, speaking in low tones.

"I suppose you do not want the thing when I have recovered it," observed the outlaw, with a smile.

"I should like to see it," answered Tebaldo. "Then I should throw it away, I suppose."

"Again?" The Moscio smiled in a rather pitying way. "Then you might wish to get it back a second time. It has no name on it, you say. If it is a good knife I shall put it into my own pocket, with your permission, as a remembrance of this very pleasant meeting."

"I should like to see it once," repeated Tebaldo.

"You do not trust me? After trusting me with the story? That is not right."

"I have proved that I trust you," replied Tebaldo. "But the thing makes me dream; I shall not get a good night's rest till I have seen it. Then keep it, by all means."

"I see!" The brigand laughed a little in genuine amusement. "I understand! Forgive me for thinking that I was not trusted. You have nerves—you do not sleep. We have a friend with us who is troubled in the same way. Do you remember the man we call Schiantaceci? He killed his sweetheart for jealousy, and began in that way. That was five years ago, in Palermo. If you will believe it, he dreams of her still, and often cannot sleep for thinking of her. Some men are so strangely organized! Now there is our captain Mauro himself. Whenever he has killed anybody, he gets a gold twenty franc piece and puts it into a little leathern purse he carries for that purpose."

"Why?" asked Tebaldo, with some curiosity.

"For two reasons. In the first place, he knows at any time how many he has killed. And secondly, he says they are intended to pay for masses for his soul when he is killed himself. One tells him that some one will get the gold if he is killed. He answers that Heaven will respect his intention of having the masses said, even if it is not carried out when he is dead. That man has a genius for theology. But I must be going, Don Tebaldo, for I do not wish to tire my horse too much, and I have far to ride."

"I will not keep you. But how shall I see the knife? You cannot come down again tomorrow."

"We should be glad to see you in the forest if you can find us. Mauro would be delighted. I have no doubt you will be able to find your way, for you know the woods as well as we do. I cannot tell you where we are, for we have a rule against that, but I dare say you can guess."

"I will come," answered Tebaldo.

"If you come alone, you will be safe," said the Moscio. "Safer than you are here, perhaps, while your knife is lying under the altar of Santa Vittoria. But it will not be there any longer, tomorrow night."

The Moscio protested courteously, when Tebaldo thanked him, and he took leave of his entertainer. His coolness was perfectly unaffected, and was the more remarkable as he was certainly a rather striking young man on account of his good looks, his extremely youthful appearance, his perfectly new clothes, and a certain gentleman-like ease in all he did. He was known by sight to hundreds of people in various parts of the island, but he did not believe that any of them would betray him, and he passed the open door of the guest room, where the lieutenant of carabinieri was playing dominos with the deputy prefect, with perfect indifference, though there was a large reward on his head, and he was well known to the landlord and the waiter. To tell the truth, he was utterly fearless, and would never have allowed himself to be taken alive. But, on their side, if they were ever tempted by the reward, they knew

how short and how terrible their own lives would be if they betrayed him to his death. The man who betrayed Leone still lives, indeed. He is a blind beggar now, without feet or hands, in the streets of Naples. He left Sicily with his life, such as the outlaws left it to him, to be an example and a terror to the enemies of the mafia.

Nor did the waiter show by any sign or word that he knew anything about the guest who had gone, when he came to clear the little table in Tebaldo's room. He did his work silently and neatly, and went away. Tebaldo sat a long time by the open window, thinking over what he had done, and he congratulated himself on having acted wisely in an extremity from which there had been no other escape.

It all looked easy and simple now. Tomorrow night, he thought, he should be sure of his safety. Then he would return to Rome again. His thoughts reverted more easily now to the dreams which Rome suggested, and he fell asleep with a sense of present relief mingled with large hopes for the immediate future.

The Moscio, on his part, would not perhaps have responded so promptly to Tebaldo's message, nor have undertaken so readily to carry out Tebaldo's wishes, if there had been nothing for the outlaws to gain thereby. But the alliance of such a man was not to be neglected at any time. He had served them in the past, and he could be of considerable service to them now.

Mauro had made up his mind to take one of the Saracinesca, if the capture were possible, and to extort an enormous ransom, sufficient to allow him to leave the country with what he should consider a fortune. He was well informed, and he recognized that a family which had such power as the Saracinesca had shown in getting Ippolito's case heard and disposed of in a few days, and previously, in persuading the authorities to move a body of troops to Santa Vittoria, must be able to dispose of a very large sum of money. Moreover, as the Moscio had frankly admitted, the outlaws had all believed that Tebaldo had killed his brother, and, consequently, that he could be completely dominated by any one who had proof of

the fact. The Moscio had taken advantage of this instantly, as has been seen. Tebaldo, though now on bad terms with the Saracinesca, was well acquainted with their habits and characters, and knew, also, the by paths about Camaldoli, as none of the brigands themselves did. He could be of the greatest use in an undertaking which must require all the skill and courage of the band. For it was no light thing to carry off such a man as San Giacinto or Orsino, protected as they were by a force of carabinieri in their own dwelling, and by the fifty soldiers of the line who were quartered in Santa Vittoria.

When Tato's message had arrived, Mauro had not only advised the Moscio to go down at once, but had instructed him to use every means in his power, even to threatening Tebaldo with a revelation of his former services, in order to get from him the truth about Francesco's death, as a means of controlling him in the future. It had been an easy task, as has been seen, and when the Moscio returned to the band that night his account of the meeting was heard with profound attention and interest.

Mauro, who had a curious taste for churches, would have gone himself to Santa Vittoria, had he not been there on the previous day. A second visit might have roused suspicion, whereas, since the murder, no one was surprised if a stranger asked to see the place where it had happened. The Moscio was, therefore, directed to go himself, as he had intended.

The outlaws were encamped at that time in certain abandoned huts which the Duca di Fornasco had built as a safe retreat for some of his people during the cholera season of 1884. They were so completely hidden by underbrush and sweet hawthorn that it required a perfect knowledge of their locality to find them at all; but having been built on an eminence in the hills, in order to obtain the purest air, it was easy to keep a lookout from them, by climbing into the big trees which surrounded them on all sides. A spring, situated on the eastern slope, at a distance of three hundred yards, supplied the outlaws with water for themselves and their horses. Tebaldo, in former days, had led the carabinieri to this

spring, in their search for the band, but though the soldiers fancied that they had then quartered the hillside in all directions, Tebaldo had skilfully prevented them from coming upon the disused huts in the brush, wisely judging that it could be of no use to betray such a hiding place, which might be useful to his friends in the future.

The Moscio knew that Tebaldo would probably make first for the spot when he came to keep his engagement on the following day.

XXXIV.

THE Moscio slung saddle bags over his saddle, as though he were traveling some distance, and led his horse down from the huts by by paths in the woods till he came to a place where the trees descended almost to the road, so that he could reach the latter without crossing any open country. Before emerging from cover he looked long and carefully up and down the valley to be sure that no carabinieri were in sight, who might be surprised at seeing a well dressed man come out of the forest. A few peasants were visible, straggling along the road, and far away a light wagon was ascending the hill. The Moscio led his horse carefully across the ditch, and then mounted in leisurely fashion and rode slowly away towards Santa Vittoria. The outlaw, who may at any moment need his horse's greatest powers, spares him whenever he can, and when not obliged to escape some danger will hardly ever put him to a canter.

It was a full hour before the village was in sight. Once on the highway, the Moscio felt perfectly at his ease, and barely took the trouble to glance behind him at a turn of the road. He had excellent papers of various descriptions about him, including a United States passport of recent date, in which he appeared as an American citizen, and a proper discharge as corporal from the military service, together with a highly commendatory letter from the captain of the troop in which the unlucky individual to whom the paper had belonged had served his time in Milan. He also possessed a gun license in the same man's name, and the description of him which

accompanied it suited him very well. Some of the papers he had bought at a good price, and some he had taken without much ceremony, because they suited him. Today he did not even carry a gun, and was, in reality, altogether unarmed, though he would naturally have been supposed to have a pistol or a knife about him, like other people in Sicily. If any one had asked his name, he would have said that he was Angelo Laria of Caltanissetta, a small farmer. The name corresponded with the papers of the soldier, and as he was unarmed it would have been hard to find any excuse for arresting him on a mere suspicion.

If a man carries so called forbidden weapons, on the other hand, the carabinieri can arrest him for that offense alone, if they find it out, and can hold him till he can prove his identity. A knife, such as one can stab with, is forbidden, and the special license, which is required to carry a pistol, is not often granted except to very well known persons, though a vast number of people really carry revolvers without any license at all.

The Moscio dismounted at the gate, walked up the street with his horse, inquired for the sacristan, and brought him back to the little church with the keys.

"Have the goodness to hold my horse," he said to the fat man. "I only wish to look at the church for curiosity, and I will go in alone."

The sacristan did not know him by sight, but with a true Sicilian's instinct recognized the *maffeu* in his manner. He proposed, however, to tether the horse to an old stake that was driven into the ground near the door, in order to go in with the stranger and explain how the priest had murdered Francesco. He had got the account off very glibly by this time.

"My friend," said the Moscio, "in those saddle bags I have important papers and a quantity of valuable things, the property of an aunt of mine who is dead, and may the Lord preserve her in glory! I am taking these things myself, for greater safety, to my cousin, her son, who lives in Taormina. Now the reason why I begged you to hold my horse is not that I fear for him, though he is a good animal, but because some evilly disposed person might steal the property of my

poor aunt. You understand, and you will have the goodness to hold the horse while I go in."

The sacristan looked at him and smiled. The Moscio smiled very sweetly in answer, pushed the door open and went in, closing it behind him and leaving the keys on the outside. But when he was in the church, he took from his pocket a small wedge of soft pine wood, gently slipped it under the door and jammed it noiselessly. It would have been rather difficult to open the door from the outside after that. Then he walked leisurely up the church, his spurs ringing loudly so that the sacristan might hear through the door that he was in no hurry.

He went up the altar steps, and smiled as he noticed a few round, dark spots on the marble, and one irregular stain. That was the very place where it had

happened. He knelt down and tried to put his arm through the grating, but the space was too narrow. With the same leisurely certainty he slipped off his velvet jacket and laid it on the altar, rolled up his sleeves, and tried again, with his bare arm. No one, seeing him in his coat, and glancing at his small hands, would have suspected the solid muscles above. Even now the grating was too close. It was of light iron, however, and twisted in a decorative design. He easily forced a scroll in one direction, a winding stem in another, and got his hand down to the bottom of the depression in which the glass casket was placed.

He withdrew the knife, and slipped it into the pocket of his riding breeches; then he readjusted the iron ornaments, buttoned his shirt sleeve, and put on his jacket.

(To be continued.)

THE BELL.

HIGH up within the belfry I;
And as I swing, so slowly swing,
I only see the far blue sky,
The far horizon's misty ring,
The while I swing.

And as I cannot see below—
See not the church yard as I ring—
See not the grave stones, row on row—
See not the people come or go—
I cannot tell if joy or woe
My pealings bring.

I know not when my calls declare
The wedding day of hearts that sing
For very joy, or when despair
Grows still more crushing as the air
Throbs while I ring.

But unto those who hear my call
I fain would tell that which I know—
That though I cannot ring for all
Great happiness on earth, the thrall
Of life is broken by the pall—
That kindly death will come to all,
Whether with blossoms or with snow,
And I will swing, so slowly swing
The while I ring.

Elizabeth Harman.



To an
Old Ship's-Figure-Head.

You tasted the brine through the Viking
years,
And gazed wide eyed on the lifting
flood,
With the measureless song of the sea
in your ears—
Her pulse in your blood.

And now from the corner of this old room,
You gaze wide eyed at the curtain'd wall,
Where the wood lice tick all day in the gloom,
And the shadows crawl

Behind that forehead, all brown and
scarred

Do dreams of the wind mad sea
still mope?

Dream on, for the harbor mouth still
is barred

'Twixt you and your love!

Theodore Roberts.





"A BEAUTIFUL MEANS TO A BEAUTIFUL END."

PICTURE PEOPLE.

The models of the New York studios and art schools—The men and women whose portraits we see in the drawings of the popular artists of the day.

AMONG the human beings who have had greatness thrust upon them must be classed the men and women who appear from week to week, or month to month, in pictures over the signatures of Gibson, Wenzell, Smedley, and other illustrators of the day. Wenzell's highly cultured, rather 'over dressed young woman of the world, Smedley's *grande dame*, Gibson's bishop and Gibson's girl are known from one end of America to the other.

In this age of the world, when inquisitive eyes and ears ferret out the most private and personal details concerning the reigning favorites in literature or art, it is not possible for the models who have posed for these men and women to re-

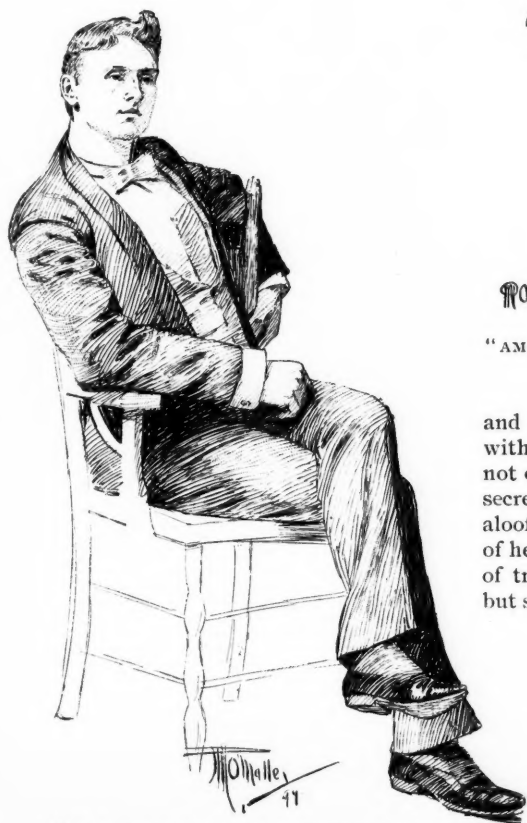
main unknown. In many metropolitan studios they are known solely by the names of the characters whom they have represented. The old man whose "Last Guest" is love, and whose memories of other days are awakened by the "Old Tune," may be seen any day haunting the studios. The "Eccentric Relative," who becomes an object of interest when he is about to sign his will, is as familiar on Broadway as Gibson himself.

* * * *

The most talked about and most prominent member of this picture world is undoubtedly the "Gibson Girl." The newest aspirant to the honor of being the original model for this well known lady is Miss Rose Lemoine. She was born in Cuba, her

mother being a Cuban, and her father a French coffee planter. There may be Americans who are willing to annex Cuba and bring her into the Union. There are certainly Cubans who claim to be American citizens, but there are few girls under the Stars and Stripes who would care to accept the idea that a Cuban, however fair, should pose as the typical daughter of Columbia. Real American girls may console themselves, however, by adopting the belief that has obtained a firm hold lately—that *the* original Gibson girl was evolved in the artist's brain, not so much from what she is as from what she ought to be. That there are now enough Gibson Girls to give some color to the artist's conception is because, when once a type is shown, it is easy to model oneself on it. In this case the type is so beautiful that it is a pleasure to copy it.

But in spite of her beauty and health



"IN A DRESS SUIT AND A PROPERLY MADE TIE."



"AMONG THE FOREIGN POPULATION THERE ARE SOME EXCELLENT MODELS."

and strength, the Gibson Girl is not one with whom most men would fall in love, not one to whom they would confide their secret joys or griefs. She stands ever aloof, conscious of her poise, quite sure of her beauty; in her eyes there is a sort of tragic willingness to accept adulation, but she has apparently nothing to give in return. This is equally true of her when she stands "In the Garden of Youth" letting *him* kiss her hand, or when she sits on the beach, exhausting the patience of the dog; in "Revels in Herculeum," or in "An Indian Corn Dance." She is always the same, a Gibson Girl, fashioned for



A MODEL WHO HAS POSED FOR
WENZELL'S MEN.

masculine adoration, but absolutely unresponsive.

* * * *

With Wenzell's girl one falls in love, practically at sight. She is a flirt, no doubt, and not half so well bred as her Gibson sister; but she is ready for anything, and behind her dimples and laughing eyes there is a world of sympathy.

Smedley's best known society women belong to *Mrs. Lofter's* class. Their gowns are always perfect, and their condescension to the affair of the moment is always apparent.

McVickar's typical woman is preëminently a lady. She has been brought up from her earliest childhood with the idea

of being a lady, and she never departs from it. Whether she is gowned in the fig leaves of Eve or the hunting togs of a nineteenth century girl, or merely in the newest devices of lingerie, so to speak, she is supremely ladylike.

And yet the models for these varied types are one and all habituées of the studios and art schools of New York.

* * * *

When artists who have studied and worked abroad can withdraw their minds for a few moments from the subject of "no art atmosphere in America," they at once begin to dilate on the scarcity of models to be found on this side of the ocean, and on the exorbitant pay that the existing models demand. And yet in many a studio in New York there are five hundred—or more—names in the "model



A HABITUÉE OF NEW YORK SCHOOLS
AND STUDIOS.

book." This volume is one of the most important and interesting objects in the studio, too. It contains, primarily, the names and addresses of men and women who earn their living by posing; but its most interesting feature is the personal comment of the artists, and the blue

clared that he could get no idea, no suggestion, from any one else. The late Charles Howard Johnson always employed the same girl for his central figure. The shade of her hair sometimes changed, and the tints of her complexion; but that is quite permissible in real life, so why



THE ORIGINAL OF GIBSON'S "ECCENTRIC RELATIVE."

prints of the models, taken in the studios. Often a sketch which seems to be a very simple young society woman is a composite collection of some half dozen models, the foot of one, the face of another, the figure of a third, and so on. Of course each artist has his one or two favorite models whom he prefers to sketch, and these "feet" and "faces" and "figures" are only called upon for additional figures, or in case of an emergency. Wenzell used one model for so long that he de-

not in pictorial existence? The faultless lines of her face and her exquisite throat and shoulders were ever the same.

* * * *

The principal fault which artists and illustrators find with American models is their lack of expression, their inability to assume or indicate a character or a story. They may have—in fact, they usually have—beautiful and graceful lines and perfect features, but they are sadly expressionless. They are not what the



THE ORIGINAL OF GIBSON'S
"BISHOP."

Italian painters call *sympatica*, and this is doubtless the reason why, throughout the illustrations of the novels of today, and in pictorial papers, the men and women are so emphatically Wenzell, Smedley, or McVickar "types," and never the characters of the book or the actors of the legend inscribed beneath the picture.

Models for society men, young or old, are easily found; for, after all, a "dress suit" or frock coat and a properly made tie are the main characteristics of a society man. Their features

may be good, bad, or indifferent, and expression is absolutely non essential. For other work than society pictures, however, American men are not "good" from an artistic standpoint. Among the foreign population there are some excellent models; and yet for a painter who is dependent upon a model the search is often long and wearying.

George Grey Barnard, the young sculptor who has recently won fame for his beautiful group, "I Feel Two Natures Struggling Within Me," and to whom renown has come because of the controversy over "Pan," is at work upon another heroic group. He has been employing a professional athlete for a model all summer, and has been obliged to pay professional rates for his services. In Paris he could have found half a dozen men with the requisite muscle and development, but in America, outside of professional ranks, there are none.

* * * *

That illustrators make use of their friends and families for models is an undisputed point. Richard Harding Davis figures in many of Mr. Gibson's pictures, and not alone in the illustrations



MADE FAMOUS BY GIBSON'S "LAST GUEST."



"IN ORIENTAL COSTUME."

of Mr. Davis' books, either. He can be discovered in several "Delicious Moments" and in various other center pages from *Life*. "Soldiers of Fortune" is quite a family affair. It is dedicated to Mrs. Gibson, and the illustrations throughout the book are life-like portraits of the author, the artist, and the artist's wife. If only there had been an author's wife, she would have undoubtedly been used for the elder *Miss Langham*.

Granville Smith's wife appears in many of his most charming drawings. In almost all of Smedley's groups it would be

easy to name the artist's own familiar circle of friends. These illustrators, however, have worthy precedents for thus introducing family and friends to the public. The wife of Sir John Millais looks from many of his most famous canvases. In Alma Tadema's painting, "The Departure," his wife posed for the mother, his daughter is faithfully portrayed in the child, and his own face is carefully reproduced in the form of a bust hanging on the wall. In his "Spring," Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, his most intimate friends, appear in ancient Roman garb.

* * *

The work and life of a model is little understood by the world outside of the studio. Du Maurier, in "Trilby," threw a certain light upon the subject, but the result was only a flashlight photograph in which the objects were more or less distorted. These distortions have undoubtedly added much bitterness and difficulty to the lives of the young women who pose with no other idea than that of being a beautiful means to a beautiful end.



"GROWN OLD IN THE STUDIO LIFE."

In a recent interview, a prominent model in New York gave dreary details of the hardships that fill the lives of herself and her associates. Wrangles with suspicious boarding house keepers, impertinences

finitiesimal, if it exists at all. This fact is thoroughly understood by most of the artists, especially the men. The models complain, however, of the treatment which they receive from some of



AN ASPIRANT TO THE HONOR OF BEING THE ORIGINAL "GIBSON GIRL."

from silly men and women, scant kindnesses from every one, and positive unkindness from many—an absolute lack of charity from apparently all the world—filled the pages of the interview.

In Paris, most of the models come from an eminently respectable class, the upper stratum of the working class. In New York, the number of models belonging to anything but a respectable class is in-

the women for whom they pose, and from the girls who are studying in the life classes at the art schools. One young woman, who has been posing in oriental costumes for several seasons, resents bitterly being treated as an inferior and an outcast by the women who sketch her.

"I don't mind being ignored completely," she says, "but they might remember that I am human, and that I



A MODEL WELL KNOWN IN THE
NEW YORK STUDIOS.

have ears to hear their comments and opinions."

* * * *

It is the first step that counts in this profession more, perhaps, than in any other; and the first steps that lead to the life of a model are many and various. Sometimes it is merely a desire to gratify personal vanity; sometimes it is dire necessity and the idea—no one but a veteran poseur knows how false an idea it is—that easy money can be found in the studios and art schools. Often the first step is taken to oblige an artist friend; then, when necessity forces the young woman to look for some way to support herself, she turns at once to the studios.

But probably the most frequent reason for entering this profession is a desire to study art. In spite of liberal art patronage, and the vast number of art schools,

the doors of studios and institutions are closed to every one who has not the golden or silver key to open them. An introduction as models once secured, the first round of the ladder of fame seems to be within easy reach. Crumbs of art knowledge are picked up during the "rests"; a word here and a word there excite interests and sympathies which could never have been touched in a formal application for assistance. In the ranks of metropolitan models there are many young women whose fingers twitch convulsively with longing to hold the coveted pencil, and whose ears are drinking greedily every drop of information or instruction that falls from the teacher's lips. And all these girls are hoarding every penny to pay for lessons in some branch of art.

* * * *

Du Maurier's free and philosophic discussion of the "altogether" opened the



A VETERAN WHO HAS BEEN POSING
EVER SINCE THE CIVIL WAR.

eyes of many people to the fact that women do pose for the nude. Such people have looked with admiration upon a beautiful statue, St. Gaudens' exquisite "Diana," for instance, without realizing in the least the exquisite woman who must have posed for it. Now they are full of the same conventional horror that shattered *Little Billee's* peace of mind.

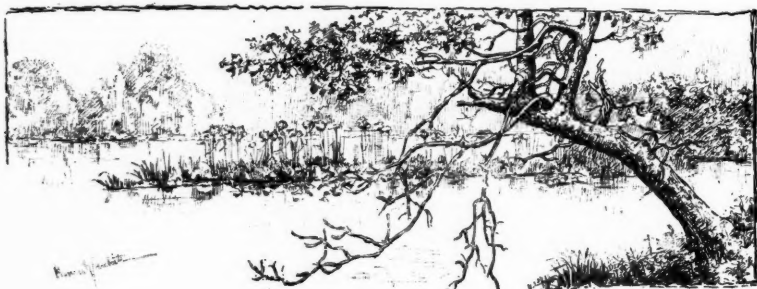
It is fairly safe to say that outside of the two professions—that of painter and that of model—the subject is not looked upon from the proper point of view. The way in which such posing is regarded by the models themselves was exemplified the other day in the studio of a well known illustrator whose society women are noted for their extremely décolleté

gowns. A young woman who had been posing for a life class was sent for by the illustrator, who had noticed the exquisite poise of her head as he walked through the class room. She had not been in the least abashed by his presence there, but when she was arrayed in the society woman's gown she stood behind a screen, quite unwilling to venture out.

"I really can't come out," she said. "I don't believe any women dress like this, and I won't be painted in such a dreadful gown."

There may be a moral in this tale for those who decry the fair fame of the painters' models, and also for society women who pose, not for artists and for art's sake, but for the world at large.

Kathryn Jarboe.



THE GLEN.

I KNOW a sanctuary glen
That lieth far away ;
Its tenant pines respond " Amen !"
When strong winds plead or pray.

Within the glen a little pool
Abideth still and lone,
Constant and calm, content and cool—
A font by an altar stone.

Like Moslems all bowed low to pray
Are the vines about its brink ;
In its unsunned depths are trout at play ;
At its margin wild birds drink.

Oh, far away is the lonely glen,
As my youth is far away,
But I'd give the world to be there again,
To be there again today ;
I would lie and rest as a child rests when
He is too tired to play.

Charlotte Whitcomb.

THE PARLIAMENTS OF THE WORLD.

BY THOMAS BRACKETT REED,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Speaker Reed compares the American House of Representatives with the legislative assemblies of the great European countries—He points out how existing conditions interfere with the proper transaction of the business of Congress, and advocates a change in the arrangements of the Capitol.

THE problem of a suitable hall for legislative deliberation, and for the transaction of business, is one which in practical realization has complications aside from those of the actual work to be done. Of course, a great nation desires to show in its legislative edifices something of the greatness and magnificence of the empire which is to be governed. The exterior, therefore, should be stately and impressive, and give to all who view it, whether citizens or foreigners, the idea of grandeur, stability, and beauty. In this respect, there is no country in the world which is more remarkable in its illustration of the wishes of a great people than our own.

But while the building should in its exterior, and throughout its interior, testify to the prosperity and greatness of the nation, the business to be done should not be sacrificed to the display of wealth and power.

You cannot transact the governmental business of a great and numerous people without at least one branch of the legislature consisting of many members. The members grow in number, and must grow as the nation grows. Moreover, as the race increases its wants and its civilization, the work of the legislative part of government increases with them. It is useless to declaim against paternalism, except for the purpose of moderating it; for as the world progresses in the arts of peace, more and more things become feasible and proper for a government to do, and therefore money increasing in amount year by year is sure to be expended, and in most cases for the public good. In other words, taking one year

with another, a larger portion of the common profits is spent by the commonwealth for the common good.

Business, then, must be transacted, and in increasing amount, and therefore the place where it is transacted becomes more and more important. There are certain essentials which it would hardly seem necessary to enumerate, were it not for the fact that they all appear to be neglected in most chambers devoted to parliamentary uses. It is absolutely necessary for the transaction of business that it should be in the power of each man to hear what every other man may say, and for all those present to hear from the presiding officer what is to be done, and from the clerk's desk what has been done. Yet most of the buildings in use for these purposes have been so constructed as to be an invitation, perpetual and continuous, to noise and confusion.

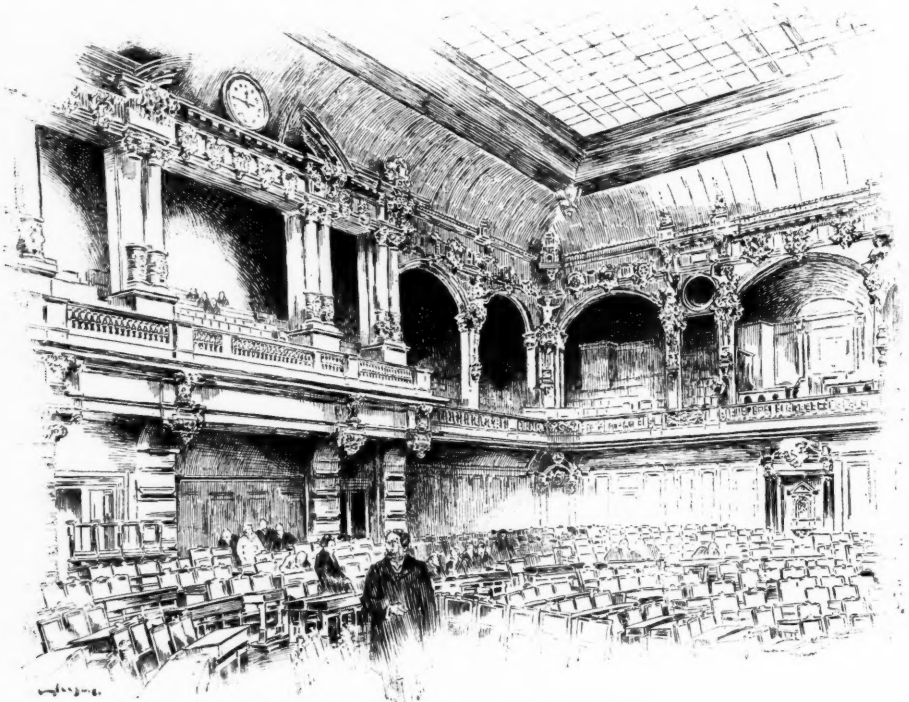
Their great galleries are for the most part devoted to the curiosity of sight-seers, who come and go like the ebb and flow of the tide. Of course, it is proper that the sittings of a legislative body should be open to the people, but no galleries can be made large enough to have the people represented except by a very small fraction. Whether that fraction be four three hundred thousandths, or one, makes small difference to the country.

It may not, perhaps, be improper to add that a large and enthusiastic audience in the galleries tends to tempt some members to eloquence who otherwise would speak in a concise and businesslike manner, and end when they had finished. It will not do, therefore, to make the galleries too important a feature, since large

galleries breed much confusion, and add greatly to the noise and difficulty of legislation.

It would seem as if it were a requisite indispensable that the hall should seat all the members, yet as we shall see there is one parliamentary body of great repute that can seat but half its members on the floor. In most chambers there are desks,

While the people should have free access to it, in such portions as are set apart for them, the main object of the legislature is not spectacular in the least, and hence nothing of real importance should be subordinated to scenic effect. It is not to be contended that the greatness and the wealth of the nation should not be indicated, but only that the main purpose



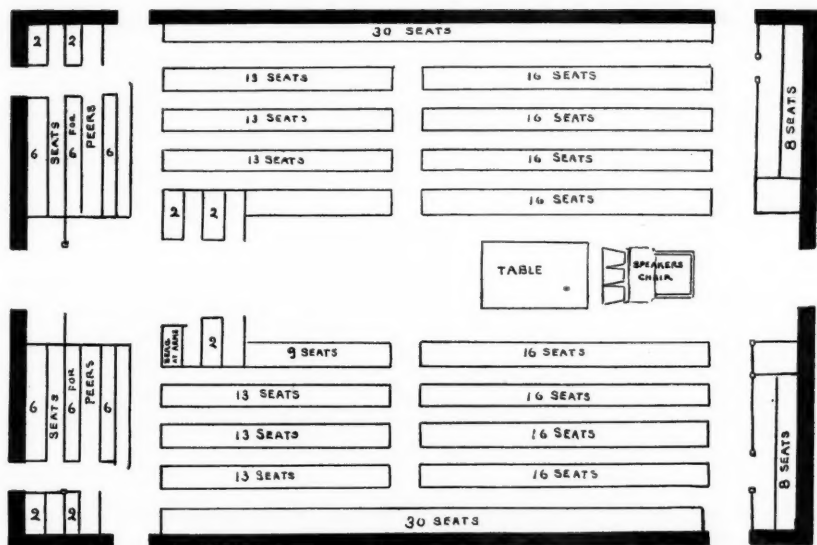
THE SITZUNGSSAAL OF THE REICHSTAG IN BERLIN.

which take up much room, and which are very objectionable, since they invite members to do other work than that which is before the body to which they belong. A desk is perpetual temptation to write letters and to send for pages, and to add to the general confusion. Large bodies of men are always restless, and are difficult of self control. If a chamber be too large, if the elements of general noise exist, and the hearing of the proceedings becomes difficult, each man feels at liberty to cease from restraint, and confusion becomes worse confounded.

The hall of a representative body ought to be so constructed as to further the purpose for which it is built.

should not be lost sight of in the desire for display. The size, and fittings, and furniture should be such as to make deliberation and debate easy and perfectly understood. There should be no straining of either ear or voice. When these things are provided for, the rest is easy. Of course there should be suitable provision made for that great auditory which the newspapers reach, and that is done in all representatives' halls. The necessities of modern life have already attended to themselves in that regard.

What has been said will seem so clear to every man of sense that he will wonder why the trouble was taken to make so obvious a catalogue of needs and re-



FLOOR PLAN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN LONDON.

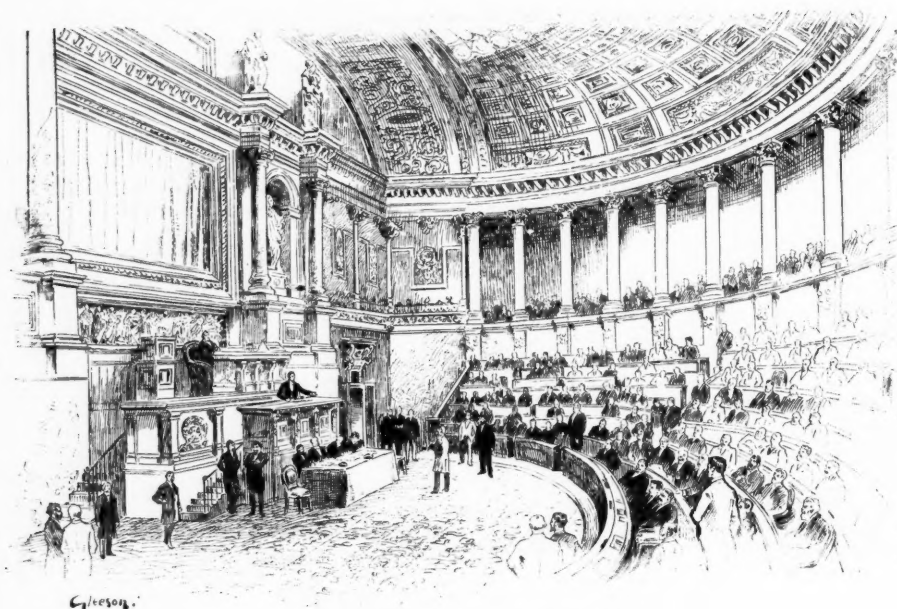
quirements. Naturally every man will say that any nation would be sure to build a hall which would answer demands so clearly made by the nature of things. But such has not been the case. The writer of this article labors under the disadvantage of not having visited all the halls herein spoken of, and of never having been on the floor of any of them, except those of his own country, while the body was in action; and he has therefore been obliged to reason rather from the dimensions reported than from observations and experience. Nevertheless, the figures seem to give so clear an idea that he ventures the assertion that but one chamber seems to have been built with special reference to the conditions which must be regarded as essential.

In the chambers on the continent of Europe, there is an arrangement which does not exist among us, or among the English, and which makes the larger halls more endurable. This is the rule which requires the member to speak, not from his place, but from a tribune in front of the presiding officer. The contrary custom, universal in England and America, of speaking from the place where the member sits, so changes the point of utterance from time to time that all parts of the hall must be made as nearly as

possible of equal capability as to acoustic effects.

All the great nations have a large number of members in the popular branches of their legislatures. As has already been said, there is small likelihood of these numbers diminishing; for all countries seem to be growing, if not in numbers, at least in business.

The German empire has a population of 52,000,000—about two thirds of our own—and yet the lower house of the Reichstag has 397 members, or one for every 131,000 constituents. The Sitzungssaal, in which it meets, is about 126 feet by 87, if you include the galleries, and 96 feet by 70 if you do not. The chair of the presiding officer is close to the middle of one of the longer sides, and commands a view of the galleries as well as of the chamber. Benches are provided for the members, 58 in number, of the Bundesrath, or upper chamber of the Reichstag, who have the right of the floor during the sittings. In front of the president, and a little in advance, is the secretary's desk, with provision for stenographers, and in front of that the tribune from which members speak. The seats and desks in front seem, from engravings, to be arranged on the level floor, without the slight rise to the rear which



THE SALLE DES DÉPUTÉS IN PARIS.

exists in our own chamber. There are ample galleries on the sides.

In Paris, the Salle des Députés, in the Palais Bourbon, is in its general shape a semicircle, but from its dimensions it is evident that the straight side is pushed backward about twenty feet to give room for the desks of the president and secretaries, and for the tribune whence members address the house. The diameter of the circle on which the chamber is constructed is 32 meters, or 105 feet. The depth is 22 meters, or 72 feet. The members are seated at narrow desks in amphitheater fashion, the seats rising as they go back. The galleries go round the half circle, and are divided by columns into places nearly square. The light from above is abundant. It is not for a stranger to say whether the desks and great spaces are contributory to the noise, but it may fairly be said that the Chamber of Deputies is far from being a quiet assembly.

Italy has a population of 31,000,000, and deputies in the ratio of one to about 60,000, 508 deputies in all. The members there speak from their seats. In its general appearance, at least from the gallery, the Italian hall, the Camera dei

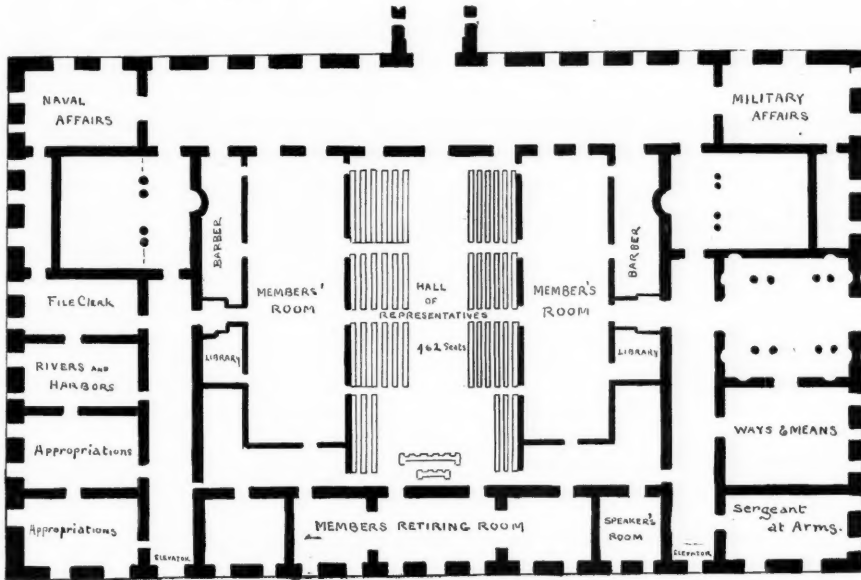
Deputati, resembles the French Salle des Députés. It must, however, be somewhat larger. The only time I visited it, a member took the floor to reply at length to the minister of agriculture. There was the usual general vacating of the chamber, the struggle of a few friends to show that they were interested, and their disappearance one by one, which made me feel quite at home. Moreover, it comforted me with the assurance that the rest of mankind were quite like us Americans, and that the speech for the constituent had the same saddening effect in any language.

In all these assemblies a majority constitutes a quorum.

The British House of Commons alone seems to be built upon business principles. The quorum there is only 40 out of a membership of 670, about one to sixty thousand of the population, there being 40,000,000 people in Great Britain and Ireland. Instead of attempting to spread this large assembly over a vast chamber, where all can make a noise and very few can be heard, seats are provided for only 306 on the floor. If there is a great debate, or the decision of a question so important as to attract the atten-

tion of the empire, and call all the members back to the house, those who cannot find seats on the floor have to stand or sit in the galleries until the division. Spectators are admitted very sparingly, accommodations existing for about only 100, or, including the reporters and peers, 263. Until recently even these were present on sufferance only, and could be summarily turned out if a member stated that he saw

in this world, it has some defects, and at least one effort has been made to remedy them. As, however, the House of Commons is only a part of Sir Charles Barry's great edifice on the banks of the Thames, the problem is somewhat limited. They cannot tear down too much; there was no room for a large hall, and—to do justice to the committee which was appointed—there was but little desire for one. The



FLOOR PLAN OF THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SHOWING THE PRESENT CHAMBER DIVIDED AS PROPOSED BY SPEAKER REED.

strangers in the galleries. In ordinary times, the members are scattered over the building, liable to be summoned by the division or the quorum bells. The result is that speaking in the House of Commons must be very easy, so far as the mere volume of sound is concerned. There are no desks there, and the seats are benches, mostly placed lengthwise of the hall, and rising from the center to the sides. There are gangways crossing from side to side to give easy access to the seats. No one has a permanent location, except by courtesy. By placing his hat or card on a seat, at or just after prayers, a member can claim a seat for the day; a good arrangement, since it promotes both piety and stability.

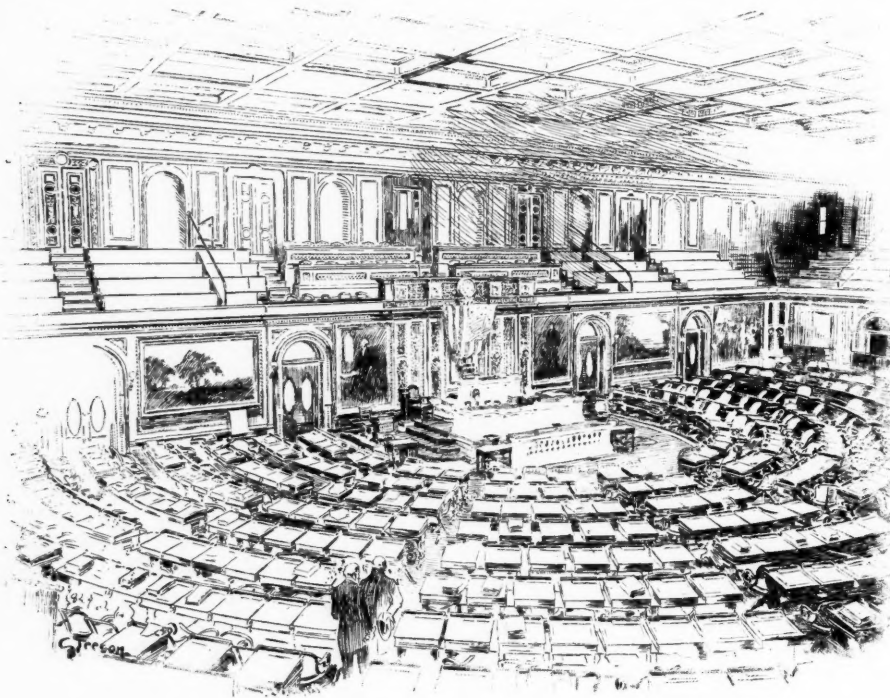
While the famous English chamber has many advantages, yet, like all things else

report, made in July, 1867, contains one proposed plan which is of interest, since it has dimensions very nearly like those which might be adopted for our own House of Representatives, by a change of which I shall speak hereafter. The present House of Commons seats 306 on the floor and 124 in the gallery, making but 430 seats for 670 members. The chamber is 68 feet long by 44 feet 8 inches wide, inside measure, and 41 feet high. The plan proposed by Mr. Barry, son of the original architect, contemplated its expansion in the rear of the Speaker's chair, by removing the wall and adding 15 feet, which would give the measurement, in round numbers, of 93 feet by 45, very nearly the dimensions of the House of Lords. On this plan 429 members could be seated on the floor, 69 more than com-

pose our present House of Representatives. The seats, as in the present House, would be arranged lengthwise, with the members on the opposite sides facing each other.

Our own chamber, the hall of the House of Representatives, is the largest of all which are described in this article. The old hall, which used to be occupied by

the top. The galleries would seat very nearly 1,500 people. The floor is 111 feet by 67. Each member has plenty of room for his seat, and before him is a desk which will hold much paper, many letters, and many documents. Before the members had clerks, and were obliged to do their correspondence with 150,000 people, this desk was, as I have elsewhere



THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON.

the House, is the present Hall of Sculpture, and must have been much better inhabited by more reputable figures than are there now. It is semicircular, after the fashion of the French chamber, its diameter being 90 feet and the radius 45, with 20 feet of parallelogram carried to the rear. The curious echoes that abound in it take up all the spare time of the force of guides in discovering queer reverberations, which fill sightseers with awe or amusement.

The present chamber is in the middle of a Greek temple, surrounded by corridors and committee rooms. It measures 140 by 90 feet, including the galleries, and is 38 feet high, being lighted from

said, a temptation of forty devil power to induce the Representative to write his letters then and there.

Of course so vast a space has in it the elements of great confusion. No member thinks it will disturb anybody if he talks to his neighbor, any more than it would if he were in a ten acre lot. As every one thinks the same, there is an average of talk which is more than worrying at the clerk's desk, and to the mind of the member who is trying in vain to make his voice reach the distant corners. Only a few men can really be heard with ease, even in the most silent periods—periods which are extremely rare. Some of the best men in the House cannot reach one

third of their audience. Mr. Holman, of Indiana, who lately passed from among us, was unable to command one sixth of it. This was not the fault of his matter, but of his voice. Of long service and studious disposition, he had acquired great knowledge of all the various matters that come before us, which might have been of much greater service to his colleagues had the area he had to fill been within the possibilities of his powers of utterance. Even those who can fill the chamber have but little chance for varying tones, and very little opportunity to think while they talk. Having to send so much blood to the lungs, there is but little left to send to the brain.

So many men of ability and power of mind have so little lung power that it seems a wonder they do not try to secure a change of conditions. Various suggestions have been made from time to time of ways to remedy the evils which every one recognizes. Some years ago the desks were removed; but that was no solution of the difficulty. The great hall, with its vast spaces and galleries, remained, and its size was made more uncomfortable by the absence of the desks.

Mr. Beach, of Cleveland, has recently had plans made which reduce the dimensions of the present hall by pushing the walls towards the center, making a chamber like that of the Senate, with seating arrangements on benches. This design apparently fails to utilize the remaining space, and perhaps might reproduce some of the troubles which now exist. It is fair to say, however, that it could hardly fail to be an improvement on our present quarters.

It would not be difficult to make a change which would accomplish much in other directions also. The surroundings of the hall leave much to be desired. There are no places for the individual member to work, or to receive those who come to consult him, many of the committee rooms being distant, and most of them difficult of access. The cloak rooms are very small and stuffy. The only

lobby which is at all adequate for private use was obtained by depriving the Speaker of rooms which were adequate for the transaction of the routine of the office. He has been relegated to one small apartment, which has not space enough to accommodate half those who are called there by necessary business. If the present hall were divided into three sections, we could have a chamber in which from 60 to 100 more members could be seated than we have now if all were present, and two other chambers of equal size, one of which could be used by members for a working room, and the other for a reception room, where constituents and correspondents might be seen; or both might be used for such other purposes as the members might determine. The engraving on page 215 will give an idea of the proposed division.

Of course it might be discovered that there were obstacles in the way which are not surmountable, but the evils of the present condition of things are so apparent, and so persistent, that there can be no harm in suggesting a means of improvement. The only condition that seems in any way opposed to some change like the one proposed, arises out of the fact that a large quorum is required by our constitution, amounting at the present time to 179, instead of the 40 of the House of Commons. But with the two halls alongside, there will not be any greater difficulty in keeping a quorum than that which now exists.

Such a hall would exercise a very great influence over the body which occupied it. Loud voiced eloquence would not be a necessity, and business discussion would probably be the outcome. Discussion and deliberation, next to the exercise of sense, are of all things most to be desired in a legislative body, and all outside conditions should favor them, and be such as would prevent their degenerating into a mere display of eloquence, except upon those great occasions when eloquence is natural, appropriate, and inspiring to the nation.

Thomas B. Reed.



THE COMEDY OF NEW MILLIONAIRES.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

The millions of Jeremiah Briggs, the poverty of the house of Belvier, the ambition of Mrs. Briggs, and the interesting complications that resulted.

I NEVER met "old Briggs," as we all called him, until I became engineer of a division of the Arizona & Southwestern, which had been developed by his genius. Of course I knew all about him; how, fifty years before, he had come to America with no luggage save a certain wit, which he proceeded to turn into coin; how he had conceived and executed the idea for a great railroad system, which developed a savage land and made him a millionaire with what are to me inconceivable millions. This little, fat old man, who had summoned me to London, was, in short, of the kind of men whom we nowadays dub "empire builders." In the United States there are so many of his kind that this statement may not be held particularly remarkable or interesting. But these potential men are interesting to me beyond measure; their means of doing what they do are so beyond my comprehension as to be almost unbelievable. How did they get it? How did they win? We lesser folk can't understand them, they are continually making our own achievements so insignificant. What if, as an engineer, I have ideas? It takes men like Jeremiah Briggs or Cecil Rhodes to develop them.

Side by side with the growth of the Briggs fortune, the social fabric of the Briggs family had been builded by a mind scarcely less keen than his. How Mrs. Briggs stormed New York, and won; how she carried on her aggressive warfare in London and Paris—are they not part of the Anglo Saxon social history of the last decade? How she had her daughter betrothed to Lord Brokton, heir to the earldom of Belvier, is not that, too, an old story? How Miss Mary Briggs, one of the most beautiful young women of her time, acted in this campaign—have

not you and I heard these things from a hundred scandal mongers? But I never expected to hear "Jere" Briggs' version of that now famous campaign; I never supposed that the great man could so unbend. It was, I believe, unusual enough; but I caught him in that unusual loquacious moment.

He had sent for me, I say, to come to London, because he wanted to talk to me about an idea that I had advanced, and which, if adopted, would save, I thought, the A. & S. a considerable expenditure of power. If he was in London, he still governed his properties as absolutely, as positively, as if he had been with us.

Well, the idea pleased him. He dined me one evening at the house on Park Lane that he occupied that summer. Perhaps because he saw that my plan really would save one of his corporations something like the annual interest on two million of the preferred bonds, he treated me with considerable attention; he encouraged me to think that I, too, might be a rich man. We sat quite alone in that great room, with the dusky green reach of the park before us.

"Yes, I don't know that I think money amounts to so much as I used to. It's the first proposition the world makes to any poor man—support yourself; the next is, are you to be a leader, or are you to be led? You answer 'em as you can, you know—as luck, which, more often than not, is just power of self control, permits. Then, when you get ahead, you proceed to make a fool of yourself. Why, look around here in London. Hang it, man, there are millionaires by the bushel; American millionaires, Australian millionaires, Indian, Canadian, New Zealand—some from every spot in God's world. Now what tickles me is to see 'em danc-

ing around, like jacks, those jumping jacks that children work up and down a stick.* What works 'em is the desire for position; to dine the prince; to be mentioned with so and so; to get a peerage—things in themselves that don't make 'em more powerful. Why, Mr. Dorchester, when I came over here, I said, 'They make me laugh—it's like the theater.' I call it, sir, the comedy of millionaires. We—my wife and I—are playing our parts in it, because it pleases her. She's been my commander always; she's a strong woman, is Mrs. Jeremiah Briggs. I can tell you. You bet her way is mine; it amuses her to have it so, but it's ridiculous what a cowardly position a man gets into, sometimes, from the habit of submission. It's on the principle, I guess, that when a man has been ten years a clerk, you never can trust him with any certainty in an executive position.

"Well, this 'good one on me' is about my daughter Mary and Brokton—old Belvier's son. If you won't let on to the reporters, so that some fellow tattles it, I don't mind telling you about it. Of course you won't; but those fellows keep watching us, and telling lies about us. If I cared a continental about it, they would take away the few gray hairs I have left scattered about this round shining head.

"Up to five years ago I never had been in Europe, though some of our principal transactions were in that market, you know. They'd felt me over here, fifteen years before. They would come to New York, or to Alaska, for that matter, to see me. I didn't have to run after them very much. But for some time Sallie and Mary had been settled in France, without coming back more than once a year to give a ball in New York, or Newport—just to keep folks from forgetting 'em, was Sallie's idea. 'I guess I can keep 'em from forgetting us without making parties,' I'd say to her.

"Well, one hot June I found myself mighty lonely in New York. It was too scorching to stir around; everything was dull; there was nothing doing in the Street that I cared about. I was rather run down, any way. Just then came a wire. 'Have taken a house on Park Lane for the rest of the season. Must see you

on important business. Come over on steamer, back the next if you want to; but must come—you understand. Don't worry. All well. Mary is the best dressed girl in London. Want to see you just on business. Sallie.'

"That was all; her way of communicating with me. I don't believe either of us has had a pen in our hands—except for writing our names on papers—for more than ten years. I got thinking about it. I wanted to see Mary terribly. As for the business, whatever that was, that didn't worry me particularly. I knew Sallie could take care of a business situation, if any woman in the world could. To make the matter short, I told Gibbs to wire everything to me, Lombard Street, and I caught the Etruria. Now the last time I had been on the Atlantic was fifty years before. I used to stand and look down at the crowd in the steerage, trying to remember the young chap I was then, with a dozen farthings in his pocket. Bless me, such a ship as this was undreamed of then, when I was a month in crossing. How the world is changed! How the world is changed! I'd give—well, something or other, to be that young fellow again.

"But in some way England wasn't so different. As the train drew up to London, it was the same green fields. The old houses looked as they did when I left them. I got to thinking. I'd run down to Burfield, where I had some relations living; folks that Sallie didn't even guess about. I'd married when I first went to Texas, where she was a waitress in her father's hotel, and we didn't ask many questions about each other's past. I never regretted it; and I don't believe she ever did. For Heaven's sake, don't tell her, or anybody, what I said about our beginnings; I don't care about it, but she does.

"Nor did London seem any different 'round the station. I took a four wheeler, and went to Lombard Street first, where I stirred things up a bit, and then to Park Lane.

" 'Mrs. Briggs in?' said I.

" 'Don't think so,' said the man, looking me over. 'You'd better see the butler. What d'ye want?'

" 'Damn the butler,' said I, pushing

past him. Bless me, if he didn't try to put hands on me. 'Stop that,' said I, 'I'm Briggs.' The fellow seemed half frightened to death. 'Oh,' said I, 'you'll do. You're a good servant.' And I pushed into Sallie's room, where she was getting ready for something.

"I declare, Jeremiah," said she.

"Well, what is it, Sallie?" said I.

"She knew there was no use in beating about the bush with me. So she came over and kissed me, and asked me how I was, and then said she:

"I've arranged a marriage for Mary."

"You have, have you! Why can't she arrange her own marriage, as we did?" said I. "How's the girl?"

"Never better, as I wired you. She doesn't object," Sallie went on.

"Ah, she doesn't object!" said I.

"It's to Lord Brokton, who before long will be Earl of Belvier," my dear wife continued, eying me practically.

"It's a marriage," said I; "marriage for that little girl!" She still seemed to me so small a child, as is the case, I'm told, with all parents, however large the child really may be. Then my astonishment took another direction. Belvier! The name near frightened me.

"Our early associations cling—force 'emself on us even when we're old. What that name suggested to me was my boyhood—the relations I had forgotten, dead and gone may be—in Burfield, where I was born. The name, in this connection, clean took me off my feet. The present earl must have been about my own age—when I left England. I had been a rough country lad, with some farthings, and with only poverty; I remembered him as a fine young gentleman, rosy and tall, riding a big bay mare after the hounds, with all the gentlemen and ladies, fine and splendid, at his heels. The little lad who watched that procession had shipped for America, long since; and here was the girl he had courted and married in Texas—this smart, good wife—proposing a marriage of his daughter to the heir of this same Earl of Belvier, who must have been an old fellow like me. Age and experience—a deal of it—had lessened my respect for him. I knew men were men, God knows. I had fought my battle in a hard way. I knew that

most men have their price, and that I'd bought, and could buy, a lot of 'em. But yet, will you believe me, that thing struck me with a certain awe. I s'pose it was the tradition in my blood; Sallie's plan struck me almost as a piece of impudence.

"But piece of impudence or no, I couldn't deny her. Had I denied her a thing for twenty years? I was beaten into submission. So I just said, 'I s'pose you've arranged it,' and she said she had, and I said, 'I'll talk to Mary.' You see I hadn't any spirit in the world where Sallie was concerned. I s'pose I have enough, as has been proven, in other matters.

"I saw Mary that day at dinner. By George, what a fine girl she had become! I wondered at myself that I could have produced her; but, then, really it was Sallie.

"I said I to her, 'Mollie, girl, you're going to be married.'

"Yes, papa," said she.

"Then," said I, 'why d'ye look so blessed glum?'

"I don't know, papa," said she; 'he's very nice, is Lord Brokton.'

"Mary," said I, 'if you don't want to marry him, tell me.'

"But I do, papa," said she, 'only—'

"By Jove, only—" said I.

"Yes, sir," said she. 'But there's mother,' said she.

"Yes," said I; 'there's mother, my girl,' and I stopped there, after kissing her. I knew I couldn't get into a discussion with Sallie on that, or any subject involving her side of our common life. Our agreement on that point was too positive. But why had she sent for me? When I had asked myself that question, I began to see in her a sort of entreaty.

"It's a matter we both must decide," she said. 'Mary belongs to both of us.'

"I guess that's so," said I. 'But the arrangement is already made?'

"Yes, I have promised to carry it through," said she. 'I have promised.'

"That means you will," said I.

"Don't be sarcastic, Jeremiah," said she.

"Well, I met Brokton, who was a nice, clean cut boy, with yellow hair, such as I remember old Belvier had when I saw him as a boy at Burfield. But,

bless me, when I saw Belvier himself, I saw a fellow with no particular hair at all—and just a man. So I was easy at once, particularly as he seemed to consider that I had some importance. He could see that in the way our minister and all the big bugs treated me. But he knew all about me, I guess, except my beginning; he didn't have an idea that the man he was treating with for his son was nobody but the son of one of the poorest laborers on his estate; and good Lord, I didn't let on. But as for treating with me, why, I soon found what it was that Sallie had wanted; it was the settlement of a cool million as Mary's portion. That didn't please me particularly—no. Yet I guess I was rather tickled—there was a kind of reverence born in my blood for it—at the idea of doing something to restore Belvier with the money I had made. So the lawyers went on drawing up papers, and in the meanwhile I began to like young Brokton; there couldn't have been a decenter fellow, and he was quite clear headed, too, on business matters. I began to get acquainted, too; I began to see there was something in London for me. I sized up the situation, too. I discovered that the prince is a pretty level headed fellow. Why, you know, he treated me mighty well; but my head wasn't turned. I saw it's part of his business to get foreigners pleased with England, so that they may be led to spend their money there. I learned another thing, that I could manage things from Lombard Street. You see, the first week, Gibbs mismanaged things—went bulling A. & S. when I wanted it slumped. He lost his head, sir. I wired: 'Draw salary for next twelve months. Discharged.' Then I wired Wells: 'Gibbs' place. Sell twenty thousand shares A & S.' Having these matters fixed—that is, A. & S. and Mary's matrimonial one—I had time to think more about the girl. Then I saw directly something was wrong. A man like me ought to understand his own daughter, oughtn't he? So I got her aside one day, and said I:

"Eh, eh, Mollie, what's the trouble?"

"Trouble, papa?" said she.

"Now don't try to hide it from me," said I. "You can't pull the wool over

the eyes of an old codger like me. I know too much."

"Jim Brokton," said she, "is a nice fellow."

"Oh," said I, "you're giving yourself away, my dear. No words—yes, you are. You don't like him enough, eh?"

"Then suddenly she burst out crying as if her heart would break, and I took her in my arms, just as if she were a baby girl again, and I said, 'Hush! Hush! There, there!'"

"Oh," she said, "I'm the wickedest girl that ever lived!"

"Well, may be," said I. "May be, if you say so. Still, it has to be proven. What 've you been doing?"

"Papa," said she, "I have ruined a man's life."

"Oh, oh," said I, "that's nothing in particular—so have I in my time. I had to do the ruining, or he; so I did it. But who's this man? Tell me."

"Then she told me that last winter, in Rome, she had met a painter fellow, and he'd made love to her, and she had encouraged him, until Sallie stepped in, and said, 'None of this,' or as much."

"Then," said I, "you don't want to marry Brokton?"

"No, papa. But it's not now what I want, but what I've promised."

"You women are such infernal fools," said I; "no reflection on you, Mollie—every blessed one of you."

"And mamma has it arranged."

"Yes, I know," said I, "and your mother is not the woman to disarrange what she has arranged. I can't make her do it."

"No, papa; it must go through now—it must."

"What's his name? Who is he?" said I.

"Kent," said she, "Fairchild Kent. He's an American—in London—a portrait painter."

"Humph," said I, "ain't much money, I s'pose," said I. "Painting, eh?"

"He's been in the Salon, and the Academy," said she.

"Oh, I s'pose so," said I. "I hope he hasn't been in stocks."

"It's all over, papa. I haven't seen him—since Rome."

"I s'pose," said I, "it was as bad for

you, then, as for those old fellows when Nero burned the town!' I was trying to make her smile.

"Papa, papa, please don't. I can't stand it," and she began to cry. And I patted her, and said I was a stupid old ass, as I was, and she said it was no use talking about it; and I quieted her, and went out and called a hansom, and drove to this fellow's place to see what he was like. I said at the door I was Smith—Smith of Chicago, and that I had heard of him; at which he brightened up. I said I wanted to know what I could get my daughter painted for, and asked him his prices, and he looked me over; and thinking, probably, that I was as hard as flint, said forty pounds. And said I, 'If you can do one a week, you can make a living, may be.' And he, trying to keep up a bluff, said he couldn't paint one a week that was decent, but he had all the orders he could do. But I tried him at thirty pounds, and he snapped at it; so I saw through him, and all the while I was watching and sizing him up, and deciding he was a clean, honest chap. I left him, and said I would send around Miss Smith in about a week. Then I went around to the offices, and went to work to find out who he was, and what. I always have the means to investigate men, you know; that's a part of the business. And I found out he was, as I'd judged, a good, straightforward fellow, of honest New England people; that he painted pretty well, but didn't sell particularly; one of those idiotic young fellows who think it's more to paint and write, and be sort of begging favors, rather than to be in business. But I guess he may have been right about himself; he would have made a mess of a clerkship, and it's pretty hard nowadays for men without capital to get on—unless they have ideas, like yours, sir, in some particular line of work. This Kent never had any practical ideas, but was just trying to paint. He was made that way. I am too old a chap to quarrel with God about the way he makes men. Men are just made by Him in a certain way, and they stay that way to the very end of the chapter, whatever ministers and professors may say.

"All this while Mary was coming to me, and confiding in me, and I guess I

relieved her poor little heart. But we didn't say a word to Sallie. Bless you, if I had told her, she wouldn't have given in; she would have had it her own way. I knew that; she's the one person, as I say, that I never contend with. I found out long ago that if I opposed her, she'd win in anything; so I've been in the habit of doing the thing first, and then, when it can't be undone, telling her, and taking the consequences.

"I guess I lost my head, too, in this case. It was Mary, nothing else—just what she wanted—that carried me on like a horse that's taken the bit in its teeth, and on I went, on and on. To make a long story short, one day I said to her:

"Now you do like him so much, then?"

"I've found that out, papa."

"And he likes you?"

"Yes, papa, yes."

"And this marriage with Lord Brokton will make you unhappy?"

"All my life, papa; but it's my duty—"

"Duty, Mary, between man and woman," said I, "is just their duty to themselves."

"What do you mean, papa?" she said, hugging me. "What do you mean?"

"Why, this, Mollie; you can go straight and marry Kent any day you say."

"But mamma?" she said. And her face was red and white, and white and red again, and she laughed and cried, and cried and laughed.

"Why, if she knows, you can't do it. Things will have to go on according to the arrangement. I can't help you, my girl."

"But my promise to Brokton," she said. "He's such a nice fellow."

"I guess it was your mother's promise," said I.

"Yes," she said, "I think it was."

"Well," said I, "if you want to do it, I've an appointment for you at Kent's. Go there and arrange it with him. Tell him I'm the Smith of Chicago who called to see him. I'll fix church, witnesses, license, wedding presents, and trip."

"But Brokton!" she said again, like the honest girl she was.

"If he's the boy I think he is," said I, "I think I can arrange it. We'll not be

crooked with him—trust to me. Only your mother mustn't know, till it's done. Then I'll go,' I added rather glumly, 'and take my medicine like a man. It's just, my girl, whether you want to.'

"'Oh, papa, you make me so glad. I do want to!' And she kissed me, and hugged me, and made me foolish. So I said, 'Just put on your hat and keep that appointment with Kent, and let me know about it.'

"When she had gone, I went at my next part of the business, which was to see Brokton. I thought I hadn't made any mistake in him. I found him in his lodgings in the street they call Half Moon, because it's such a small kind of a street, I s'pose. I went right at it:

"'Look here, Lord Brokton, a man doesn't usually like the man his daughter is going to marry. I'll tell you that at first I expected to dislike you. I thought you might be of the class I call "loafing swells"—term of my own. Now, sir, I am free to confess, I like you damned well.' Now I hardly ever swear; but I was excited; I got to using language.

"'I hope you may, sir,' said he.

"'And Mary likes you damned well,' said I.

"'Well, I should hope she may,' he said.

"'But the fact of the matter, Lord Brokton—without longer beating about the bush—she's in love with another man.'

"'Sir,' he said, 'sir!'

"'Oh, this isn't easy for me, but I go straight to a point. It's a fact.'

"'You mean you want to break the engagement?' said he.

"'I can't,' said I. 'She can't.'

"'Why?' said he, very quietly.

"'My wife won't let us,' said I. 'It may seem queer to you, but such is the situation. I, Lord Brokton, have to do what my wife says.'

"'I see, I see,' he said, sitting down. 'This comes rather hard, Mr. Briggs. I love your daughter.'

"'I know, I know,' I said.

"'But if she agrees with you, I will do as you request,' he said.

"'Lord Brokton,' said I, 'you are a splendid fellow. Believe me, I am sorry

you are not to be the son in law of Jeremiah Briggs.'

"'Thank you, thanks,' said he; 'I'm not one of those men, Mr. Briggs, who believe in marrying a woman who doesn't care for 'em. Yet—I think Miss Briggs shouldn't have led me on; I really think that.'

"'It was wrong of her,' I acknowledged. 'It's hard for me to say there can be any wrong in my girl, but I'll say that.'

"'Oh, I'll not let you; I'll not let you.'

"'You do care for her, then,' I said slowly. 'You mustn't think it was my wife's fault, either. She honestly believes it's for Mary's happiness. But your father—will he let you?'

"'I manage such an affair myself, not my father,' said he, which made me think that I wasn't in such a free position. I was rather embarrassed as I took his hand and pressed it. I felt cut up, too, about the whole matter. But it was for Mary.

"The girl came back as smiling as—well, a June sky. It was all right between 'em; but she stopped. How about Brokton? I told her. And Brokton came around, and they talked it over; and Brokton had it out with Sallie—did what we, Mary and I, didn't dare do. And Sallie was as mad as a wet hen, and said we'd been insulted, and so forth. For though to the world it was of course reported that we'd broken it, Sallie knew that Brokton had. I didn't let on, you may believe. I just pretended to sympathize. And old Belvier was thundering mad. But I put him on to something out of which he made a turn—though of course it wasn't so much as five per cent of what Mary's portion would have been.

"Oh, but that Brokton is a fine boy! I sometimes wish it had been he instead of Kent. But it was as Mary wanted. I went on with it, as sly as a fox. Why, Sallie would no more have had it than she would have—I can't think of a comparison strong enough. So it became an elopement. There was a license, a minister, a church; I to give Mary away; some witnesses; I packing 'em away on the train for Switzerland, and beginning to hate Kent for taking my daughter from

me. Then I went right home to take my medicine.

"I went directly at it.

" 'Sallie,' said I, 'Mary's gone and got married.'

" 'Married!'

" 'Yes, she's started on her trip to Switzerland.'

" 'Kent,' she said, quiet-like.

" 'Yes, Sallie,' said I.

" 'Jeremiah,' said she, 'you did this, didn't you?'

" 'Yes,' said I, 'I knew you wouldn't permit it, so I did it.'

" 'No,' said she, 'I wouldn't have permitted it.'

" 'I wondered why she didn't take on; why she was so quiet.

" 'No,' she said, 'from my point of view, I never could have permitted it. But, Jeremiah'—her voice fell low—'it's hard on a mother not to be at her only

daughter's wedding. Weren't you cruel, Jeremiah?'

" 'For Mary,' said I.

" 'For Mary,' she said, 'for Mary!'

" 'Think, Sallie,' said I, 'of the time when you were a waitress in Texas, when I courted you. It's the same, Sallie, between them.'

" Then she broke down and began to sob, and I put my arms around her, just as in the old days before so much business came between us. And she said, 'Oh, Jere,' just as she used to call me then. And I said, 'Sallie, you've said you couldn't have been changed; and it was for Mary, for Mary.'

" 'I know it was, I know it,' she said. 'Oh, Jere, I have been a wicked, hard woman.'

" Then I knew that after almost twenty five years, I was to have my say in that house."



THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE golden age of golden dream—

Oh, for the laureled brow

When music laded every stream

And burdened every bough!

The golden age of golden rhyme—

Oh, for the tongue of flames

When poesy was in its prime

And nightingales had names!

The golden age of golden lyre—

Oh, for the subtle string

When love was wooed by heart's desire

And song first heard of spring!

The golden age! The golden source

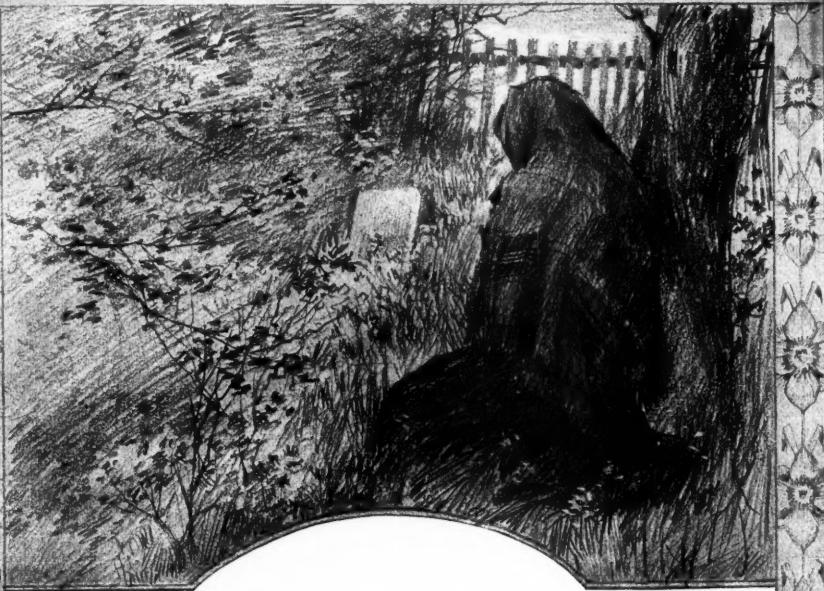
Whence dew of thought had birth—

Turn, cycles, in your heavenly course

And bring it back to earth!

Clarence Urmy.

"From God—to God."

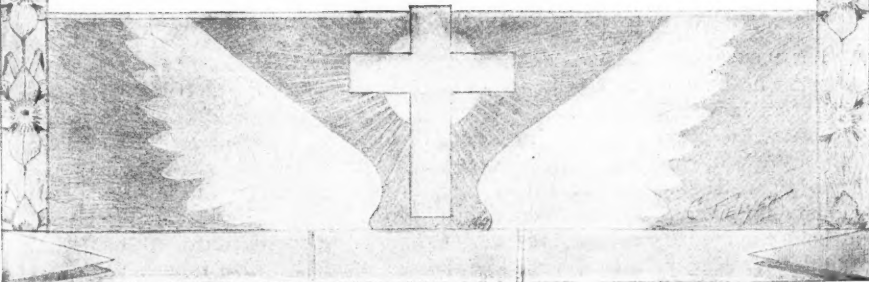


A little grave within a churchyard set,
And o'er it the soft and grassy sod,
And carbed upon the marble's gleaming white
These words—"From God to God."

Some mother's darling softly slumbers here,
With folded dimpled hands and golden head;
Yet her crushed heart could breathe the words of hope
O'er her precious dead.

Sweet words and true, oh, cherished little ones!
And though our eyes with blinding tears grow dim,
From God you are, and when He calls His own
We give you back to Him.

Katharine Jewell.

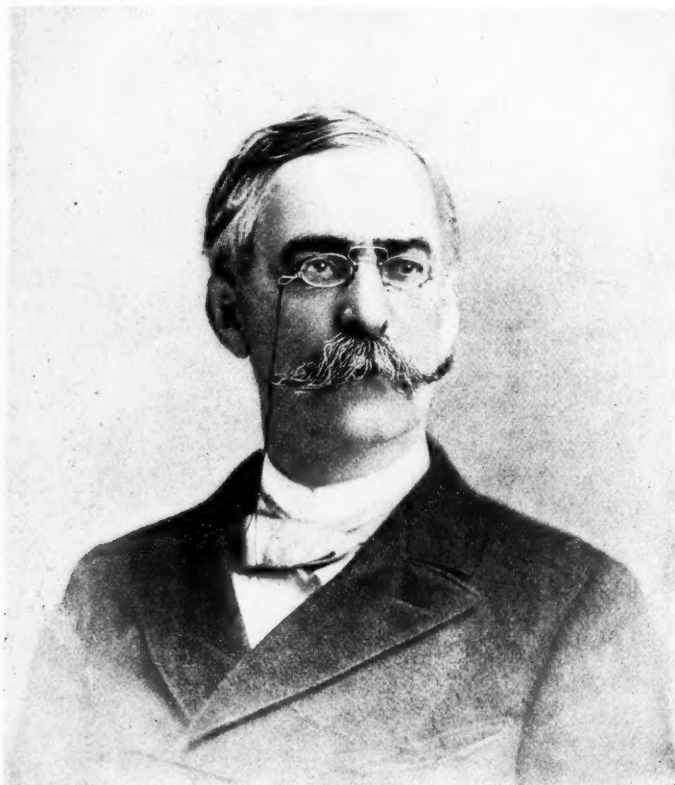


IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A SOUTHERN SENATOR.

Elsewhere in this issue of *MUNSEY'S* is printed an interesting and authoritative article on Hawaii, contributed by Senator Money, of Mississippi. The Senator is

against the government to which he was accredited. But he urges that we must recognize existing conditions, and that manifest destiny, and many practical considerations of mutual advantage, make



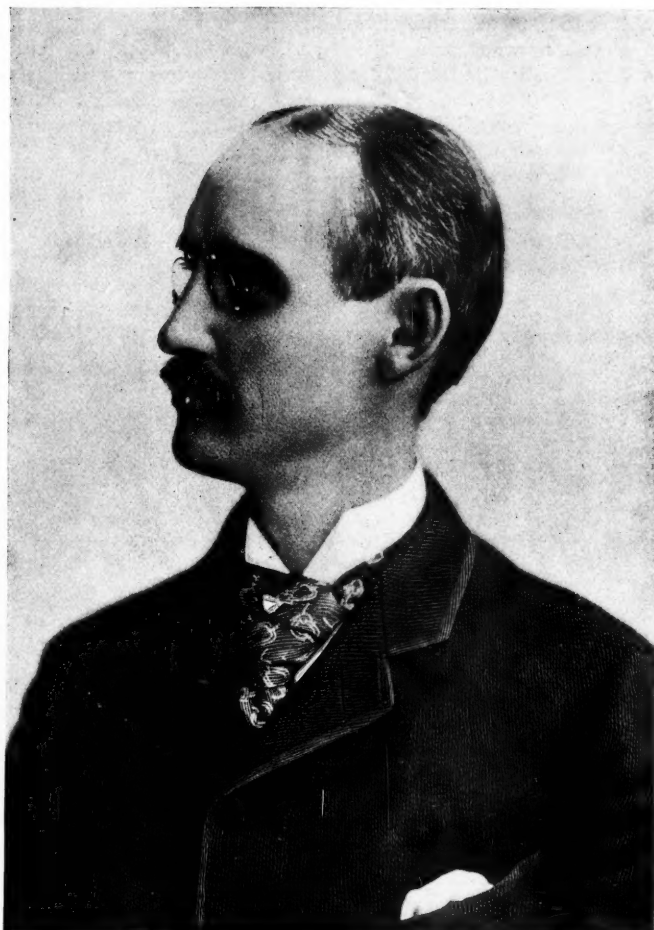
HERNANDO DE SOTO MONEY, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

an advocate of the annexation of the islands, but he is not one who can be called a "boomer" or a "conspirator" by those who oppose it. His standpoint is quite an independent one. He does not hesitate to speak in very plain terms of the coterie of "utlanders" who de-throned the native queen and set up a self appointed oligarchy. He is fair enough, and bold enough, to condemn the American minister who abetted the conspiracy

annexation the best solution of the problem.

Senator Money is a native Mississippian, a graduate of the State university, and a lawyer by profession. He has long been a Democratic leader in Mississippi, and since his first election to Congress, in 1874, he served seven terms in the House before his recent promotion to the Senate, to fill the vacancy caused by Senator George's death. He is an able speaker.



MELVILLE E. STONE.

From a photograph by Root, Chicago.

and is specially interested in questions of foreign policy, notably the two now dividing public attention—those of Cuba and Hawaii. He has visited both of these debatable spots, and speaks and writes of them with the authority of one who knows.

—
A WESTERN JOURNALIST.

The ending of the long and bitter war between the two great newspaper organizations, the Associated Press and the United Press, by the total defeat and collapse of the latter, was a remarkable personal triumph for Melville E. Stone, the leading spirit of the victorious body. Mr.

Stone started his campaign practically without a friend in the Eastern press, and with the solid opposition of five leading metropolitan dailies. It was a contest between the mutual system of news gathering and a service controlled by a private corporation. Each has its advocates. It is claimed for the former that it guarantees a fair degree of impartiality in the handling of news, while the other might become a "news trust" which could be used for speculative or political ends. On the other hand, experience seemed to show that a private agency, gathering news and selling it to its clients, was more alert than an associ-

ation which had no one but itself to please. Whatever their respective merits, the mutual system is now supreme, while its rival, the United, is in the hands of a receiver.

At the time of the great Chicago fire,

the building in which the news was printed, took charge of the business office, and, with Mr. Stone's editorial aid, pushed the paper to prosperity. In 1888 Mr. Stone sold his interest to Mr. Lawson, and retired from active newspaper



SETH LOW, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

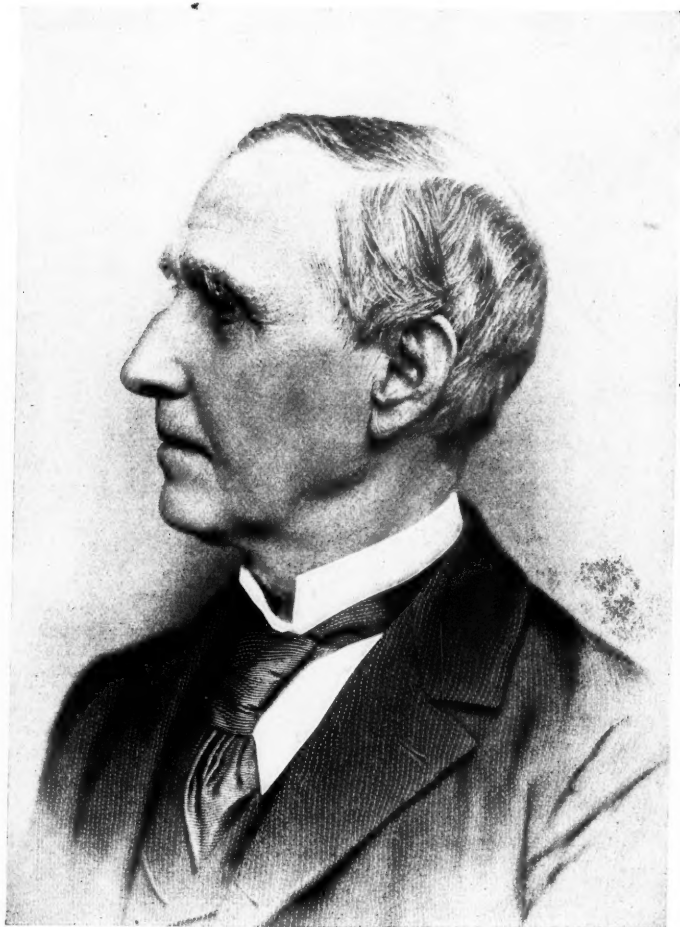
From his latest photograph—Copyrighted by George G. Rockwood, New York.

Mr. Stone, then a very young man, was at the head of a small iron foundry in the Lake City. The fire ruined him, and he went to work as a newspaper reporter. It 1875 he joined two other young journalists in establishing the Chicago *Evening News*, the pioneer one cent daily of the West. He found the venture an expensive one, and his capital was almost exhausted when Victor F. Lawson, who had inherited from his father a share in

work; but he returned to it to manage the Associated Press, with such success that it now has no rival of any importance in the field.

THE BUILDER OF THE NEW COLUMBIA.

The president of an American university occupies a position unique in pedagogic life. Few of our larger colleges may be said to have reached that calm state of assured prosperity and independence so



RUSSELL SAGE.

From his latest photograph—Copyrighted by George G. Rockwood, New York.

necessary to the best scholastic results. The struggle for supremacy is hardly less evident among our educational institutions than among our purely commercial enterprises. Thus it is that the college president becomes, to a great extent, a business manager, and thus it is that Columbia, though one of the oldest universities in the country, is still in its evolutionary period, advancing apace with its competitors. Vast sums of money have been spent on the new buildings, and President Low, himself a man of inherited wealth, devoted half of his fortune to the work, giving the new college library as a monument to his father.

There are comparatively few men of recent times who have succeeded in attaining prominence both in scholastic and political affairs. President Low's two terms as a "reform mayor" of Brooklyn, and his candidacy for the chief magistracy of the Greater New York, are an exceptional feature of his record. Another is his comparative youth. The heads of most of our great universities are men of advanced years, but Mr. Low graduated from Columbia in 1870, at the age of twenty, and became her president only nineteen years later. His career may still be said to be before him, whatever may be the result of the



CHULALONGKORN, KING OF SIAM.

From a photograph by Lenz, Bangkok.

electoral contest in which, at the time of writing, he is engaged.

A VETERAN FINANCIER.

There are few great fortunes which have been amassed within the compass of a single lifetime. The wealth of the Vanderbilts and the Astors represents the accumulations of several generations. Russell Sage, on the other hand, was a poor boy, and his wealth is the work of his own hands and his own brain. It is the result of the strictest application of the principles of industry and economy, of his keen insight into money matters, and,

withal, of a wonderful sagacity and sure-footedness in business transactions.

Before the civil war it was thought that Mr. Sage had political aspirations. In fact, he was twice elected to Congress, and a brilliant career was predicted by his friends; but Mr. Sage preferred the arena of stocks and bonds to that of politics, and forty years ago he withdrew from public life to devote himself to trade, money lending, and the stock market. He has long been a potent factor in the financial world, and, veteran though he is, he still actively controls many of the great money making propositions of the country.



SOWABHA PONGSRI, QUEEN OF SIAM.

From a photograph by Lenz, Bangkok.

There is something impressive about success. In spite of the unfriendly comments of envious critics, Mr. Sage has manifested stupendous executive power and sterling abilities, and these command respect. His portrait shows the force and vigor which, despite the fact that he has long since passed the three score and ten mark, have made possible his vast and successful financial enterprises.

A ROYAL PILGRIM FROM THE EAST.

The King of Siam did not pay America his promised visit this year, but went back to his dominions after a tour of Europe. According to all reports, he

enjoyed his travels immensely. Queen Sowabha, whose portrait is given here, did not accompany her lord and master. It is not the Siamese custom to court publicity for women, and the queen—together with the king's numerous secondary wives—stayed in the palace in Bangkok. The palace is called "The Inside," and is in reality a city of three thousand inhabitants, where even the police are women.

King Chulalongkorn is not so young as he looks, being nearly fifty, and having reigned for thirty years. Before he came to the throne, Siam was governed in a way which seems to our ears to belong to

the realm of comic opera. The king was a semi divine being; he even had certain words which nobody but himself was allowed to use. Chulalongkorn has swept much of this away. He abolished

"Who is that?" he asked.

"Lord Rothschild," somebody answered.

"Oh, is it?" Chulalongkorn said, and immediately arose and ran after him, call-



THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

From her latest photograph by Thomson, London.

slavery, and abrogated many rigid and ridiculous court customs, such as a rule that compelled courtiers to approach him upon all fours. He goes about in ordinary dress like anybody else, and asks questions, and makes himself most agreeable.

In England, one day, he was lunching on the terrace of the Houses of Parliament, and a gentleman went by who attracted his attention.

ing "Rothschild! Rothschild!" to the millionaire peer's astonishment.

He saw England under the pleasantest circumstances, without the trouble of being lionized.

A FUTURE QUEEN.

The latest photograph of the Duchess of York shows her with a more matronly air, as befits the mother of two sons and

a daughter. But the camera never does full justice to this princess, who, though not handsome, is decidedly a pretty woman, with a complexion of real peaches and cream. Her face has the blemish of a marked scar on the forehead, the result of a fall in childhood; and it is to hide this that she always appears with her hair arranged in ringlets almost down to her eyes.

In London, the young duke and duchess have a rather modest establishment at York House, St. James'. Their country home, York Cottage, Sandringham, where they are near neighbors of the Prince of Wales, is still more unpretentious. When their first child, little Prince Edward, was born, there was not a room in the house—which is a veritable cottage, not in the Newport sense of the term—that could be spared for a nursery. A wing has since been added, and there is plenty of room for the children.

During the last few years the Duke of York has been kept pretty continually busy with all sorts of ornamental public duties. Apparently he has found them irksome, for it is announced that next spring he will go for a long cruise as commodore of a flying squadron. He now holds the rank of captain in the British navy, and has always been very fond of the sea. The duchess, presumably, will remain in England.

GENERAL B. F. TRACY.

A good story is told of General Benjamin F. Tracy. Many years ago he was a country schoolmaster. The school boasted a particularly sanguinary bully who had evicted all of schoolmaster Tracy's predecessors, and who tried to dispose of this new teacher in like fashion. The future general and statesman declined to be evicted, and stood his ground with such sturdy force that we are informed the ruffianly student was nearly killed. Many years thereafter Tracy displayed equal grit when in command of his troops at the battle of the Wilderness; and though carried off the field insensible from exhaustion, he returned to his command undaunted.

Therefore, although the duties of the mayor of the Greater New York are heavy for the shoulders of a veteran of his years,

we can understand the spirit which leads him, against his personal choice, to enter the contest for the post.

General Tracy's public record is a long and varied one. His earlier years were devoted mainly to the practice of law, which he gave up to serve in the civil war. Soon after the close of the war he resigned his post to take up his law practice again. This was interrupted once more by his acceptance of the naval portfolio in President Harrison's cabinet. His efforts in building up the navy bore substantial results, but his official life was clouded by a tragedy of such harrowing nature that a man of weaker spirit must have given way before it. His residence caught fire in the night, and though the secretary was rescued before he had suffered serious harm, his wife and daughter perished. In spite of this crushing blow he retained his portfolio, and at the conclusion of his term of office took up his law practice again.

General Tracy is a man of frank and genial manner, a hard and faithful worker, and as chairman of the committee that drew up the charter of the Greater New York he displayed a capacity for thought and action undiminished by the demands of an active and busy life.

"From newsboy to college president," sounds like the title of one of those impossible romances that pass current as moral books for the young; but the phrase actually describes the evolution of Jerome H. Raymond, recently appointed to the headship of the West Virginia University. More remarkable still, Dr. Raymond's remarkable promotion has been achieved within twenty years. In 1877 he was selling papers in the streets of Chicago. Then he found a place as office boy with George M. Pullman, studied shorthand, and became Mr. Pullman's private stenographer. A business career seemed to be before him, but he preferred a college education, and worked his way through the Northwestern University. Next he traveled around the world as secretary to a missionary bishop, and his insatiable thirst for knowledge went with him. While in India, he learned Sanskrit. On his return to America, President Harper offered him

some of the "extension" work of the Chicago University, and from this he went to the University of Wisconsin as professor of sociology. His recent promotion makes him, at twenty nine, the youngest college president in the United States.

One of the few defeats of Dr. Raymond's scholastic career was encountered in an oratorical contest at Northwestern, when the prize he sought was won by another competitor, Miss Nettie Hunt. As Miss Hunt is now Mrs. Raymond, Dr. Raymond's defeat may be said to have been retrieved.

* * * *

The precise identity of the "Prince Esterhazy" who is said to be about to marry Mrs. Langtry will perhaps be cleared up when this reaches the reader; but the cable reports are somewhat confusing. The Esterhazys are a great Hungarian house—probably the greatest Hungarian house—and every male member of the family has a right to the princely title. Its head, Prince Nicholas, as a young man, represented Austria at Queen Victoria's coronation, and afterwards spent much of his time in London, where he was prominent in the sporting set. His mother was an Englishwoman, Lady Sarah Villiers, daughter of a former Earl of Jersey. He died a few years ago, leaving some \$12,000,000 to be divided between his nearest heirs, who were his two nephews, Franz and Moritz. There must be some mistake in the newspaper report that "Prince Aloysius Esterhazy, son of the late Prince Nicholas," is contemplating a sensational mésalliance with the once beautiful English actress.

* * * *

Napoleon has a successor at St. Helena. The living captive of the lonely islet was also an autocrat in his own country; and, as with the fallen French emperor, his imprisonment was England's punishment of a troublesome foe. He is Dinizulu, the rebel Zulu chief. He told a Russian sea captain, who recently landed at St. Helena, that he still hoped to return to his country, and that if Russia would assist him she would be repaid by his friendship. It is scarcely probable, however, that a European war will be waged for his liberation.

Dinizulu holds court, with several dusky queens, at a plantation called Rosemerry. Longwood, Napoleon's last home, has been unoccupied since the emperor's death. Its furniture and ornaments have long ago been taken to France, where they are preserved in museums, but the house itself is just as he left it. It is preserved as a shrine to his memory, and an official of the French government is stationed in charge.

* * * *

Literature is too cosmopolitan to have much room for chauvinism, and in many countries great authors have arisen to rebuke the spirit of jingo patriotism. Witness the solemn note of Kipling's "Recessional" after the colossal self glorification of the recent British jubilee. Ibsen, Norway's one world famous writer, is also the severest critic of her manners and morals. Echegaray, the first poet and dramatist of Spain, takes an equally pessimistic view of the society about him.

He represents a Spaniard telling his son that it is time to choose a profession. The boy declines to be a professor—and go hungry; to be a statesman—and be a target for assassins; to be a priest—and live as a prisoner; to be a soldier—and perish in Cuba or the Philippines. He would prefer to be a fêted and honored hero, to whom gold flies, and to whom Spain gives glory in life and fame after death; in a word, he will become a bull fighter.

* * * *

The new head of the Paulist Fathers in New York, Father Deshon, has long been known as a power in the Catholic world of the metropolis. Owing to the age and failing health of his predecessor, Father Hewit, he has for some years been in practical command of this active missionary community, whose great church is one of the landmarks of New York. He is seventy five years old, a New Englander of Huguenot stock, and the last survivor of the group of Redemptorists who founded the Paulist order. He was educated at West Point, where he was a classmate of General Grant, and where, after graduating near the head of his class, he remained for five years as a professor before he abandoned the army to become a militant soldier of the church.

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

The English writer of stories of the sea names an American novel, "Two Years Before the Mast," as his favorite, and speaks of the great literary power and far reaching practical influence of Richard Henry Dana's famous book.

FOR generations the merchant sailor was without representation in politics or literature. His existence was understood dimly; he was guessed at as a sort of useful abstraction, wild of raiment, scarcely human for the hair upon his head and for the hideous devices in gunpowder and ink upon his breast and arms. It was known obscurely that he sailed with a flowing sheet upon the seas to fetch the fat and relishable fruits of the uttermost lands of the earth, that the population of Great Britain should not starve. He was presumed to be useful, therefore, but when he was ashore he lived in strange, grotesque parts of the ports he arrived at. The houses he temporarily dwelt in, whilst his money lasted, were not less horrible and dangerous than the open sewer or the cage in which they keep wild beasts.

It was, perhaps, not to be supposed that much should be known about the merchant sailor, and he therefore remained an unreckoned condition of the social life of the nation, very well understood by the ship owners, but critically quite unsuspected by the man in the street. It is true that the state had legislated for him. By the navigation acts, a paternal government, with great prudence and patriotism, provided for him in plenty; so that when war broke out the press gangs found crowds of British seamen ready for their truncheons. The navigation laws compelled an owner who shipped but one foreigner in his vessel to take five times as

many British seamen. This was good for the state. It maintained, at the cost of the owners, a handsome reserve of sailors for the admiralty to draw on. But there was nothing in the navigation acts to oblige the owner to give good food to his men, to pay them with equitable regard to their long labors and perilous life, to house them as if they were men and not rats in a sink. So the sailors went on going to sea, eating the food of the Famine Scale, and sleeping in loathsome underdeck dungeons, tyrannized over by captains whose brutalities never reached the public ear; and the public went on eating the breakfast, the dinner, and the supper which had been fetched for them from all parts of the earth by the patient, unrepresented, drunken merchant sailor.

In 1834 a young student of Harvard, fearing the failure of his sight, resolved to quit all intellectual work for at least a couple of years. What did he do? He made the most memorable of all the voyages in the seafaring annals of America. He could have gone as companion to a friend in an Indiaman called the Japan, bound to Calcutta, but he chose the heroic path; he determined to go before the mast—and such a mast! Instead of adventuring a warm voyage for his eyes, and living in comfort on board an Indiaman, he procured a berth in a brig called the Pilgrim, as a common sailor, trusting that his eyesight would benefit from a long course of hard work, plain diet, and open air life. He did not go to

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is printing a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. Papers by William D. Howells, Brander Matthews, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Burton Harrison, S. R. Crockett, Paul Bourget, and Bret Harte have already appeared, and forthcoming numbers will contain the opinions of Conan Doyle, Ian Maclaren, Jerome K. Jerome, Anthony Hope, and others.

the Bay of Bengal, but chose the passage of the Horn in a fabric of less than two hundred tons. The Horn is terrible in story for its storms, for the height of the surge which the western gale rolls like a wheel before it, for its dangers of ice dimly shimmering in mist. The dread of the Horn was strong in the ancient mariner. The reports of those who had rounded it prevented others from attempting an undertaking compared to which it was believed that the physical struggles and the mental anguish of the Flying Dutchman were light.

The young man's name was Richard Henry Dana, and he was then nineteen years of age. It is wonderful that one so young should have used his sight, and made his observations of a difficult and secret vocation, with the subtle and penetrating accuracy we find in his work. He misses no point of the sea. All the minutiae of routine he enters into, and it is enchanting reading in its fresh and charming English. Unconsciously, in writing "Two Years Before the Mast," he was giving to the world not merely the only book of the kind that had ever been offered to the public; he was producing a great romance of the sea, in my humble opinion the greatest ever written; so great by primal merit of originality that though there are many books which I deeply admire—none more than the books of Dickens—I lay my hand upon this of Dana's and say, *it is my favorite*.

It matters little whether it is called a novel, or a romance, or a fragment of autobiography. The publishers show literary judgment in including it in their list of novels; the personal character and the element of reality dignify it with the light and the power of truth. It ranks in this sense with "David Copperfield" and "Jane Eyre." But the whole truth, the whole truth only from end to end, is given by Dana.

They were a little slow, in America, in understanding this marvelous revelation of man's hidden life on the deep. The Harpers could not be induced to give more than two hundred and fifty dollars for a work out of which ultimately they must have made a fortune. In Great Britain, copies reached the hands of Moxon, a London publisher, who issued

an edition; the book was read and profoundly admired. Words of high praise were sent to Dana by the poet Rogers, by Lord Brougham, by the poet Moore, by Bulwer, and, best of all, by Dickens, for "Two Years Before the Mast" was just one of those expressions of human life, fresh, stirring, astonishing by its novelty, which would most affect the great mind of Dickens, and charm him by its submission of an art as minute and Hogarthian in detail and color as his own.

At last, then, after generations of silence, after centuries of neglect and indifference, Mercantile Jack had found an exponent, and no landsman could henceforth feign ignorance of the hidden life of the forecable. To what extent it is read in America I do not know; in this country the story has run through countless cheap editions. Whole passages of it were appropriated by the late Mr. Lindsay in his "History of Shipping," and it has been the inspirer of a large number of sea books more or less dead, one of which, entitled, "Two Years Aft the Mast," is about the likeliest of the lot, though you have but to compare a page of it with Dana to appreciate the power and the fullness of the master.

Dana's book is the story of his life at sea, which covered two years. He went round Cape Horn to the coast of California in a small brig, as we have seen, to load hides, and returned in a full rigged ship in command of the same brutal captain, a fiend named Thompson, who had had charge of the brig. It is a romance charged with a quality of Shaksperian *wholeness*. No man has ever put more into his book than Dana. It teems, and yet it is clear; it is like a brimming glass through which you can see. He does not trouble himself to dredge the dictionary for adjectives, and yet his style is incomparably lighter and easier than that of the late Mr. Stevenson, who is said to have thought nothing of devoting an afternoon to turning a sentence or balancing a period. Dana's style is as fresh, sweet, and wholesome as the breath of old ocean. I never open the book but the scent of the giant kelp is strong in the nostril, and the wind sings in the true song of the sea as it sweeps over leagues of frothing billows flashing with ice. He is a great humorist,

but he never strains to procure his effects. He does not idly seek to mask the commonplace, or to conceal the obvious by dressing it in far fetched adjectives. His humor is spontaneous, it belongs to his subject; it flows from him as naturally as the highest of all the qualities of genius flowed from Lamb and Goldsmith. Take such an example of his power of observation as this:

Among our crew were two English men of war's men, so that, of course, we soon had music. They sang in the true sailor's style, and the rest of the crew, which was a remarkably musical one, joined in the choruses. They had many of the latest sailor songs, which had not yet got about among our merchantmen, and which they were very choice of. They began soon after we came on board, and kept it up until after two bells, when the second mate came forward and called "The Alert's away!" Battle songs, drinking songs, boat songs, love songs, and everything else, they seemed to have a complete assortment of, and I was glad to find that "All in the Downs," "Poor Tom Bowling," "The Bay of Biscay," "List, ye Landsmen!" and other classical songs of the sea, still held their places. In addition to this they had picked up, at the theaters and other places, a few songs of a little more genteel cast which they were very proud of; and I shall never forget hearing an old salt, who had broken his voice by hard drinking on shore, and bellowing from the mast head in a hundred northwesterners, singing—with all manners of ungovernable trills and quavers, in the high notes breaking into a rough falsetto, and on the low ones growling along like the dying away of the boatswain's "All hands ahoy!" down the hatchway—"Oh, no, we never mention him":

Perhaps, like me, he struggles with
Each feeling of regret;
But if he's loved as I have loved,
He never can forget.

The last line he roared out at the top of his voice, breaking each word into half a dozen syllables. This was very popular, and Jack was called upon every night to give them his "sentimental song." No one called for it more loudly than I, for the complete absurdity of the execution, and the sailors' perfect satisfaction in it, were ludicrous beyond measure.

In Dana's time they flogged sailors on board merchantmen, just as they flogged sailors in the royal navy. A man's back was bared, he was triced up, and the captain or mate went to work. It is extraordinary that powers so despotic should have been vested by the laws of the states in men as a rule of all their kind the most gross, ignorant, and irresponsible through illiteracy, drink, and disease. Dana was unfortunate enough

to sail under a brute beast. He witnessed this scoundrel flog a sailor, and he says: "I vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot had so long been cast."

His book is the noble fulfilment of his word. It is like a painting of the sailor's life on the sky. The most loutish farmer could read through this story of the sea, and at the end rise with perception glimmering in the smoke of his brain that there were folks upon the ocean who were like himself and his men, but who suffered more and who seemed to work harder, who were often up all night in the bitter cold amidst the ice, who stretched their groaning limbs in half drowned bunks, who chewed meat which the farmer instinctively knew the swine in his sty would reject, who were cursed and struck even in the instant of obedience, when the heart was willing though suffering might have crippled agility.

I have no hesitation in saying that this wonderful romance of the sea wrought for the sailor the public sentiment he needed. Men began to take "poor Jack" a little seriously. They could not conceive that any kind of creature born of woman could suffer all that Dana relates, and live and remain willing, simple, humble, uncomplaining men. I do not know what was done by Congress for the sailor prior to the year 1840; but it is certain that after that year, the year of the publication of my favorite romance, there was some coquetting with the mariner's cause in Parliament. Let this be considered, that we may justify Dana's claims. The ship owners, of course, were always in opposition, but still the sailor continued to be legislated for until the year 1854, which witnessed the passage through Parliament of the thoughtful, elaborate Merchant Shipping Act, known by the name of the year that made law of it.

There has been much legislation since 1854: one act repealing clauses in another, acts providing for the safety of passengers, acts which always told for the sailor. Captains and mates were expected to be educated men, capable of navigating ships in safety, and the tyr-

anny of the quarter deck was made difficult and dangerous by certain special clauses which aimed peculiarly at such wretches as Thompson of the brig Pilgrim. Am I claiming too much for Dana when I state as my deliberate conviction that it is due to the influence of his book that the merchant sailor enjoys a state of being which, hard as it inevitably must be by stress of sea vocation, is paradise compared to the life as it was in Dana's day?

I shall be told, perhaps, that this amelioration is the mere effect of progress, and would have happened in any case, Dana or no Dana. They little know the truth of the secret life of the ocean who would hazard such an argument. It has been for generations to the interests of ship owners to keep the merchant sailor hidden away from the public eye. The unlettered man never found an expositor of his wrongs. On the other hand, the shipping interest was plentifully represented in the House of Commons, and indeed in later years in the House of Lords. Dana forced the world to see the great truth, which perhaps no man ever before had genius enough to interpret. All that benefits the seaman in this age is due to that young Harvard scholar.

I do not find his name much quoted in contemporary American literature. What does Mr. Howells think of his story of the sea? What Mr. Bret Harte, and "Mark Twain," whose "choice works" run into a long list? This one book, this one romance of the sea, vital, beautiful, faultless in form, superb in color and in tone, flames like a star on the forehead of American letters, and it will still be a glowing and a burning light because it is true—indeed, it is the truth itself, as if God had spoken it on behalf of the poor seaman—when many lights now brilliant will be wandering darkling in the literary firmament.

I am sorry for the man who writes a fine sea story. It is true that I am not often called upon to feel sorry. All his nice and delicate points will be missed by critics who cannot reasonably be expected to know the ocean, and when a landsman sees a book written about the sea he concludes that it is for boys, and he leaves it

for boys to read. I say the fate of the author is something hard. The only people who can appreciate him are sailors. But sailors do not buy books; many of them cannot read; and the vast proportion of them are "Dutchmen."

I was lately laughing through the pages of one of the smartest sea yarns I have read for a long time. It is called "On Many Seas." But its humor is not the humor of Dana, nor has it the revealing, humanizing touch of that master. We read, we break into laughter, we greatly admire the brilliant compression of the narrative, we are diverted by his hatred of the "lime juicer." His experiences are not those of one, but of fifty Yankee seamen rolled into one. Never did any man go through so much and carry eyes more observant. Perhaps some of us are too salt to take it all in. One wonders that after so much hammering he had any eyes left to see with. Every captain he sailed with seems to have had the principles of a felon, hardened into the spirit of murder by a long term of penal servitude. His mates are barbarous brutes; his seamen gross and coarse, but true of the type he has drawn. They are not the sailors of Dana, nor do they resemble the men that I have sailed with in British ships in the sixties. His hatred of the English sweetens his style into a resolved and patriotic Yankeeism, and it is a book singularly characteristic of the American seafarer; but it is coarse—needlessly so, I think, and its oaths and plain speaking, and passages of bad taste in a few places, will certainly repel such English readers as the nature of the work is likely to attract. But depend upon it, all that is meritorious, faithful, and minute in portraiture, and wise in utterance, will be missed by the public. Who but a sailor could follow the *niceness* of such writing? But clever as this book is, I quit it with a deeper appreciation of the masterfulness of Dana's work.

"Two Years Before the Mast" abounds in passages full of poetic beauty. Dana was essentially a poet of old ocean. What could be finer than his description of himself and an old sailor on the jibboom on a calm, moonlight night, when there is just enough air to keep the sails steady? Dana looks up with admiring eyes at

those stirless spaces of moon painted canvas, soaring stately one above another to the trembling stars; and even the rugged old seaman, without a pinch of sentiment in his composition, rests for a while over the spar, gazing aloft whilst he mutters to himself, "How quietly they do their work!"

There is nothing in the records of fact or fiction to rival, in sustained power and continued interest, the description of the struggle of the ship *Ayacucho* round the Horn to the eastward, in the depths of the antarctic winter. It is in this picture that he most touchingly and persuasively shows us and explains to us the suffering and the toil of the ill fed seaman. The ship is under manned; the days are short, the nights are fearfully long; the howling gale of the Horn is full of the barbed lance of the ice, and of spray that freezes into a musketry of hail as it flies. We watch the sailors going aloft, scantily clad in such wretched apparel, now soaked with wet, as their poverty enables them to collect. We follow the long fight with the canvas on the yard, and the descent of the men to the inhospitable deck where, after hours of man killing struggle, there is still no comfort for them; no civilizing "tot of grog" is served out, not even a pannikin of hot coffee to warm their frozen vitals, though

the brutal Captain Thompson is careful to order warm meals to be carried aft to his own cabin.

Dana's knowledge of the sailor's character also is absolute. I particularly direct the attention of the reader to the chapter in which he speaks of "my watch mate, Tom Harris." He has these words about this man:

Every sin that a sailor knows, he had gone to the bottom of. Several times he had been hauled up in the hospitals, and as often the great strength of his constitution had brought him out again in health. Several times, too, from his acknowledged capacity, he had been promoted to the office of chief mate, and as often his conduct when in port, especially his drunkenness, which neither fear nor ambition could induce him to abandon, put him back into the fore-castle. One night, when giving me an account of his life, and lamenting the years of manhood he had thrown away, "There," said he, "in the fore-castle, at the foot of those steps, is a chest of old clothes, the result of twenty two years of hard labor and exposure—worked like a horse and treated like a dog!"

It was time the curtain should be raised upon a vast scene of life in which thousands were toiling, but of which no man ashore, save the ship owner and the crimp, had knowledge. If I were an American, there is certainly no name in literature of which I should be prouder than that of the author of this faithful, living, single hearted book, "Two Years Before the Mast."

W. Clark Russell.



FLOTSAM.

THE speeding years swift courses hold,
And bear us out upon the sea
Of measureless immensity;
Like ships of those who first make bold
To seek the undiscovered wold,
Breasting the perils fearlessly
That lurk where untried waters be,
Whereof no mariner hath told.

But hidden reefs are in the way;
Our cherished hopes are drowned in fears;
Our treasured dreams are swept away.
Oh, happy memory that clears
The salvage of one golden day
From all the wreckage of the years!

John Carleton Sherman.

IN A PAPER HOUSE.

BY J. H. CHADWICK.

The adventures of four young people in a peculiar dwelling—A modern version of the romance of Pyramus and Thisbe, but with a different ending.

"IT'S a paper house!" said Belotte, sinking dejectedly on a hassock near the fire.

"Well, what of that? It's in the country," Ellice answered.

"What of it?" cried Belotte. "Aren't we low enough in the scale now? Haven't we come down from brown stone to brick, and then to clapboards? And now a *paper house*!"

"Well, we can't help ourselves now; we're committed to it," said Ellice dismally, depressed by her junior's declamation.

"I shouldn't care if it was built of Berlin wool," declared Annis, the eldest of these orphan girls, house mother and planner for all. "My only regret is on account of it's being so quiet. I'm afraid I'm not doing you young things justice"—Annis was twenty—"to take you out of the way of gaiety and—and—good chances."

"The hevings knows," put in Caga, the handmaiden, who was laying the table, "they do be having few enough o' *thim* here."

"Except a wealthy ash collector and an occasional titled tramp," Belotte added. "But what sort of people do you suppose we'll meet in a paper house?"

"Rag men," suggested Ellice.

"No, girls, let us hope for the best," said Annis: "poets and authors!"

To outward appearance the paper house was of substantial brick, pleasantly placed on a hill among the pines, and eminently calculated to attract the summer boarder. The landlady was fat and jolly, a waddling advertisement of her good fare; the air was fine, the views beautiful. All the hollowness was within, where, instead of walls of honest plaster, were mere screens of pasteboard and wall paper, fair enough

to outward show, but alas for those who fell into the trap! A nail incautiously driven in one room promptly appeared in the next, causing endless feuds. Confidences exchanged in the innocence of one's heart, and the retirement of one's room, were plainly heard in the kitchen. To carry on a clandestine correspondence would be impossible; the scratching of a pen in the attic would reveal all to the guests upon the porch.

Philip Kendall, stretched upon his bed one warm afternoon, was awakened from a doze by voices apparently at his elbow. He sat up with a face of horror as the gay tones of the newly arrived girls came to him through the wall.

"After all," said one, "it's not so bad. It *looks* all right, though I can hear Annis breathe."

"But, Ellice," said another voice, "we must be careful what we *think*, for our thoughts will leak through to Annis, and she will always be scolding us."

"Dear Belotte," said a third voice, "you must be careful. Other people won't understand your nonsense."

"Now against *that* sort of thing, Ellice," said Belotte with unnecessary distinctness, "we have the refuge of pretending to be in an ordinary house. I make it a point never to hear a reproof."

"Good heavens!" thought Kendall.

"This is the house I came to for quiet to write a book! Paper walls, and these girls with tongues like mill clacks! The woman lied to me, and I'll leave her house."

Which he promptly did, but it was only for a ramble among the pines, during which he thought of many things, his book included; how one of the girls had said some rather funny things, and another had certainly the sweetest voice

he had ever heard; and perhaps they were pretty, and—girls *were* nice, sometimes. And then, beginning to think of his book in earnest, he wandered out of his way, supped at a friendly farm house, and returned home at moonrise, tired but no longer savage.

"Sakes alive!" said the unconscious landlady. "I thought you was lost! They's some real pretty girls come. I hope you'll like 'em. They've gone to bed now."

"I hope they'll like me," said Kendall graciously, and went up stairs very softly.

All lights were out, but a gentle rustle betrayed his neighbors; good nights were exchanged which revealed the fact that the two chatterboxes had moved to the far room, while the sweet voiced Annis had taken the one near his.

He had begun his first doze when Belotte's voice, slightly choked, said:

"Oh, Annis!"

"Hush, Belotte," said Annis, so close that Philip jumped.

"Just this one thing, Annis," persisted Belotte. "Wouldn't Pyramus and Thisbe have been happy in a paper house?"

And there was a duet of mischievous chuckles from the two witches, while even gentle Annis could not suppress a laugh, followed, however, by a little sigh, which seemed to be breathed into Philip's ear, and told him, as plainly as words, what a trouble the two younger girls were.

Philip's heart began to thump very hard in the dark. By some occult process of reasoning, he had convinced himself that she must be pretty; sweet voiced, loving, and patient she certainly was; and his book being neither poetry nor a novel, these bewildering thoughts about a lovely young creature whose sighs came to his ear were not at all helpful to its progress.

Kendall's scheme for the writing of this momentous volume included early rising among the requisites, but hitherto he had left out that particular item. Next morning, however, the chatter of his irrepressible neighbors awoke him all too soon, and the first sound that reached him was the voice which he now knew for Belotte's.

"What odd dreams men have, don't they, Annis?"

"How should I know, child?"

"Why, I overheard our neighbor's dreams, all night, and so must you have done," answered Belotte, in a matter of fact tone which almost made Philip believe her. He felt himself reddening with the guilty consciousness of having been bold enough to dream of Annis.

"Pray be careful, Belotte," said Annis; "we may have a neighbor indeed."

"Well, and if we have, it may not be a man," said the practical Ellice.

But at breakfast Kendall was confronted by three charming faces, two of which blushed and looked embarrassed, while the third radiated mischief from every dimple.

He was not long in deciding that Annis was the very maiden of his dreams, only a thousand times sweeter and fairer. His air of unconsciousness was so well done that their embarrassment vanished; they soon fell into their merry, natural ways, and the four young people became fast friends.

Now that they knew they had a neighbor, Ellice and Belotte were quieter; but girls must talk, and he could not help hearing enough to show him how true and lovely a nature their elder sister had. He began to dream wild dreams of Annis; of affording to marry when his book should be published; and then to consider that he need not wait for that, for he could easily increase his income by writing short articles meantime. He finally decided that his present income was quite sufficient to marry on; many people began on less, and Annis was used to small means.

About this time Annis in her turn began to hear sighs, and restless pacings to and fro, through the pasteboard partition. Thinking that Kendall was working too hard, she extended her innocent glances of anxiety and solicitude to him, in spite of Belotte's cynical suggestion that it was more probably the effect of too many hot waffles at supper.

The two girls were very good when they realized what was going on. They limited their jokes to nicknaming each other "Lion" and "Moonshine," and apostrophizing the "wall, oh, sweet, oh,

lovely wall!" in a whisper when Kendall was away.

But a night came when the young man, having sat up late to finish some writing, neglected all day for the pleasure of talking to Annis, fell into a train of thought connected with that young lady which led him far away from such sublunary things as books and paper houses. Finally, upon saying aloud and very fervently, "Annis! Sweet, darling Annis!" he was rudely aroused from his dream. There was some smothered laughter, an outburst of chuckles, a sound as of some one rolling out of bed, and the patter of bare feet hastily retreating.

Horror of horrors! Annis had laughed at him!

His ideal was shattered, his heart was broken. With what a gloomy brow he appeared at breakfast—but Annis was not there—only Belotte, as saucy as ever. Philip made no effort to linger with them that day; he stiffly inquired for Annis, and betook himself to the woods.

Now all these four, being poor, had secured board at very low rates on their promise to stay all summer, so there was no escape by flight from the embarrassing situation. A distant reserve was kept up for four or five days; Philip was too miserable to be angry; Annis, unconscious of offense, was much hurt by his coldness. At last Belotte, who seemed to have passed through a cycle of temptation, stopped Philip on the piazza.

"Mr. Kendall," she began, mischief and contrition mingling in her face, "it was I who laughed at you the other night—not Thisbe—Annis, I mean."

"Oh, Belotte!" cried Philip, "do you think Annis could—would she—can she—I mean, will she—"

"I think she does," returned Belotte demurely. "Let us go and see."

And leading him to the pine grove where Annis sat, she left him to tell his own story, only turning to say:

"Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged, so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go."

THE MOTHER OF AN ANGEL.

THE mother of an angel, she sat and wept all day,
And sorrow tore her as a wind that bloweth every way,
And the bleeding heart within her cried out in woe and pain
For the soft touch of baby arms she might not feel again.

She laid her face upon the grave when autumn's leaves were sere,
And whispered to the little one, who nevermore might hear,
Nor thought that in the world above, full freed from toils and bars,
One walked in fields of asphodels beyond the light of stars.

The mother of an angel! Behold, her pleadings soared
Till they, breeze-like, moved the mighty lights that flamed before the Lord,
And he listened compassionate, and said, "Her will be done;
This night she holds before our sight the vanished little one."

The mother of an angel, the soft snow fluttered down
And fell like gentle touches upon the tattered gown;
And the great winds moved about her, and night crawled on apace,
But God had whispered to the soul close held in death's embrace.

And in the courts of heaven, the light and love beside,
She held upon her blissful heart the baby that had died;
And in the world men pitied her and wept—they did not know
'Twas the mother of an angel they found there in the snow.

Theodosia Pickering.

OUR MID PACIFIC OUTPOST.

BY HERNANDO DE SOTO MONEY,

United States Senator from Mississippi.

The coveted island group of the northern Pacific, its natural wonders, its history of intrigue and revolution, its strategic importance in war and peace, and its destiny as an outpost of American influence.

IN mid ocean lies Hawaii-nei, tropical, volcanic, beautiful; more than two thousand miles from our shores, and about three thousand to the nearest mainland to the far west—where the west becomes the east. President McKinley and the plenipotentiaries of Hawaii have signed a treaty of annexation, and at the time of writing it has been presented to the Senate for ratification.

The President, in his message transmitting the treaty, speaks of it as "the necessary and fitting sequel to the chain of events which, from a very early period of our history, has controlled the intercourse, and prescribed the association, of the United States and the Hawaiian Islands"; also, "the inevitable consequence of the relation steadfastly maintained with that mid Pacific domain." He says that annexation is "not a change, but a consummation."

The President is correct. The Hawaiian people have long been looking to the United States, not only for protection, but for a closer union. When the reciprocity treaty was discussed in the House, twenty one years ago, it was stated that the commercial relation was of minor importance. It was admitted that the United States would lose revenue; but the main object was declared to be to secure a political influence that would exclude any other nation, Americanize the islands, and lead up to annexation. It was said that the commercial treaty would so cultivate the feelings of amity and dependence, that the islands, in the fullness of time, would fall like ripe fruit into our hands. It was pointed out that if we rejected the reciprocity treaty, its favorable

terms would be offered to other willing powers, some one of which, accepting, would be substituted in our place, and gain such ascendancy as would lead finally to complete possession and control, constituting a constant menace to our Pacific commerce. It was also declared that the owner of Hawaii would be the master of the North Pacific.

As then predicted, so it has come to pass. There is no question but that this treaty of annexation is the natural, logical, and expected consequence of the reciprocity treaty of 1875. The text of the treaty of annexation, among other reasons, gives that of the "geographical proximity" of the United States. A reference to the "proximity" of islands two thousand miles away will give the reader some hint of the liberal and roomy western idea of distance. A circle of that diameter would include Europe. In truth, the lack of proximity has been stoutly urged against annexation, and statesmen look with some degree of apprehension upon an outpost two thousand miles distant. They are accustomed to look at Cuba and the Bahamas, in sight of our shores, and the Bermudas, only seven hundred miles out in the Atlantic; but then, distance is relative. It may surprise some readers of *MUNSEY'S* to learn that our continental possessions extend four or five hundred miles west of Honolulu; and that our furthest island is fifteen hundred miles further west. On a line drawn east and west in the territory of the United States, the central city is San Francisco, which, to be strictly central, should be several hundred miles out into the deep.

The Hawaiian archipelago, on account of its position, resources, and area, is much the most important of the many island groups of the Pacific. It comprises nearly seven thousand square miles, about one half of which is in the main island of Hawaii. Only a small proportion of this territory can ever be brought into cultivation. When it can be subdued to the plow, it is of matchless fertility; and with a climate of eternal summer, the crops are luxuriant and valuable. There are tracts of arid land which are not capable of irrigation by mountain streams, but which might be fertilized by the use of artesian wells. The writer has seen a field of one hundred and seventy five acres which had just yielded an average of six and a quarter tons of sugar per acre; but the cane, when cut, was twenty months old.

Hawaii has no minerals; its wealth must depend upon agriculture and commerce. It produces all the tropical fruits and vegetables, sugar, rice, and coffee. On account of ocean currents and winds, the Sargasso Sea to the north, and its geographical position in relation to the markets of the two shores of the Pacific, the natural tracks of commerce converge, as through a gateway, at these islands. If a canal should ever pierce the American isthmus, their importance will be greatly magnified. Long before there were any American or British settlements on the Pacific, the islands were a great refitting station and rendezvous for the world's whaling and trading fleets on this ocean. In the days before coal oil ruined the whale fisheries, more than a hundred sails of whalers could often be seen in the port of Honolulu, transferring their cargoes to freighters, settling with their crews, and refitting for another cruise. The office of American consul at Honolulu was the richest office in the gift of the President, being worth, in some years, more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of Hawaii, it is a little singular that Uncle Sam's first reach for insular territory should be so far, when islands so much more valuable lie so close to his shores. Mr. McKinley must have felt it incumbent to pursue a party policy begun by Mr. Harrison, and must have given

his personal attention to the matter, as it is believed, upon good authority, that the present secretary of state did not, himself, favor the project.

One of the debatable features of the Hawaiian question is the character of the island population. There are about 40,000 Kanakas, or natives, 21,000 Chinese, 24,000 Japanese, 15,000 Portuguese from the Madeira Islands, 6,000 white people, about half of whom are Americans; and most of these latter have not renounced their citizenship.

The Kanakas are a vanishing race. They do not belong to this modern world of trouble and work. Physically, they are a very fine people, strongly and symmetrically built, with small hands and feet, and erect and graceful carriage. They are not deficient in courage, are honest, and make good sailors, but are worthless for hard work on the farm and in the shop. They are amiable, obliging, and affectionate; and that they do not love work is the fault of heredity and environment. In a climate where clothing is not only unnecessary, but inconvenient; where perpetual summer makes a substantial house a nuisance; where no one gets sick; where every day is fair weather, and there is no season to be provided for beforehand; where the sea offers an endless variety of fish for the taking; where the breadfruit and other spontaneous products of the soil, not forgetting *poi*, the most nutritious of vegetable foods, abound—what is the inducement to labor? So these children of nature, from time immemorial, in these pleasant surroundings, have fished, sailed, and swum, gathered fruit and enjoyed life, until the white man came with his idea of improvement and civilization, which involved work.

The Kanaka has an instinctive idea that work is fatal to his constitution, and will have none of it. On the other hand, he is tractable, quick witted, and capable of doing what he likes to do. His moral perceptions are not so acute, nor his practice so rigid, as to bring him to the American standard. He is temperate, because the sale of intoxicating liquors is forbidden. A compulsory system of education has redeemed him from illiteracy, and in that regard he will compare favorably

with any State in the Union. His indisposition to business has caused his lands to slip into the hands of strangers, and his inertness has brought him to see the government of his native land violently wrested from a Hawaiian ruler by a small band of foreigners, who substituted an oligarchy of their own for the aboriginal kingdom. These people will make good, obedient citizens, and will be glad to keep the peace.

The Chinese are provided for in the treaty, according to the approved American idea of exclusion: no more are to be allowed to come from China, and those already there are not permitted to come to the United States.

With the Japanese there may be some trouble. That rising, lately modernized government does not regard its emigrants with the degree of indifference with which China views the swarms that leave her teeming hive. In addition, Japan longs to try the new power which she feels within her. She wants a great navy and colonial dependencies. Many think that she would fain clash arms with Spain for the possession of the Philippines. The papers tell us that her minister at Washington has filed some sort of protest against this treaty, fearing her established relations with Hawaii may be interrupted to her disadvantage.

But Japan has no valid grounds of objection. A sovereign power has a right to merge its sovereignty into a dependence upon another; when, of course, its treaties all cease, as treaties can exist only between sovereigns. Upon this point we need apprehend no serious trouble with Japan, though it may come, possibly, later on, because of the Japanese resident upon the islands. The Chinese and Japanese in Hawaii have brought very few women with them; and without families, they have no hostages to give to society for their peaceful and orderly conduct. The Japanese are high spirited, jealous of their rights, and proud of their reputation as fighters, and will not readily accept any restrictive and repressive legislation, such as we have meted out to the Chinese.

The Portuguese, or Madeira Islanders, are a hybrid people, lower in the scale of humanity than the Japanese, Kanakas, or

Chinese. Their presence in Hawaii is chargeable entirely to the reciprocity treaty of 1875. They brought their families with them and came to stay, not merely, like the others, to serve a contract term. They have nearly four thousand of their children in the public schools. They will not demand a share in government, but will be quite content with the assured possession of what they have earned. The writer saw the first shipload that came to Honolulu, and was struck with the thought that these poor creatures, pushed by hard necessity from their own shores, had crossed a hemisphere to find a new home almost a reproduction of the old, and a native race very much like themselves in physique and color. These people, in the future of the islands, are likely to occupy a position comparable to that of the peons of Mexico.

Among the whites, without regard to nationality, and with a few exceptions, there will be great satisfaction at the new conditions. An ocean cable will soon be laid between Honolulu and San Francisco; faster ships will reduce the lengthy voyage, and there is likely to be a great influx of visitors for business, pleasure, and health, many of whom, no doubt, will remain permanently.

There is not on the face of the globe a more attractive and delightful country than Hawaii. Within the tropics, but swept by the trade winds, with a boundless expanse of brine on every side, and mountains towering thirteen thousand feet above the sea, with an almost daily gentle rain on the windward and almost absolute dryness on the leeward side, the whole island group is a great natural sanitarium.

A visitor, standing upon Haleakala, on the rim of its stupendous cup, twenty three miles in circumference, and thousands of feet deep, can turn from a field of corrugated lava, shining like satin, and a chaos of extinct volcanic cones, to a far reaching view of mountain, plain, sea, and remote islands. Ten thousand feet below, the "wrinkled sea" changes its deep blue to a border of vivid green, edged with a lace of milk white foam, where the surf breaks in thunder on a lava coast. Along the mountain foot, green fields and white plantation houses

extend down to the vale of Wailuku. This is the prospect looking under the clouds; looking above them, Molokai and Oahu, on the sharp horizon's edge, appear like brown stones in a setting of blue enamel. Strangely enough, the sea seems to have lifted itself to the mountain's height, and the islands to float in a sea above the cloud. The tremendous crater of Kilauea, blotting the sky by day, and illumining the night with her perpetual fires, sacred to Pele; the immense fields of lava flow from Maunaloa, in their sterility and loneliness; the wild loveliness of the deep valley of Iao—all these are scenes that fill the mind with wonder and delight.

With all its beauty of land and sea, its natural abundance, and its salubrity, Hawaii has one spot of hopeless misery—the leper settlement at Molokai. Here the unfortunates of the archipelago are segregated, and bidding farewell to family and friends, and all the world of men, enter a living tomb, not to rest, but to suffer.

Since the advent of the missionaries, the island government has been largely under their guidance, and the people under their influence. These people labored so zealously, so disinterestedly, and so intelligently, to inculcate the religion of Christ, that it was natural that an honest and affectionate people should yield readily to their influence. It was by their counsel that the little kingdom defied the French admiral when he threatened to overturn it unless brandy was admitted free of duty.

Hawaii furnishes a unique instance of a people discarding the faith of their fathers, the religion established by their laws, by simply reasoning out its falsity and worthlessness. The good work was done by the king and the high priests, the queen and the queen mother, the principal beneficiaries of the old system. These four called the people together, boldly broke the *tabu* (a word we have borrowed from them) in their presence, and, surviving the sin, undermined the foundations of the ancient belief. The action was so opportune that the missionaries found the ground cleared and ready for their sowing. This argues something of original and independent thought and high

courage, and inspires us with respect for the Hawaiian character.

The action of the Senate in ratification of the present treaty is not likely to be influenced by any consideration of what other people may think of our policy; but we should satisfy ourselves that the authorities with whom we treat truly represent the people and the interests of the islands. A spirit of revolt was excited by Kalakaua in his rash attempt to revolutionize the government in 1887. The constitutional limitation of his power as a sovereign did not permit him the liberty of free negotiations with the adventurers in opium, lottery, and other schemes. He entertained a design of proclaiming a new constitution, which would revert to the old absolutism. The white men of the islands, the chief owners of its property and conductors of its business, would not submit to this, and called "check to the king" in such peremptory and resolute manner that he was fain to submit to their demand. The incident gave to a handful of determined spirits a suggestion of their power, and inspired them with confidence to undertake the insurrection against Queen Liliuokalani. The queen was not without blame in the events which led to her overthrow, and had not profited well by the hard lesson given to her brother. Nevertheless, she would have been guided and tolerated by this capable and resolute element of white men but for the fact that the conspiracy and the provisional government—a real oligarchy—which followed contemplated annexation from the beginning; and the whole transaction had its root in the sugar bounty of the McKinley law.

Sugar was the foundation stone of the islands' prosperity. Sugar raising, and the occupations depending upon sugar, constituted almost all their business life. The bounty offered by the McKinley Bill to our own products not only put them at a disadvantage in competition with the sugar growers of the United States, but was in itself a most alluring prize, well worth the overthrowing of a miniature kingdom. The part played by the United States, through our representatives, in this matter, is not at all creditable to us, although, to some extent, formally repudiated. An impartial history of these

transactions will show not only the connivance of an American minister in the details of the conspiracy, but also a super serviceable readiness to use the officers and marines of our warships to force the conspirators into action before they were ready. Official correspondence at Washington shows that our minister had, a year previous to the *coup d'état*, been sounding the naval officers on that station as to their willingness to meet any demand he might make upon them for marines to preserve order and to protect American interests. It is painfully evident that the minister forgot the character of his office, and failed to understand that he represented, according to international law, next to the sovereign who sent him, the sovereign who received him.

Notwithstanding the daring of the Americans resident at Honolulu, their scheme would have failed but for the support before promised by the American minister. The queen having been deposed, there was formed a provisional government of eighteen gentlemen, self selected. The sole purpose of this provisional government seems to have been to prepare and conclude a treaty of annexation to the United States. Unfortunately for the adventurers, there was a change of administration at Washington, and the new executive seemed to feel some indignation at the misconduct of the American minister. The treaty of annexation was withdrawn from the Senate by Mr. Cleveland. The government of the oligarchy, however, was recognized by the United States and the other powers, by sending duly accredited ministers.

Mr. Cleveland conceived it his duty to undo, as far as he could, what he regarded as a wrong committed by a United States minister against a friendly sovereign. He thought it our duty to restore the queen to her throne. This was a blunder. Nations treat with *de facto* governments, with rare exceptions recorded in history, and there will hardly be new exceptions in the future. The United States, above all other nations, have always strenuously insisted that the *de facto* and not the *de jure* government is to be recognized. The revolutionary origin of our government demands that we

should take this position; and it is now the universal custom, when dealing diplomatically with a new power, to treat with the authorities whom we find in possession, and not stop to argue their title. The United States were to blame for the part played by their representative in the overthrow of the sovereign to whom he was accredited, and at fault again for the design which our late executive desired to accomplish, in the restoration of the queen.

But let the blame of these transactions rest where they will; a study of the official and commercial relations of the United States and these islands, of the enormous development of the Pacific coast, the assurance of an isthmian canal, the possibilities of a grand Pacific commerce, the general march of events, show that the fact of annexation must, sooner or later, be a logical consequence. It has been the grand ultimate in negotiations and legislation, common to the two countries. Many able public men—chief of whom, it is perhaps admissible to mention, is the present secretary of state—do not believe any extension of our territory to be necessary or wise; but expansion and progress are the inherent necessities of our race. Our commerce will grow as our people grow in wealth and population. With an increasing mercantile marine, there must be an increasing navy. Since steam has been substituted for sail, the navy must have coaling stations, and ports of refuge and repair in case of disaster.

Whether we will or not, growth is inevitable. Daniel Webster, in his great speech upon the extension of territory as not dangerous to the Union, turned his prophetic eye to the lonely and sailless Pacific. He predicted that the Union would extend across the continent, and he compared it, as it was to be, to Homer's description of the shield of Achilles:

Now the broad sheet complete the artist
crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge and bound the
whole.

The motley island population which is to be brought into citizenship is objectionable; but practically, the difficulty is

not so great as it appears. Every year we receive many times the population of Hawaii as immigrants from Europe, and most of them are the least desirable of her inhabitants—Russians, Poles, Czechs, Italians, and Hungarians. These newcomers are ignorant of our language, indifferent to our institutions, and concerned only about making bread; yet they give us no serious trouble. The mass of them are buried in hard work, or only come to the surface for public attention by some strike or outrage. Their children, in the main, learn our language, attend our schools, understand something of our laws and institutions, are easily assimilated, and become a valuable addition to our productive energy.

Americans will soon occupy the Sand-

wich Islands in sufficient numbers to preserve order, and enforce obedience to law. It is worthy of remark that about five thousand white men have daringly usurped all the powers of government, laid their hand upon the ensign of authority, and compelled a hundred thousand people of other races to submit. It is the dominant spirit of the white man, the high courage, the firm will, the sustained energy of purpose, which makes him everywhere master of the situation. So, today, the Dark Continent has been parceled out among four European nations, and vast empires of native tribes are controlled by a handful of white strangers with a confidence and an ease which mark it as the natural order of things.

H. D. Money.



HOPE AND FEAR.

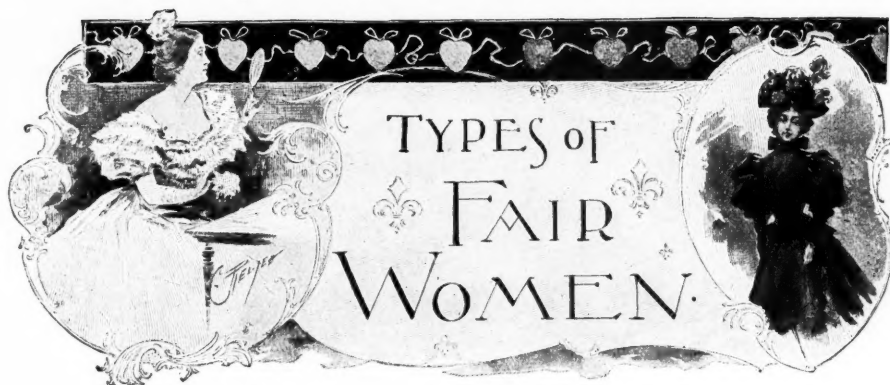
My sail is set, and my bark's afloat;
I point its prow for the Fortunate Isles;
The skies are black o'er the tiny boat,
But far in the west the sunlight smiles.
Oh, sailor, that distant light beguiles!
You will not find the Fortunate Isles.

The waves lap wild, and the wind—oh, hark!
It roars from the cliffs of yon rocky steep;
The tempest covers my trembling bark;
Oh, why have I sailed this awful deep?
Sailor, you've sailed for leagues and miles;
Give up that dream of the Fortunate Isles.

I'd rather die with my dreams in faith,
Than live to find them but empty wiles.
Go back, thou voice from my storm chilled wraith,
To my desolate hearth fire's shattered tiles;
Fear is the demon who beguiles,
But hope will find the Fortunate Isles.

On jagged rocks lay the small, frail bark,
Where angry waters backward pour.
The sailor sank through the liquid dark,
And ebb tide left him upon the shore;
A light on his face like childhood's smiles;
I think he had found the Fortunate Isles.

Jeanie Pect.



AN American, who considers that his own countrywomen are the most beautiful in the world, stood at Hyde Park corner this summer, at the hour when society comes out, supposedly from church—the Sunday morning "parade" hour. This is one of the sights of London. Every stranger who comes for the first time is taken by friends who wish him to see the metropolis of the modern world at its best, to this spot where the

beauties of the realm may be viewed at close quarters. It is a sight that has no duplicate in any other city of the world, and it must be confessed that part of the reason for this is in the fact that England has the material for it as no other country has.

Another thing that makes it possible is the fact that the London season is in the summer. It is not true that the great city is deserted from August to May,



MISS FLORENCE GRAVES, OF CLEVELAND.

From a photograph by Ryder, Cleveland.



LADY HELEN STEWART, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.
From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

because there are thousands of society people, the owners of great rural estates, who like to stay in town, who love the voice of London; but it is in May and June and July that even those who prefer the country come to town. This is the "season," when the best of everything shows itself. Then the houses along

gardens are gay with beautifully dressed women and elegant looking men. It is a poor house indeed whose every window is not banked with flowers. Each building, as a rule, is decorated with blossoms of a single color; or one front will be a mass of yellow, another of pink.

It is from these brilliant homes that the



MISS EDITH CRAIGEN, OF CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

Park Lane, which is a street facing Hyde Park much as upper Fifth Avenue, in New York, faces Central Park, take on their gala appearance.

The great difference between Park Lane and upper Fifth Avenue lies in the fact that while the American houses are generally handsomer buildings than those in London, the latter, if of any pretensions, possess gardens. With the Duke of Westminster's town house there is a garden which is worth, in building lots, an ordinary Fifth Avenue block. It has a high wall about it, but great trees and shrubs and vines make themselves visible, nevertheless. Marquees are set up where tea may be served, and all summer these

women come for the Sunday morning parade. The ground where this curious amusement of society takes place covers a small space, near the huge statue of Achilles, which was cast from the cannon captured by the great Duke of Wellington. About here the gay crowd surges up and down the paths, and spreads like a brilliant parterre of flowers over the surrounding lawn, for two or three acres; standing in groups, or seated in the penny chairs, whose fees are collected by men in uniform.

The bewildered American of whom we have spoken looked at this crowd, and then he said to his English friend:

"I thought America was full of pretty

girls, but this is the first time that I ever saw them in *droves*. I had never heard that the majority of Englishwomen were startling beauties."

"Unfortunately," the Englishman said, "most of the crowd this morning

or that younger son's son or daughter. These young men, from childhood, receive the education and surroundings of the rich, and then are turned adrift to make their own fortunes, with a small start in life. In a very large number of cases they



MRS. ARTHUR HOLROYD.

From a photograph by Talma, Melbourne.

happen to be colonials. You are seeing this year, in London, the flower of the British Empire."

The "colonial" becomes every year a more striking feature of English society. He is by no means an uncouth backwoodsman who has made money because some development of his new country has found him in its way. The law of primogeniture in England has attended to that. The colonial is the English younger son,

go out and build up England's colonies, and found new families, creating that world wide British Empire whose flower went home this year to Victoria's jubilee.

They came from South Africa, New South Wales, and most of all from Australia. The Australians are not only the "Yankees of the South Seas" in their commercial instincts, but even in appearance they strongly resemble our Americans with Puritan ancestors. Their



MISS DAISY HOLLY, OF SYDNEY.

From a photograph by Talma, Melbourne.

daughters have the vivacity of women brought up in a new country, with its freedom from restraint, and in a stimulating climate. Australian women have become famous for the same qualities that make our American girl known the world over—beauty, cleverness, and that intangible something which we call “style.”

We give this month photographs of three famous colonial beauties; but they by no means cast into the shade three of the Irishwomen who are the acknowledged beauties of London society. Lady Helen Stewart is the beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother. The Marchioness of Londonderry has a face which has been



MISS HILL, DAUGHTER OF LORD ARTHUR HILL.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

pictured many times as that of a typical British peeress. Her daughter entered society very young, and ever since has been conspicuous upon every great occa-

of Agincourt. Lady Helen's maternal grandfather is the Earl of Shrewsbury.

One of her rivals is Miss Hill, the daughter of Lord Arthur William Hill,



MISS LOUISE DALY, OF MELBOURNE.

From a photograph by Talma, Melbourne.

sion, although now she is hardly twenty years old. Her gowns are chronicled as if she were royalty itself; and so she is by virtue of youth and beauty, and almost by birth, for she is the descendant of Piers Tempest, who was one of the heroes

who served for a good many years as comptroller of the queen's household, and who was a son of the late Marquis of Downshire. Miss Hill is twenty, and much resembles the Princess May, except that she is much handsomer. She is a



THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.

From her latest photograph by Lafayette, London.

great friend of the daughters of the Prince of Wales.

The Countess of Annesley has lately entertained the Duke and Duchess of York at her Irish home in County Down. Lord Annesley is one of the representative peers of Ireland. The countess, who is his second wife, is one of the most beautiful and popular women both in England and Ireland.

America, too, has her pretty girls. We picture one of them in Miss Edith Craigen, of Cumberland, Maryland, who is one of the best amateur violinists in the country; and another in Miss Florence Graves, a very young girl from Cleveland, whose remarkable beauty has already attracted so much attention that her success as a belle only waits for her formal appearance.



THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

LXIV.

THE great carnival completely restored Glory's spirits. She laughed and cried out constantly, and lived from minute to minute like a child. Everybody recognized her, and nearly everybody saluted her. Drake beamed with pride and delight. He took her round the course, answered her questions, punctuated her jests, and explained everything, leaving Lord Robert to entertain his guests. Who were "those dwellers in tents"? They were the Guards' Club, and the service was also represented by artillerymen, King's Hussars, and a line regiment from Aldershot. This was called "the Hill," where jovial rascaldom usually swarmed, looking out for stray overcoats and the lids of luncheon dishes left unprotected on carriages. Yes, the pick-pocket, the card sharper, the three card artist, the confidence man, the blarneying beggar, and the fakir of every description laid his snares on this holy spot. In fact, this is his sanctuary, and he peddles under the eye of the police. "Holy Land"? Ha, ha! All the patriarchs out of the Bible here? Oh, the vociferous gentlemen, with patriarchal names, in velvetene coats, under the banners and canvas signboards—Moses, Aaron, and so forth. They were the "bookies," otherwise bookmakers, generally Jews, and sometimes welshers.

"Here, come along, some of you sports-

men. I ain't made the price of my railway fare, swelp me!"

"It's a dead cert, gents, but I can't afford to buy thick uns at four quid apiece!"

"Five to one on the field!"

"I lay on the field!"

A "thick un"? Oh, that was a sovereign; "half a thick un," half a sovereign; twenty pounds, a "pony"; five hundred, a "monkey"; flash notes were "stumers"; and a bookmaker who couldn't pay was "stony broke." Amusement enough? Yes; niggers, harpists, christy minstrels, strong men, acrobats, agile clowns on stilts, and all the ragamuffins from "the Burren" bent on "making a bit." "African jungle"? A shooting gallery with model lions and bears. "Fine art exhibition"? A picture of the hanging of recent murderers. Boxing ring? Yes, for women; they strip to the waist and fight like fiends. Then look at the lady auctioneer selling brass sovereigns at a penny apiece.

"Buy one, gentlemen, and see what they're like, so that the bookies can't pawse 'em on ye unawares."

Food enough? Yes; stewed eels, trotters, cocoanuts, winkles, oysters, cockles, and all the luxuries of the New Cut. Why were they calling that dog "Cookshop"? Because he was pretty sure to go there in the end.

By this time they had plowed over some quarter of a mile of the hillside,

*Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

fighting their way among the carriages that stood six deep along the rails and through a seething mass of ruffianism, in a stifling atmosphere polluted by the smell of the ale and the reeking breath of tipsy people.

"Whoo! I feel like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, rolled into one," said Glory.

"Let us go into the paddock," said Drake, and they began to cross the race track.

"But wasn't that somebody preaching as we galloped down the hill?"

"Was it? I didn't notice;" and they struggled through.

It was fresh and cool under the trees, and Glory thought it cheap, even at ten shillings a head, to walk for ten minutes in a green field. Horses waiting for their race were being walked about in clothes with their names worked on the quarter sheets, and breeders, trainers, jockeys, and clerks of the course mingled with gentlemen in silk hats and ladies in smart costumes.

Drake's horse was a big bay, very thin, almost gaunt, and with enormous, high stepping legs. The trainer was waiting for a last word with his owner. He was cool and confident.

"Never better or fitter, Sir Francis, and one of the grandest three year olds that ever looked through a bridle. Improved wonderful since he got over his dental troubles, and does justice to the contents of his manger. Capital field, sir; but it's got to run up against summat smart today. Favorite, sir? Pooh! A coach horse! Not stripping well, light in the flank, and tucked up. But this colt fills the eye as a first class one should. Whatever beats him will win, sir, take my word for that."

And the jockey standing by in his black and white jacket wagged his head, and said in a cheery whisper:

"Lay what ye like on 'im, Sir Francis. Great horse, sir! Got a Derby in 'im or I'm a slowcome."

Drake laughed at their predictions, and Glory patted the creature while it beat its white feet on the ground and the leather of its saddle squeaked. The grand stand from there looked like a sea of foaming laces, feathers, flowers, and sun-

shades. They turned to go to it, passing first by the referee's box, whereof Drake explained the uses, then through the Jockey Club inclosure, which was full of dukes, duchesses, lords, judges, members of Parliament, and other turfites, and finally through the betting ring, where some hundreds of betting men of the superior class proclaimed their calling in loud voices and loud clothes, and the gold letters on their betting books. To one of these pencilers Drake said:

"What's the figure for Ellan Van-nin?"

"Ten to one market price, sir."

"I'll take you in hundreds," said Drake; and they struggled through the throng.

Going up the stairs Glory said, "But wasn't the archdeacon at your office this morning? We saw him coming out of the square with little Mr. Golightly."

"Oh, did you? How hot it is today!"

"Isn't it? I feel as if I should like to play *Ariel* in gossamer! But wasn't it?"

"You needn't trouble about that, Glory. It's an old story that religious intolerance likes to throw the responsibility of its acts on the civil government."

"Then John Storm?"

"He is in no danger yet—none whatever."

"Oh, how glorious!" They had reached the balcony, and Glory was pretending that the change in her voice and manner came of delight at the sudden view. She stood for a moment spell bound, and then leaned over the rail and looked through the dazzling haze that was rising from the vast crowd below. Not a foot of turf was to be seen for miles around, save where, at the jockeys' gate, a space was kept clear by the police. It was a moving mass of humanity, and a low, indistinguishable murmur was coming up from it, such as the sea makes on the headlands above.

The cloud had died off Glory's face and her eyes were sparkling. "What a wonderfully happy world it must be, after all!" she said.

Just then the royal standard was hoisted over the club stand to indicate that the prince had arrived. Immediately afterwards there was a silent movement of hats on the lawns below the boxes, and

then somebody down there began to sing "God Save the Queen." The people on the grand stand took up the chorus, then the people on the race track joined it, then the people on the hill, until finally the whole multitude sang the national hymn in a voice that was like the voice of an ocean.

Glory's eyes were now full of tears, she was struggling with a desire to cry aloud, and Drake, who was watching her smallest action, stood before her to screen her from the glances of gorgeously attired ladies who were giggling and looking through lorgnettes. The fine flower of the aristocracy were present in force, and the grand stand was full of the great ladies who took an interest in sport, and even kept studs of their own. Oriental potentates were among them in Anglo Indian racing suits of blue and gold, and French was being spoken on all sides.

Glory attracted attention, and Drake's face beamed with delight. A distinguished personage asked to be introduced to her, and said he had seen her first performance and predicted her extraordinary success. She did not flinch. There was a slight tremor, a scarcely perceptible twitching of the lip, and then she bore her honors as if she had been born to them. The prince entertained a party to luncheon, and Drake and Glory were invited to join it. All the pretty people were there, and they looked like a horticultural exhibition of cream color, and rose pink, and gray. Glory kept watching the great ones of the earth, and she found them very amusing.

"Well, what do you think?" said Drake.

"I think most people at the Derby must have the wrong makeup on. That gentleman, now—he ought to be done up as a stable boy. And that lady in mauve—she's a ballet girl really, only——"

"Hush, for heaven's sake!"

Glory sat between Drake and a ponderous gentleman with a great beard like a waterfall.

"What are the odds against the horse, Drake?"

Drake answered, and Glory recalled herself from her studies and said, "Oh, yes, what did you say it was?"

"A prohibitive price—for you," said Drake.

"Nonsense! I'm going to do a flutter on my own, you know, and plunge against you."

It was explained to her that only bookmakers bet against horses, but the gentleman with the beard volunteered to reverse positions and take Glory's ten to one against Ellan Vannin.

"In what?"

"Oh—h'm!—in thick uns, of course."

"But what is the meaning of this running after strange gods?" asked Drake.

"Never mind, sir. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, you know;" and then the bell rang for the race of the day, and they scurried back to the stand. The numbers were going up, and a line of fifty policemen abreast was clearing the race track. Some of the party had come over from the coach, and Lord Robert was jotting down in a notebook the particulars of the commissions to bet for his fair companions.

"And am I to be honored with a commission from the Hurricane?" he asked.

"Yes. What's the price for Ellan Vannin?"

"Gone up to five to one, pretty lady."

"Get me one to five that he's going to lose."

"But what in the world are you doing, Glory?" said Drake. His eyes were dancing with delight.

"Running a race with that old man in the box which can find a loser first."

At that moment the horses were sent out for the preliminary canter and parade before the royal stand. Drake's horse was not among them, and a tingling electrical atmosphere seemed to come from somewhere and set every tongue wagging. It seemed as if something unexpected was about to occur, and countless eyes went up to the place where Drake stood with Glory by his side. He was outwardly calm, but with a proud flush under his pallor; she was visibly excited, and could not stand on one spot for ten seconds together. By this time the noise made by the bookmakers in the inclosure below was like that of ten thousand sea fowl on a reef of rock, and Glory was trying to speak above the deafening clangor.

"Silver and gold have I none, but if I had—— What's that?"

The flag had fallen as a signal for the

start. There was a hollow roar from the starting post point, and people were shouting, "They're off!" "There they go!" Then there was a sudden silence, a dead hush below, above, around, everywhere, and all eyes, all glasses, all lorgnettes, were turned in the direction of the runners.

The horses got well away, and raced up the hill like cavalry charging in line. Then at the mile post the favorite drew to the front, and the others went after him in an indistinguishable mass. But the descent seemed not to his liking; he twisted a good deal, and the jockey was seen sawing on the reins and almost hanging over the horse's head. When the racers swung around Tattenham Corner and came up like mice in the distance, it was seen that another horse had taken advantage of an opening and was overhauling the favorite with a tremendous rush. His colors were white and black. It was Ellan Vannin. From that moment Drake's horse never relinquished his advantage, but came down the straight like a great bird with the flapping of his wings below him, passed the stand amid tremendous excitement, and won handsomely by a length.

Then, in the roar of delight that went up from the crowd, Glory, with her hand on Drake's shoulder, was seen to be crying, laughing, and cheering at the same moment.

"But *you've* lost," said Drake.

"Oh, bother that!" she said; and when the jockey had slipped from his saddle and the "All right!" was shouted, she started the cheering on the stand again, and said she meant to make a dead heat of it with Tennyson's brook.

"But why did you bet against me?" said Drake.

"You silly boy!" she answered with a crowd of happiness and gaiety, "didn't the gipsy tell me I should lose money to-day? And how could I bet on your horse without you lost the race?"

Drake laughed merrily at her delicious duplicity, and could hardly resist an impulse to take her in his arms and kiss her. Meantime his friends were slapping him on the back, and people were crushing up to offer him congratulations. He went off to lead his horse into the pad-

dock, and Lord Robert took Glory down after him. The trainer and jockey were there, looking proud and happy, and Drake, with a pale and triumphant face, was leading the great creature about. It was breathing heavily, and sweat stood in drops on its throat and head and ears.

"Oh, you beauty! How I should love to ride you!" said Glory.

"But dare you?" said Drake.

"Dare I! Only give me the chance."

Somebody brought champagne, and Glory had to drink a bumper to "the best horse of the century, bar none!" Then her glass was filled afresh, and she had to drink to the owner, "the best fellow on earth, bar none!" and again she was compelled to drink "to the best bit of history ever made at Epsom, bar none!" With that she was excused, while the men drank at Drake's proposal "to the loveliest, liveliest, leeriest little woman in the world, God bless her!" and she hid her face in her hands and said with a merry laugh, "Tell me when it's over, boys, and I'll come again."

After Drake had despatched telegrams and been bombarded by interviewers, he led the way back to the coach on the hill, and the company prepared for their return. The sun had now gone, a thick veil of stagnant clouds had gathered over it, the sky looked sulky, and Glory's head had begun to ache between the eyes. Rosa was to go home by train in order to reach her office early, and Glory half wished to go with her. But an understudy was to play her part that night, and she had no excuse. The carriage wormed its way through the close pack of vehicles at the top of the hill and began to follow the flowing tide of humanity going back to London.

"And what about my pair of gloves?"

"Oh, you're a hard man, reaping where you have not sowed and gathering——"

"There, then, we're quits," said Drake, leaning over from the box seat and snatching a kiss of her. It was now clear that he had been drinking a good deal.

LXV.

BEFORE the race had been run, a solitary man with a dog at his heels had crossed the Downs on his way back to the

Downs station. Jealousy and rage possessed his heart between them, but he would not recognize these passions; he believed his emotions to be horror and pity and shame. John Storm had seen Glory on the race course, in Drake's company, in Drake's charge, under Drake's protection, he proud and triumphant, she bright and happy and gay.

"O Lord, help me! Help me, O Lord!"

And now, dragging along the road, in his mind's eye he saw her again as the victim of this man, his plaything, his pastime to take up or leave, no better than any of the women about her, and where they were going she would go also. Some day he would find her where he had found others, outcast, deserted, forlorn, lost, down in the troughs of life, a thing of loathing and contempt.

"O Lord, help her! Help her, O Lord!"

There were few passengers by the train going back to London, nearly all traffic at this hour being the other way, and there was no one else in the compartment he occupied. He threw himself down in a corner, consumed with indignation and a strange sense of dishonor. Again he saw her bright eyes, her red lips, the glow of her whole radiant face, and a paroxysm of jealousy tore his heart to pieces. Glory was his. Though a bottomless abyss was yawning between them, her soul belonged to him, and a great upheaval of hatred for the man who possessed her body surged up to his throat. Against all this his pride as well as his religion rebelled. He crushed it down and stifled it, and tried to turn his mind to another current of ideas. How could he save her? If she should go down to perdition, his remorse would be worse to bear than flames of fire and brimstone. The more unworthy she was the more reason he should strive to rescue her soul from the pangs of eternal torment.

The rattling of the carriage broke in upon these visions, and he got up and paced to and fro like a bear in a cage, and like a bear, with its slow, strong grip, he seemed to be holding her in his wrath and saying, "You shall not destroy yourself! You shall not! You shall not, for I—I—I forbid it!" Then he sank

back in his seat, exhausted by the conflict which made his soul a battlefield of spiritual and sensual passions. Every limb shook and quivered. He began to be afraid of himself, and he felt an impulse to fly away somewhere. When he alighted at Victoria his teeth were chattering, although the atmosphere was stifling, and the sky was now heavy with black and lowering clouds.

To avoid the eyes of the people, who usually followed him in the streets, he cut through a narrow thoroughfare and went back to Brown's Square by way of the park. But the park was like a vast camp. Thousands of people seemed to cover the grass as far as the eye could reach, and droves of workmen, followed by their wives and children, were trudging to other open spaces farther out. It was the panic terror. Afterwards it was calculated that a hundred thousand persons from all parts of London had quitted the doomed city that day to await the expected catastrophe under the open sky.

The look of fierce passion had faded from his face by the time he reached his church, but there another ordeal awaited him. Though it still wanted an hour of the time of evening service a great crowd had gathered in the square. He tried to escape observation, but the people pressed upon him, some to shake his hand, others to touch his cassock, and many to kneel at his feet and even to cover them with kisses. With a sense of shame and hypocrisy he disengaged himself at length, and joined Brother Andrew in the sacristy. The simple fellow was full of marvelous stories. There had been wondrous manifestations of the workings of the Holy Spirit during the day. The knocker up, who was a lame man, had shaken hands with the father on his way home that morning, and now he had thrown away his stick and was walking firmly and praising God.

When the doors were opened the people poured into the church. It was large and square and plain, and looked a well used edifice, open every day and all day. The congregation was visibly excited, but the service appeared to calm them. The ritual was full, with procession and incense, but without vestments, and otherwise monastic in its severity. John

Storm preached. The epistle for the day had been from Corinthians, and he took his text from that source also: "Deliver him up to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord."

People said afterwards that they had never heard anything like that sermon. It was delivered in a voice that was low and tremulous with emotion. The subject was love. Love was the first inheritance that God had given to His creatures, the purest, the highest, the sweetest, and best. But man had degraded and debased it at the temptation of Satan and the lust of the world. The expulsion of our first parents from Eden was only the poetic figure of what happened through all the ages. It was happening now. And London, the modern Sodom, would as surely pay its penalty as did the cities of the ancient east. No need to think of flood or fire or tempest, of any given day or hour. The judgment that would fall on England, like the plagues that fell on Egypt, would be of a kind with the offense. She had wronged the spirit of love, and who knows but God would punish her by taking out of the family of man the passion by which she fell, lifting it away with all that pertained to it, good and bad, spiritual and sensual, holy and corrupt?

The burning heat clouds of the day seemed to have descended into the church, and in the gathering darkness the preacher, his face just visible, with its eyes full of smoldering fire, drew an awful picture of the world under the effects of such a curse. A place without unselfishness, without self sacrifice, without heroism, without chivalry, without loyalty, without laughter, and without children! Every man standing alone, isolated, self centered, self cursed, outlawed, loveless, marriageless, going headlong to degeneracy and death! Such might be God's punishment of this cruel and wicked city for its sensual sins.

Thus the preacher lost control of his imagination and swept his hearers along with him as he fabricated horrible fancies. The people were terror stricken, and not until the last hymn was given out did they recover the color of their blanched faces. Then they sang as with one voice,

and after the benediction had been pronounced, and they were surging down the aisles in close packs, they started the hymn again.

Even when they had left the church they could not disperse. Out in the square were the thousands who had not been able to get inside the doors, and every moment the vast proportions of the crowd were swelled. The ground was covered, the windows round about were thrown up and full of faces, and people had clambered on to the railings of the church, and even on to the roofs of the houses.

Somebody went to the sacristy and told the father what was happening outside. He was now like a man beside himself, and going out on to the steps of the church, where he could be seen by all, he lifted his hands and pronounced a prayer in a sonorous and fervent voice.

"How long, O Lord, how long? From the bosom of God, where Thou reposest, look down on the world where Thou didst walk as a man. Didst Thou not teach us to pray 'Thy kingdom come'? Didst Thou not say Thy kingdom was near? That some who stood with Thee should not taste of death till they had seen it come with power? That when it came the poor should be blessed, the hungry should be fed, the blind should see, the heavy laden should find rest, and the will of Thy Father should be done on earth even as it is done in Heaven? But nigh upon two thousand years have gone, O Lord, and Thy kingdom hath not come. In Thy name now doth the Pharisee give alms in the streets to the sound of a trumpet going before him; in Thy name now doth the Levite pass by on the other side when a man has fallen among thieves; in Thy name now doth the priest buy and sell the glad tidings of the kingdom, giving for the gospel of God the commandments of men, living in rich men's houses, faring sumptuously every day, praying with his lips, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' but saying to his soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' How long, O Lord, how long?"

Hardly had John Storm stepped back when the heavy clouds broke into mutterings of thunder. So low were the sounds

at first that in the general tumult they were scarcely noticed, but they came again and again, louder and louder with every fresh reverberation, and then the excitement of the people became intense and terrible. It was the same as if the heavens themselves had spoken to give sign and assurance of the calamity that had been foretold.

First a woman began to scream as if in the agony of death or the pains of labor; then a young girl cried out for mercy and accused herself of countless and nameless offenses; then the entire crowd seemed to burst into sobs and moans and agonizing expressions of despair, mingled with shouts of wild laughter and mad thanksgiving. "Pardon, pardon!" "O Jesus, save me!" "O Saviour of sinners!" "O God, have mercy upon me!" "Oh, my heart, my heart!" Some threw themselves on the ground, stiff and motionless and insensible as dead men; others stood over the stricken people and prayed for their relief from the power of Satan; others fell into convulsions, and yet others, with wild and staring eyes, rejoiced in their salvation as brands plucked from the burning.

It was now almost dark, and some of the people who had been out to the Derby were returning home in their gigs and costers' carts, laughing, singing, and nearly all of them drunk. There were wild encounters. A young soldier (it was Charlie Wilkes) came upon Pincher the pawnbroker.

"Wot tcher, mite? Wot's yer amoose-mint now?"

"Silence, you evil liver, you gambler, you son of Belial!"

"Stou thet, now. D'ye want a kepple of black eyes or a pinch on the nowze?"

At nine o'clock the police of Westminster, being unable to disperse the crowd, sent to Scotland Yard for the mounted constabulary.

LXVI.

MEANTIME the man who was the first cause of the tumult sat alone in his cell-like chamber under the church, a bare room without carpet or rug, and having no furniture except a block bed, a small washstand, two chairs, a table, a prayer

stool and crucifix, and a print of the Virgin and Child. He heard the singing of the people outside, but it brought him neither inspiration nor comfort. Nature could no longer withstand the strain he had put upon it, and he was in deep dejection. It was one of those moments of revulsion which come to the strongest souls when, at the crown, or near to the crown of his expectations, he asks himself, "What is the good?" A flood of tender recollections were coming over him. He was thinking of the past, the happy past, the past of love and innocence which he had spent with Glory, of the little green island in the Irish Sea, and of all the sweetness of the days they had passed together before she had fallen to the temptations of the world and he had become the victim of his hard, if lofty, fate. Oh, why had he denied himself the joys that came to all others? To what end had he given up the rewards of life, which the poorest and the weakest and the meanest of men might share? Love, woman's love, why had he turned his back upon it? Why had he sacrificed himself? O God, if it was all in vain!

Brother Andrew put his head in at the half open door. His brother, the pawnbroker, was there, and had something to say to the father. Pincher's face looked over Andrew's shoulder. The muscles of the man's eyes were convulsed by religious mania.

"I've just sold my bizness, sir, and we 'aven't a roof to cover us now," he cried in the tone of one who had done something heroic.

John asked him what was to become of his mother.

"Lor', sir, ain't it the beginning of the end? That's the gawspel, ain't it? 'The foxes hev 'oles, and the birds of the air hev nests——'"

And then close behind the man, interrupting him and pushing him aside, there came another with fixed and staring eyes, crying, "Look 'ere, father! Look! Twenty years I 'obbled on a stick, and look at me now! Praise the Lawd, I'm cured, en' no bloomin' error! I'm a brand as was plucked from the burnin' when my werry 'ends 'ad caught the flames! Praise the Lawd! Amen!"

John rebuked them and turned them

out of the room, but he was almost in as great a frenzy. When he had shut the door his mind went back to thoughts of Glory. She, too, was hurrying to the doom that was coming on all this wicked city. He had tried to save her from it, but he had failed. What could he do now? He felt a desire to do something, something else, something extraordinary.

Sitting on the end of the bed, he began again to recall Glory's face as he had seen it at the racecourse. And now it came to him as a shock after his visions of her early girlhood. He thought there was a certain vulgarity in it which he had not observed before, a slight coarsening of its expression, an indescribable degeneracy even under the glow of its developed beauty. With her full red lips and curving throat and dancing eyes she was smiling into the face of the man who was sitting by her side. Her smile was a significant smile, and the bright and eager look with which the man answered it was as full of meaning. He could read their thoughts. What had happened? Were all barriers broken down? Was everything understood between them?

This was the final madness, and he leaped to his feet in an outburst of uncontrollable rage. All at once he shuddered with a feeling that something terrible was brewing within him. He felt cold, a shiver was running over his whole body. But the thought he had been in search of had come to him of itself. It came first as a shock, and with a sense of indescribable dread, but it had taken hold of him and hurried him away. He had remembered his text, "Deliver him up to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord."

"Why not?" he thought. "It is in the holy Book itself. There is the authority of St. Paul for it. Clearly the early Christians countenanced and practised such things." But then came a spasm of physical pain. That beautiful life, so full of love and loveliness, radiating joy and sweetness and charm! The thing was impossible! It was monstrous! "Am I going mad?" he asked himself.

And then he began to be sorry for himself as well as Glory. How could he live in the world without her? Although

he had lost her, although an impassable gulf divided them, although he had not seen her for six months until today, yet it was something to know that she was alive, and that he could go at night to the place where she was and look up and think, "She is there." "It is true I am going mad," he thought, and he trembled again.

His mind oscillated among these conflicting ideas until the more hideous thought returned to him of Drake and the smile exchanged with Glory. Then the blood rushed to his head, and strong emotion paralyzed his reason. When he asked himself if it was right, in England and in the nineteenth century, to contemplate a course which might have been proper to Palestine and the first century, the answer came instantaneously that it *was* right. Glory was in peril. She was tottering on the verge of hell. It would not be wrong, but a noble duty, to prevent the possibility of such a hideous catastrophe. Better a life ended than a life degraded and a soul destroyed.

On this the sophism worked. It was true that he would lose her, she would be gone from him, she who was all his joy, his vision by day, his dream by night. But could he be so selfish as to keep her in the flesh, and thus expose her soul to eternal torment? And after all, she would be his in the other world, his forever, his alone. Nay, in this world also, for being dead, he would love her still. "But, O God, must I do it?" he asked himself at one moment, and at the next came his answer, "Yes, yes, for I am God's minister."

That sent him back to his text again. "Deliver him up to *Satan* * * *" But there was a marginal reference to Timothy, and he turned it up with a trembling hand. *Satan* again, but the revised version gave "the Lord's servant," and thus the text should read, "Deliver him up to the Lord's servant for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord."

This made him cry out. He drank it in with an inebriate delight. The thing was irrevocably decided. He was justified, he was authorized, he was the instrument of a fixed purpose. No other consideration could move him now.

By this time his heart and temples were beating violently, and he felt as if he were being carried up into a burning cloud. Before his eyes rose the vision of Isaiah, the meek lamb converted into an inexorable avenger descending from the summit of Edom. It was right to shed blood at the divine command, nay, it was necessary, it was inevitable. And as God had commanded Abraham to take the life of Isaac, whom he loved, so did God call on him, John Storm, to take the life of Glory, that he might save her from the risk of everlasting damnation.

There may have been intervals in which his sense of hearing left him, for it was only now that he became conscious that somebody was calling to him from the other side of the door.

"Is anybody there?" he asked, and a voice replied:

"Dear heart, yes, this five minutes and better; but I didna dare come in, thinking surely there was somebody talking with you. Is there no somebody here, then? No?"

It was Mrs. Callender; she was carrying a small Gladstone bag.

"Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Ay, it's myself, and sorry I am to be bringing bad news to you."

"What is it?" he asked, but his tone betrayed complete indifference.

She closed the door and answered in a whisper, "A warrant. I much misdoubt but there's one made out for you."

"Is that all?"

"Bless me, what does the man want? But come, laddie, come, you must tak' yoursel' off to some spot till the storm blows over."

"I have work to do, auntie."

"Work! You've worked too much already—that's half the botherment."

"God's work, auntie, and it must be done."

"Then God will do it Himself, without asking the life of a good man, or He's no just what I've been takin' Him for. But see"—opening the bag and whispering again—"your auld coat and hat. I found them in your puir auld room that you'll no come back to. You've been looking like another body so long that naebody will ken you when you're like yourself

again. Come, now, off with these long ugly things."

"I cannot go, auntie."

"Cannot?"

"I will not. While God commands me I will do my duty."

"Eh, but men are kittle cattle! I've often called you my ain son, but if I were your ain mother I ken fine what I'd do with you. I'd just slap you and mak' you. I'll leave the clothes, any way. Maybe you'll be thinking better of it when I'm gone. Good night to you. Your puir head's that hot and moidered. But what's wrang with you, John, man? What's come over ye, any way?"

He seemed to be hardly conscious of her presence, and after standing a moment at the door, looking back at him with eyes of love and pity, she left the room.

He had been asking himself, for the first time, how he was to carry out his design. Sitting on the end of the bed with his head propped on his hand he felt as if he were in the hold of a great ship, listening to the plash and roar of the stormy sea outside. The excitement of the populace was now ungovernable, and the air was filled with groans and cries. He would have to pass through the people, and they would see him and detain him, or perhaps follow him. His impatience was now feverish. The thing he had to do must be done tonight, it must be done immediately. But it was necessary, in the first place, to creep out unseen. How was he to do it?

When he came to himself he had a vague sense of some one wishing him good night. "Oh, good night, good night," he cried with an apologetic gesture. But he was alone in the room, and on turning about he saw the bag on the floor and remembered everything. Then a strange thing happened. Two conflicting emotions took hold of him at once, the first an enthusiastic religious ecstasy, the other a low criminal cunning.

Everything was intended. He was only the instrument of a fixed purpose. These clothes were proof of it. They came to his hand at the very moment when they were wanted, when nothing else would have helped him. And Mrs. Callender had been the blind agent in a

higher hand to carry out the divine commands. Fly away and hide himself? God did not intend it. A warrant? No matter if it sent him like Cranmer to the stake. But this was a different thing entirely, this was God's will and purpose, this—

Yet even while thinking so he laughed an evil laugh, tore the clothes out of the bag with trembling hands, and made ready to put them on. He had removed his cassock, when some one opened the door.

"Who's there?" he cried in a husky growl.

"Only me," said a timid voice, and Brother Andrew entered, looking pale and frightened.

"Oh, you! Come in. Close the door. I've something to say to you. Listen! I'm going out, and I don't know when I shall be back. Where's the dog?"

"In the passage, brother."

"Chain him up at the back lest he should get out and follow me. Put this cassock away, and if anybody asks for me say you don't know where I've gone—you understand?"

"Yes. But are you well, Brother Storm? You look as if you had just been running."

There was a hand glass on the washstand, and John snatched it up and glanced into it and put it down again instantly. His nostrils were quivering, his eyes were ablaze, and the expression of his face was shocking.

"What are they doing outside? See if I can get away without being recognized." And Brother Andrew went out to look.

The passage from the chambers under the church was to a dark and narrow street at the back, but even there a group of people had gathered, attracted by the lights in the windows. Their voices could be heard through the door, which Brother Andrew had left ajar, and John stood behind it and listened. They were talking of himself—praising him, blessing him, telling stories of his holy life and gentleness.

Brother Andrew reported that most of the people were at the front, and they were frantic with holy excitement. Women were crushing up to the rail which

the father had leaned his head upon for a moment after he had finished his prayer, in order to press their handkerchiefs and shawls on it.

"But nobody would know you now, Brother Storm; even your face is different."

John laughed again, but he turned off the lights, thinking to drive away the few who were still lingering in the back street. The ruse succeeded. Then the man of God went out on his high errand—crept out, stole out, sneaked out, precisely as if he had been a criminal on his way to commit a crime.

He followed the lanes and narrow streets and alleys behind the Abbey, past the Bell, the Boar's Head, and the Queen's Arms—taverns that have borne the same names since the days when Westminster was Sanctuary. People home from the races were going into them with their red ties awry, with sprigs of lilac in their buttonholes and oak leaves in their hats. The air was full of drunken singing, sounds of quarreling, shameful words, and curses. There were some mutterings of thunder and occasional flashes of lightning, and over all there was the deep hum of the crowd in the church square.

Crossing the bottom of Parliament Street he was almost run down by a line of mounted police who were galloping into the Broad Sanctuary. To escape observation he turned on to the Embankment and walked under the walls of the gardens of Whitehall, past the back of Charing Cross station to the street going up from the Temple.

The gate of Clement's Inn was closed, and the porter had to come out of his lodge to open it.

"The Garden House?"

"Garden House, sir? Inner Court, left hand corner."

John passed through. "That will be remembered afterwards," he thought. "But no matter, it will all be over then."

And coming out of the close streets, with their clatter of traffic, into the cool gardens with their odor of moistened grass, their dull glow in the sky, and their glimpse of the stars through the tree tops, his mind went back by a sudden bound to another night when he had walked over

the same spot with Glory. At that there came a spasm of tenderness, and his throat thickened. He could almost see her and feel her by his side, with her fragrant freshness and buoyant step. "O God, must I do it—must I—must I?" he thought again.

But another memory of that night came back to him; he heard Drake's voice as it floated over the quiet place. Then the same upheaval of hatred which he had felt before he felt again. The man was the girl's ruin; he had tempted her by love of dress, of fame, of the world's vanities and follies of every sort. This made him think for the first time of how he might find her. He might find her with *him*. They would come back from the Derby together. He would bring her home, and they would sup in company. The house would be lit up, the windows thrown open; they would be playing and singing and laughing, and the sounds of their merriment would come down to him in the darkness below.

All the better, all the better. He would do it before the man's face. And when it was done, when all was over, when she lay there—lay there—there—he would turn on the man and say, "Look at her, the sweetest girl that ever breathed the breath of life, the dearest, truest woman in all the world! You have done that—you—you—you—and God damn you!"

His tortured heart was afire and his brain was reeling. Before he knew where he was he had passed from the outer court into the inner one. "Here it is—this is the house," he thought. But it was all dark—just a few lights burning, but they had been carefully turned down. The windows were closed, the blinds were drawn, and there was not a sound anywhere. He stood some minutes trying to think, and during that time the mood of frenzy left him and the low cunning came back. Then he rang the bell. There was no answer, so he rang again. After a while he heard a footstep that seemed to come up from below. Still the door was not opened, and he rang a third time.

"Who's there?" said a voice within.

"It is I—open the door," he answered.

"Who are you?" said the voice, and he replied impatiently,

"Come, come, Liza, open and see."

Then the catch lock was shot back. At the next moment he was in the hall, shutting the door behind him, and Liza was looking up into his face with eyes of mingled fear and relief.

"Lor', sir, whyever didn't you say it was you?"

"Where's your mistress?"

"Gone to the office, and won't be back till morning. And Miss Gloria isn't home from the races yet."

"I must see her tonight. I'll wait up stairs."

"You must excuse me, sir—father, I mean—but I wouldn't a' known your voice, it seemed so different. And me that sleepy, too, being on the go since six in the mornin'."

"Go to bed, Liza. You sleep in the kitchen, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, thank you. I think I will, too. Miss Gloria can let herself in, any way—same as comin' from the theater. But can I git ye anyfink? No? Well, you know your way up, sir, down't ye?"

"Yes, sir. Good night, Liza."

"Good night, father."

He had set his foot on the stair to go up to the drawing room when it suddenly occurred to him that though he was the minister of God he was using the weapons of the devil. No matter. If he had been about to commit a crime it would have been different. But this was no crime, and he was no criminal. He was the instrument of God's mercy to the woman he loved. *He was going to slay her body that he might save her soul!*

LXVII.

THE journey home from the Derby had been a long one, but Glory had enjoyed it. When she had settled down to the physical discomfort of the blinding and choking dust, the humors of the road became amusing. This endless procession of good humored ruffianism sweeping through the most sacred retreats of nature, this inroad of every order of the Stygian *demimonde* on to the slopes of Olympus, was intensely interesting. Men and women merry with drink, all laughing, shouting, and singing; some in fine clothes and lounging in carriages, others

in striped jerseys and yellow cotton dresses, huddled up on donkey barrows; some smoking cigarettes and cigars and drinking bottles of champagne, others smoking clay pipes with the mouths downwards and flourishing bottles of ale; some holding rhubarb leaves over their heads for umbrellas and pelting the police with confetti, others wearing executioners' masks, false mustaches and red tipped noses, and blowing bleating notes out of penny trumpets—but all one family, one company, one class.

There were ghastly scenes as well as humorous ones. An old horse killed by the day's work and thrown into the ditch by the roadside; axletrees broken by the heavy loads, and people thrown out of their carts and cut; boy tramps dragging along like worn out old men; and a welsher, with his clothes torn to ribbons, stealing across the fields to escape a yelping and infuriated crowd.

But the atmosphere was full of gaiety, and Glory laughed at nearly everything. Lord Robert, with his arm about Betty's waist, was chaffing a coster who had a drunken woman on his back seat.

"Got a passenger, driver?"

"Yuss, sir; and I'm a-goin' 'ome to my wife tonight, and that's more nor you dare do."

A young fellow in pearl buttons was tramping along with a young girl in a tremendous hat. He snatched her hat off, she snatched off his; he kissed her, she smacked his face; he put her hat on his own head, she put on his hat; and then they linked arms and sang a verse of the "Old Dutch."

"That's a little bit all right," said Glory, and Drake screamed with laughter.

It was seven o'clock before they reached the outskirts of London. By that time a hamper on the coach had been emptied and the bottles thrown out; the procession had drawn up at a dozen villages on the way; the perspiring tipsters, with whom "things hadn't panned out well," had forgotten their disappointments and "didn't care a tinker's cuss"; the head-gear of every woman in a barrow was in confusion, and she was singing in a drunken wail. Nevertheless Drake, who was laughing and talking constantly, said it was the quietest Derby night he

had ever seen, and he couldn't tell what things were coming to.

"Must be this religious mania, don't you know," said Lord Robert, pointing to a new and very different scene which they had just come upon.

It was an open space covered with people, who had lit fires as if intending to camp out all night, and were now gathered in many groups singing hymns and praying. The drunken wails from the procession stopped for a moment, and there was nothing heard but the whirring wheels and the mournful notes of the singers. Then "Father Storm!" rose like the cry of a cormorant from a thousand throats at once. When the laughter that greeted the name had subsided Betty said:

"'Pon my honor, though, that man must be off his dot," and the lady in blue went into convulsions of hysterical giggling. Drake looked uneasy, and Lord Robert said, "Who cares what an elephant says?" But Glory took no notice now, save that for a moment the smile died off her face.

It had been agreed when they cracked the head off the last bottle that the company should dine together at the Café Royal or Romano's, so they drove first to Drake's chambers to brush the dust off and to wash and rest. Glory was the first to be ready, and while waiting for the others she sat at the organ in the sitting room and played something. It was the hymn they had heard in the suburbs. At this there was laughter from the other sides of the walls, and Drake, who seemed unable to lose sight of her, came to the door of his room in his shirt sleeves. To cover up her confusion she sang a "coon" song. The company cheered her and she sang another, and yet another. Finally she began "My Mammie," but floundered, broke down, and cried.

"Rehearsal ten in the morning," said Betty.

Then everybody laughed, and while Drake busied himself putting Glory's cloak on her shoulders he whispered, "What's to do, dear? A bit off color to-night, eh?"

"Be a good boy and leave me alone," she answered, and then she laughed also.

They were on the point of setting out

when somebody said, "But it's too late for dinner now. Why not supper at the Corinthian Club?" At that the other ladies cried "Yes!" with one voice. There was a dash of risk and daring and doubtful propriety in the proposal.

"But are you game for it?" said Drake, looking at Glory.

"Why not?" she replied with a merry smile, whereupon he cried, "All right!" and a look came into his eyes which she had never seen there before.

The Corinthian Club was in St. James' Square, a few doors from the residence of the Bishop of London. It was now dark, and as they passed through Jermyn Street a line of poor children stood by the poulterer's shop at the corner waiting for the scraps that are thrown away at closing time. York Street was choked with hansoms, but they reached the door at last. There were the sounds of music and dancing within. Officials in uniform stood in the hall examining the tickets of membership and taking the names of guests. The ladies removed their cloaks, the men hung up their coats and hats, a large door was thrown open, and they looked into the ball room. The room was full of people as faultlessly dressed as at a house in Grosvenor Square. But the women were all young and pretty and the men had no surnames. A long line of gilded youths in dress clothes occupied the middle of the floor. Each held by the waist the young man before him, as if he were going to play leapfrog.

"Helloa there!" shouted one of them, and the band struck up. Then the whole body kicked out right and left, while all sang a chorus, consisting chiefly of "Tra-la-la-la-la!" One of them was a lord, another a young man who had lately come into a fortune, another a light comedian, another belonged to a banking firm on the Stock Exchange, another was a mystery, and another was one of "the boys," and lived by fleecing all the rest. They were executing a dance from the latest burlesque.

"Helloa there!" the conductor shouted again, and the band stopped.

Lord Robert led the way up stairs. Pretty women in light pinks and blues sat in every corner of the staircase. There was a balcony from which you could look

down on the dancers as from the gallery of a playhouse, also there was an American bar where women smoked cigarettes. Lord Robert ordered supper, and when the meal was announced they went into the supper room.

"Helloa there!" greeted them as they entered. At little tables lit up by pink candles sat small groups of shirt fronts and butterfly ties with fair heads and pretty frocks. Waiters were coming and going with champagne and silver dishes, there was a clatter of knives and forks and a jabber of voices and laughter. And all the time there came the sounds of the band, with the "Tra-la-la," from the ball room below.

Glory sat by Drake. She realized that she had lowered herself in his eyes by coming there. He was drinking a good deal, and paying her endless compliments. From time to time the tables about them were vacated and filled again by similar shirt fronts and fair heads. People were arriving from the Derby, and the talk was of the day's racing. Some of the new arrivals saluted Drake, and many of them looked at Glory. "A rippin' good race, old chappie. Didn't suit my book exactly, but the bookies will have smiling faces at Tattersall's on Monday."

A man with a big beard at the next table pulled down his white waistcoat, lifted his glass, and said "To Gloria!" It was her acquaintance of the racecourse.

"Who is Bluebeard?" she asked in a whisper.

"They call him the Faro King," said Drake. "Made all his money by gambling in Paris; and now he is lord of the manor and has a church living in his gift."

Then over the laughter and voices, the band and the singing, with an awful suddenness there came a crash of thunder. The band and the comic song stopped, and there was a hush for a moment. Then Lord Robert said:

"Wonder if this is the dreadful storm that is to overwhelm the nation, don't you know!"

That fell on the house of frivolity like a second thunderbolt, and the people began to look up with blanched faces.

"Well, it isn't the first time the *storm* has howled; it's been howling all along," said Lord Robert, but nobody laughed.

Presently the company recovered itself, the band and the singing were heard again, louder and wilder than before, the men shouted for more champagne and nicknamed every waiter "Father Storm."

Glory was ashamed. With her head on her hand she was looking at the people about when the "Faro King," who had been making eyes at her, leaned over her shoulder and said in a confidential whisper, "And what is Gloria looking for?"

"I am looking for a *man*," she answered. And as the big beard turned away with, "Oh, confound it!" she became aware that Drake and Lord Robert were at high words from opposite sides of the table.

"No, I tell you no, no, no!" said Drake. "Call him a weakling and a fool and an ass, if you will, but does that explain everything? Point to his blunders and failures, but what difference does that make? This is one of the men with the breath of God in him, and you can't judge of him by ordinary standards."

"Should think not, indeed, dear chap!" said Lord Robert. "Common sense laughs at the creature!"

"So much the worse for common sense. When it judges of these isolated beings by the standards of the common herd, then common sense is always the greatest nonsense! Jesus Christ was mocked at and ridiculed by the common sense of His time, by His own people, and even His own family, and His family and people and time have been gibbeted by all the centuries that have come after them. And so it has been with every ardent soul since who has taken up his parable and introduced into the world a new spirit. The world has laughed at him and spat upon him, and, only for its fear of the sublime banner he has borne, it would have shut him up in a madhouse. But these somber giants are the leaders of the world, for all that, and one hour of their divine madness is worth more to humanity than a cycle of our sanity. And yet we deny them friendship and love, and do our best to put them out of the pale of the human family! We have invented a new name for them, too—degenerates—pigmies and pigs as we are, who ought to go down on our knees to

them with our faces buried in the dirt! Gentleman," he said, filling his glass and rising to his feet, "I give you a toast—the health of Father Storm!"

Glory had sat trembling all over, breathing hard, blushing and wide eyed until he had done. Then she leaped up to where he stood beside her, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

"And now you ring down quick, my dear," said Betty, and everybody laughed a little.

Drake was laughing with the rest, and Glory, who had dropped down to her seat in confused embarrassment, was trying to laugh too.

"Another bottle of fizz, any way!" cried Drake. He had mistaken the meaning of Glory's kiss, and was utterly intoxicated by it. She could have cried with shame and rage, seeing he thought such conduct came naturally to her, and perhaps imagined it wasn't the first time she had done as much. But to carry off the situation she laughed a good deal with him, and when the wine came they jingled glasses.

"I'm going to see you home tonight," he whispered, smiling slyly and looking her full in the eyes. She shook her head, but that only provoked him to fresh effort.

"I must—I will—you *shall* allow me!" and he began to play with her hand and ruffle up the lace that covered her round arm.

Just then his man Benson, looking hot and excited, came up to him with a message. Glory overheard something about "the office," "the secretary," and "Scotland Yard." Then Drake turned to her with a smile, over a look of vexation, and said, "I'm sorry, dear—very—I must go away for a while. Will you stay here until I return? Or——"

"Take me out and put me in a cab," said Glory. Their getting up attracted attention, and Lord Robert said:

"Is it, perhaps, something about that——"

"It's nothing," said Drake, and they left the room.

The band in the ball room was still playing the dance out of the burlesque, and a hundred voices were shouting "Tra-la-la-la" as Glory stepped into a hansom.

"I'll follow on, though," whispered Drake, with a merry smile.

"We shall all be in bed and the house locked up. How magnificent you were tonight!"

"I couldn't see the man trodden on when he was down. But how lovely you've looked today, Glory! I'll get in tonight if I have to ring up Liza or break down the door for it."

As the cab crossed Trafalgar Square it had to draw up for a procession of people coming up Parliament Street singing hymns. Another and more disorderly procession of people, decorated with oak leaves and hawthorns, and singing a music hall song, came up after it and collided with it. A line of police broke up both processions and the hansom passed through.

LXVIII.

ON entering the drawing room John Storm was seized with a weird feeling of dread. The soft air seemed to be filled with Glory's presence, and her very breath to live in it. On the side table a lamp was burning under a warm red shade. A heap of petty vanities lay about—pieces of silver, little trinkets, fans, feathers, and flowers. His footsteps on the soft carpet made no noise. It was all so unlike the place he had come from, his own bare chamber under the church.

He could have fancied that Glory had at that moment left the room. The door of a little ebony cabinet stood half open, and he could see inside. Its lower shelves were full of shoes and little dainty slippers, some of them of leather, some of satin; some black, some red, some white. They touched him with an indescribable tenderness, and he turned his eyes away. Under the lamp lay a pair of white gloves; one of them was flat and had not been worn, but the other was filled out with the impression of a little hand. He took it up and laid it across his own big palm, and another wave of tenderness broke over him.

On the mantelpiece there were many photographs; most of them were of Glory, and some were very beautiful, with their gleaming and glistening eyes and

their curling and waving hair. One looked even voluptuous with its parted lips and smiling mouth, but another was different, it was so sweet, so gay, so artless. He thought it must have belonged to an earlier period, for the dress was such as she used to wear in the days when he knew her first, a simple jersey and a sailor's stocking cap. Ah, those days that were gone, with their innocence and joy! Glory! His bright, his beautiful Glory!

His emotion was depriving him of the free use of his faculties, and he began to ask himself why he was waiting there. At the next instant came the thought of the awful thing he had come to do, and it seemed monstrous and impossible. "I'll go away," he told himself, and he turned his face towards the door.

On a what-not at the door side of the room another photograph stood in a glass stand. His back had been to it, and the soft light of the lamp left a great part of the room in obscurity, but he saw it now, and something bitter that lay hidden at the bottom of his heart rose to his throat. It was a portrait of Drake, and at the sight of it he laughed savagely and sat down.

How long he sat he never knew. To the soul in torment there is no such thing as time; an hour is as much as an eternity, and eternity is no more than an hour. His head was buried in his arms on the table and he was a prey to anguish and doubt. At one time he told himself that God did not send men to commit murder, at the next that this was not murder, but sacrifice. Then a mocking voice in his ears seemed to say, "But the world will call it murder, and the law will punish you." To that he answered in his heart, "When I leave this house I will deliver myself up. I will go to the nearest police court and say, 'Take me; I have done my duty in the eye of God, but committed a crime in the eye of my country.'" And when the voice replied, "That will only lead to your own death also," he thought, "Death is a gain to those who die for their cause, and my death will be a protest against the degradation of women, a witness against the men who make them the creatures of their pleasure, their playthings, their victims, and their

slaves." Thinking so, he found a strange thrill in the idea that all the world would hear of what he had done. "But I will say a mass for her soul in the morning," he told himself; and a great chill came over him, and his heart grew cold as a stone.

Then he lifted his head and listened. The room was quiet; there was not a sound in the gardens of the inn, and through a window, which was partly open, he could hear the monotonous murmur of the streets outside. A great silence seemed to have fallen on London, a silence more awful than all the noise and confused clamor of the evening. "It must be late," he thought; "it must be the middle of the night." Then the thought came to him that perhaps Glory would not come home that night at all, and in a sudden outburst of pent up feeling his heart cried, "Thank God! Thank God!"

He had said it aloud, and the sound of his voice in the silent room awakened all his faculties. Suddenly he was aware of other sounds outside. There was a rumble of wheels and the rattle of a hansom. The hansom came nearer and nearer. It stopped in the outside courtyard. There was the noise of a curb chain, as if the horse were shaking its head. The doors of the hansom opened with a creak and banged back on their spring. A voice, a woman's voice, said "Good night," and another voice, a man's voice, answered, "Good night, and thank you, miss!" Then the cab wheels turned and went off. All his senses seemed to have gone into his ears, and in the silence of that quiet place he heard everything. He rose to his feet and stood waiting.

After a moment there was the sound of a key in the lock of the door below, the rustle of a woman's dress coming up the stairs, an odor of perfume in the air, an atmosphere of freshness and health, and then the door of the room, which had been ajar, was swung open, and there on the threshold, with her languid and tired but graceful movements, was she herself—Glory. Then his head turned giddy, and he could neither hear nor see.

When Glory saw him standing by the lamp, with his deadly pale face, she stood a moment in speechless astonishment,

and passed her hand across her eyes as if to wipe out a vision. After that she clutched at a chair and made a faint cry.

"Oh, is it you?" she said, in a voice which she strove to control. "How you frightened me! Who ever would have thought of seeing you here!"

He was trying to answer, but his tongue would not obey him, and his silence alarmed her.

"I suppose Liza let you in. Where *is* Liza?"

"Gone to bed," he said, in a thick voice.

"And Rosa—have you seen Rosa?"

"No."

"Of course not. How could you? She must be at the office, and won't be back for hours. So you see we are quite alone."

She did not know why she said that, and in spite of the voice which she tried to render cheerful, her lip trembled. Then she laughed, though there was nothing to laugh at, and down at the bottom of her heart she was afraid. But she began moving about, trying to make herself easy, and pretending not to be alarmed.

"Well, won't you help me off with my cloak? No? Then I must do it for myself, I suppose."

Throwing off her outer things, she walked across the room and sat down on the sofa near to where he stood.

"How tired I am! It's been such a day! Once is enough for that sort of thing, though. Now where do you think I've been?"

"I know where you've been, Glory. I saw you there."

"You? Really? Then perhaps it *was* you who— Was it you in the hollow?"

"Yes."

He had moved to avoid contact with her, but now, standing by the mantelpiece looking into her face, he could not help recognizing in the fashionable woman at his feet, the features of the girl once so dear to him, the brilliant eyes, the long lashes, the twitching of the eyelids, and the restless movement of the mouth. Then the wave of tenderness came sweeping over him again, and he felt as if the ground were slipping beneath his feet.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

A SUCCESSOR TO DORÉ.

Since the death of Doré, there has been no one to occupy his peculiar and distinctive position in the world of art. German

critics now announce that a successor to the weirdly imaginative French painter has been discovered in the person of Sascha Schneider.



"A FLOWER GIRL."

From the painting by J. Frappa, by permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.



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"HER TREASURE."

From the painting by Hugo Vogler—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Schneider is a young German artist who was quite unknown until about a year ago, when he exhibited a remarkable series of drawings on Biblical subjects.

His work was so original, so fantastic in conception, and so strong and definite in drawing, that it attracted attention at once. An idea of its character may be

gained from a description of one of the painter's latest creations, entitled "Fighting for a Soul." This is the picture of an angel and a demon, with a dead body lying between them on the ground. So beautiful is the attitude of the angel, so truly angelic the expression of the face, that the hideousness of the demon is for-



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"THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA."

From the painting by W. B. Wollen—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



"REVERIE."

From the painting by A. Piot, by permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

gotten, and one sees only the marvelous and poetic conception which the artist sought to convey.

All of Schneider's work is said to show great power and originality of thought. His lights and shades are strongly contrasted. Like Doré's, his figures stand out in a weird, supernatural light; there

is no questioning their meaning. His success in Europe makes it only a matter of time when his drawings will be familiar here.

A WHEEL IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The most ardent admirers of the bicycle have never dared to claim that it was a



"MAKING PLANS FOR THEIR FUTURE."

From the painting by E. Gellay, by permission of Jean Bousso, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

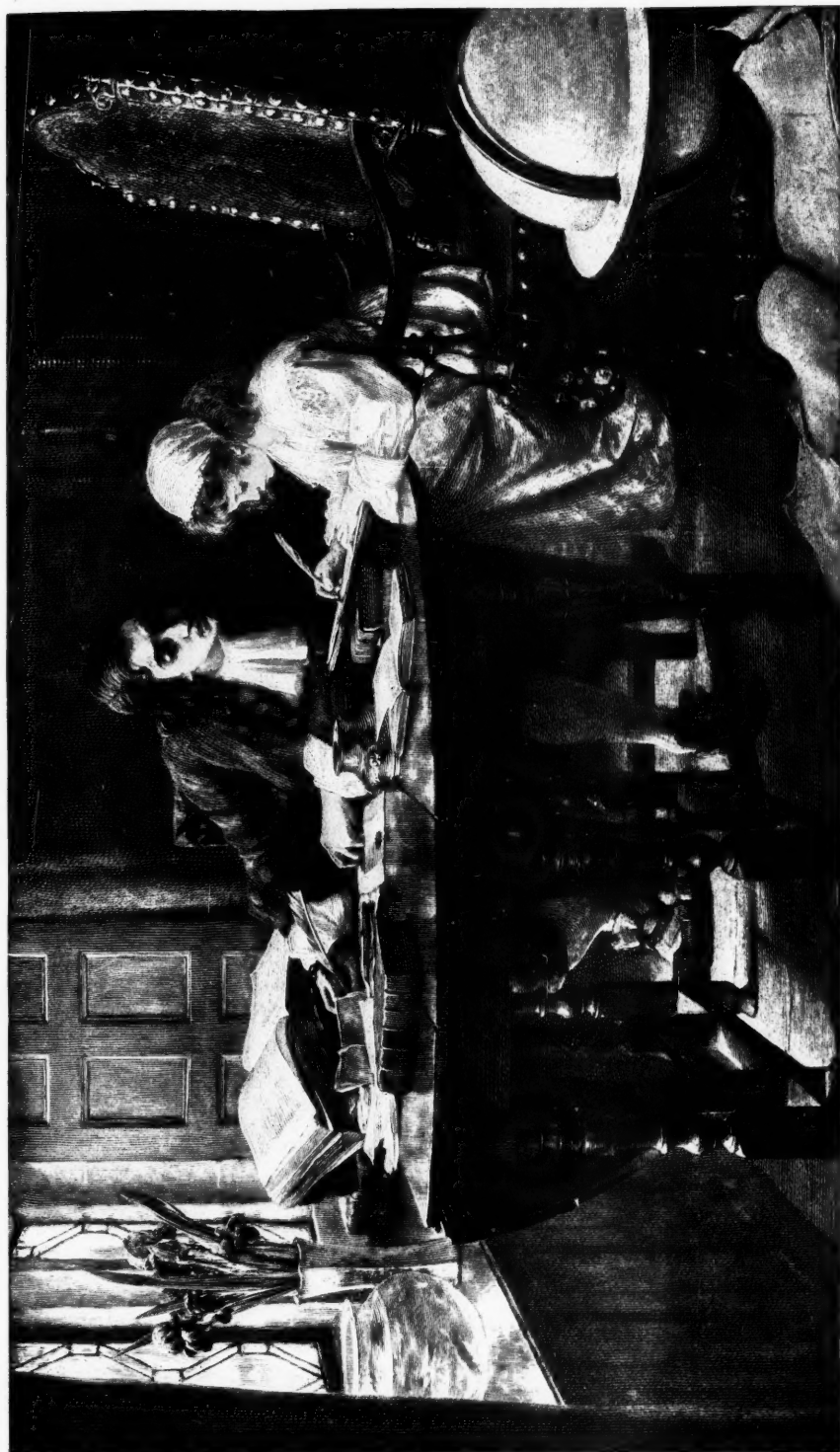


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"HORTENSIA."

From the painting by A. Seifert—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"thing of beauty." But now it has been admitted to the Royal Academy, and the stamp and seal of art are upon it. One of the Academicians has put a wheel on canvas—a "drop frame" machine with a feminine rider. The picture passed before the eyes of conservative English judges, and was neither



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"SWIFT AND HIS STELLA."

From the painting by Margaret Isabel Dicksee—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



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"A PRIESTESS OF BACCHUS."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau.

skied nor floored, but hung on the line. Those opponents of the wheel who claim that it is impossible for a woman to look well on a bicycle may, in future, be referred to the committee on admission of the Royal Academy.

GIBSON AND DU MAURIER.

Since England lost her most famous illustrator, many of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's friends and admirers have been prophesying that he would step into Mr. Du Maurier's place, as the artistic chronicler of contemporary social types. The London *Spectator* gives this interesting opinion of the American artist:

"In looking at Mr. Gibson's drawings, one is more struck by the recurrence of the models, and by the fashion plate brilliancy of their clothing, than by close or humorous observation. Du Maurier was a great social satirist, Keene a humorous physiognomist and a great draftsman; Mr. Gibson is neither, but rather a technically accomplished person, like our own Mr. Bernard Partridge."

The criticism recalls an oft quoted American opinion, expressed early in the artist's career, which was to the effect that Mr. Gibson's success was due largely to the good clothes of his friends.

THE FIELD OF THE OLD MASTERS.

It is strange that with all the elaborate public buildings which have been erected in this country during the last few years, it has been left to the modern hotel to return the American artist to the favorite field of the old masters—mural decoration. While the great new libraries in Boston and Washington have perhaps carried this work of mural decoration farther into the realm of art than any other buildings, the new hotels recently erected, and those in course of construction, in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, have given our artists the largest fields of labor. The ample expanses of wall and ceiling offered by the public rooms in these palatial hostelries, as well as the great sums of money lavishly expended in their furnishing, have attracted our very best artists, and the names of such well known men as Will Low, George W. Maynard, Frank Fowler, and J. Wells Champney appear conspicuously

among the decorators of the newest metropolitan hotels.

It has been very hard for Germans to recognize the progress of women, especially in art, but now they are beginning to acknowledge her rights, and are proving in solid and substantial ways that they recognize her genius. For the first time a woman has been commissioned by the government to furnish an art contribution to the public buildings. Mrs. Cadwallader Guild, an American who has a studio in Berlin, has received an order from Postmaster General von Stephan for two statues, representing the post and the telegraph. They are to be placed on the new post office in the German capital.

Mrs. Guild has recently executed a bust of the Duchess of Saxe Altenburg. It is now on exhibition in Berlin, where it has attracted attention by its beauty and by the originality of its treatment. This royal portrait in marble undoubtedly led the way for the government order.

* * * *

What is perhaps the smallest painting in the world is the work of a Flemish artist. The canvas is the smooth side of a kernel of common white corn. So skillfully has the artist worked that even in this small space there is painted a picture of considerable latitude. There is a mill on a terrace, a miller with a sack of grain on his back. By the building stands a horse and cart, and in the roadway is a group of peasants.

* * * *

Raphael's birthplace, Urbino, in Central Italy, has honored the great painter with a monument. At the dedication of the memorial, which took place this summer, there was opened an international exhibition of copies of the master's works. All kinds of reproductions were shown, oil, water color, pastel, line, and photographs.

* * * *

A bit of art history, interesting especially to those who swear by the Royal Academy, is found in the statement, made by an English publication, that of the twenty eight pictures sold in London during 1896, at a price of \$7,000 or more, every one was by a British painter.

LITERARY CHAT

A CHANGE OF DIET.

Most people find a certain gratification in an occasional complete change of literary diet. Indeed, the pabulum of the modern novel is often of such slender nutritive value that novel readers are quite justified in seeking a square meal now and then in other quarters as a measure of preservation against literary starvation. Unfortunately appetites accustomed to the light and easy qualities of fictional diet do not take kindly, as a rule, to the ponderous tomes of history or science, and the writer of facts must leaven his wares mightily if he is to compete in popular regard with the writer of fictions.

Nevertheless, there exist many thoroughly readable books of popular science to which the novel reader may turn with zest and appreciation. First among these we find "The Story of the Atmosphere," by Douglas Archibald. This volume is half way between a text book and a novel, and the marvels of the medium in which we live are expounded in a readable manner. We go with the author high up into the air on huge kites, and are allowed to take "snap shots" at the receding earth. Mr. Archibald discusses wind storms and gives us as close an acquaintance as our ambition calls for with that peculiarly American phenomenon, the cyclone—or as the author more correctly calls it, the tornado. The nature and composition of our atmosphere are looked into, the temperatures and their bearing on animal life are studied, and the problem of the seasons is brought out clearly. Altogether the book is capital reading, but is not wholly devoid of that ponderosity of style which is an integral part of the majority of scientific treatises.

Next on our table we find an altogether light and readable collection of botanical sketches gathered under the title of "The Plant World." These sketches are carefully culled from a wide range of high scientific authorities. Nearly all present strange and wonderful features of the plant world. Especially noteworthy are the articles on the weird flesh eating pitcher plants. There is a singular fascination about these uncanny vegetable gourmets with their extraordinary faculty of enticing and trapping inquisitive insects and assimilating them with the help of a true digestive secretion. To use the words of Mr. Darwin, who is quoted in this connection, this plant positively digests exactly the same substances in exactly the same way that the human stomach does. While we dislike

to accuse Mr. Darwin himself of insectivorous proclivities, his words are always worthy of respectful attention, and the subject of flesh eating plants is altogether one of absorbing interest. There is also something impressive in the narrative of forest patriarchs, among which one particular tree is mentioned, supposedly antedating the Christian era. Other noteworthy chapters are those on "The sleep of plants" and "Curiosities of the vegetable kingdom."

Probably no members of the plant world are more worthy of note than those which, from very familiarity, we are accustomed to ignore. These humble aspirants for recognition are gathered into a book—the third on our table—called "Familiar Features of the Roadside." This volume, for artistic treatment and profound interest, discounts many of the popular novels of the day, and is, we think, the most noteworthy of the three treatises we have named. It does not limit its functions to either animate or inanimate nature, but describes birds, insects, and plants in their own intimate relationship. After all, nature is best studied in her entirety, and between the plant world and the world of living creatures exist relationships and mutual dependencies which, until Darwin's time, were hardly suspected.

While it is undoubtedly true that a surfeit of scientific books would be far from welcome to the average reader, there is yet a certain satisfaction in reading an occasional well chosen book of popular science, and those to whom such a field of reading is new cannot fail to take a deep interest in the devices and subterfuges of nature.

"WOLFVILLE."

They say in literary snobdom that a writer makes his "literary début" not when he begins to write, but at that supreme moment when he collects his writings and publishes them in book form, or, as they say in brilliant literary circles, "between covers."

According to this philosophy, Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis may be said to have just made his literary début as the author of the book of Western stories called "Wolfville." There are some of his Western admirers, however, who have been familiar with his work for years, who would say that he made his literary début when he began to write the inimitable "Dan Quin" sketches which are now offered to the public in book form. There are even some who would say that his literary career

began long ago, when he was roaming across the plains, ostensibly a driver of mules and a herder of cattle, but in reality a man with education enough to allow him to think and reason and plan things during his long days and nights of solitude.

Mr. Lewis is still under forty years of age, and has been engaged in newspaper work during the past half dozen years. A native of Ohio, he devoted his earlier life to the study and practice of law in Cleveland, from which city he journeyed to the far West, and was for a long time a rover across the great plains of Texas and New Mexico. During the past two years his political contributions to a New York daily have made him known to Eastern readers.

His book has won instant favor by reason of its striking originality. Its stories have already been published in newspaper form in the West, where they have found many appreciative and eager readers. In telling them, the author quotes the exact words of the *Old Cattleman*, and the score or more of tales that fall from the lips of that veteran of the plains are well worth telling and reading. They are not imitative of Bret Harte, or Mark Twain, or any other historian of those phases of Western life which are fast passing away from us. The *Old Cattleman* had plenty of time to think during the years that he has spent following his cattle across the plains and lying down in his blanket with a clear, star lit heaven to compose his thoughts. He has learned a heap of philosophy during these years, and there is scarcely a page of "Wolfville" in which he does not give us a little taste of it.

"You've got to ketch folks young to marry 'em," he remarks sagely. "After they gets to be thirty years, they go slowly to the altar. If you aims to marry a gent after he's thirty, you has to blindfold 'im and back 'im in. Females, of course, ain't so obdurate."

This is what one of the characters has to say about a funeral which he is arranging: "I wants that hole at least a mile from camp. In order to make a funeral a success you needs distance. That's where deceased gets action. It gives the procession a chance to spread an' show up. You can't make no funeral imposin' except you're plumb liberal on distances."

"Wolfville" is illustrated by Frederic Remington, but it is the letterpress, and not the pictures, that will probably make it one of the most popular books of the season.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

Last month, in writing of Du Maurier and his work, we noted the duality of his genius as the first element of his success. His draw-

ings in "Trilby," for instance, were not in any way supplementary to the text, but were an integral part of the story. The illustrator works always at a disadvantage, of more or less consequence, in having to interpret the precise ideas of the author, but in Du Maurier's case the unusual combination of artistic and literary genius produced results having a unique charm of their own, results which, for this very reason, were not subjected to the harsh critical accounting that might otherwise have fallen to Du Maurier's lot.

Mr. William Hamilton Gibson presented an analogous case of diversified genius. A born naturalist, he was also an artist of recognized genius and a facile writer. We venture to assert that his renown as a naturalist was dependent no less upon his technical skill with brush and pencil than upon his exact knowledge of all the living things in field and wood. His last published book, "Eye Spy," exhibits this intimate blending of artistic and literary power in a delightful manner. Mr. Gibson wrote generally in a vein suited to the tastes of young readers, so that his descriptions are at times quite childlike in unaffected simplicity of style and treatment. There is something so awe inspiring to the average intellect in the revelations of the naturalist that any method of literary treatment other than one of frank simplicity would have made Mr. Gibson's work far less sympathetic, and of vastly less popular interest.

"Eye Spy" is a collection of short illustrated talks about birds, insects, and flowers. There is no orderly array of topics, but the whole presents a picturesque confusion, with Mr. Gibson's individuality everywhere apparent.

Mr. Gibson was born to be a naturalist, and his skill in drawing came as a consequence of his untiring efforts to faithfully portray the characteristics of his botanical and entomological specimens. When he was a small boy the secrets of plant and flower were his favorite studies, and in his tenth year occurred the seemingly trifling episode which led him to give his life to the work that, in due course, made him famous. He has said of the occurrence: "I was playing in the woods. I tossed over the fallen leaves, when I came across a chrysalis. There was nothing remarkable in that, for I knew what it was. But, wonderful to relate—providentially, I deem it—as I held the object in my hand a butterfly slowly emerged, then fluttered in my fingers. Yes, that butterfly breaking from its chrysalis in my hand shaped my career."

Finding New York City not too well fitted for the pursuit of the naturalist's labors, he

moved, a number of years ago, to Brooklyn, where even Prospect Park was laid siege to in his conquest of all things botanical. His summer home in Washington, Connecticut, was built with the view of disturbing natural conditions as little as possible. Only a diminutive lawn was leveled off and the rest of his estate left in its primitive beauty. Here, surrounded by nature, he did much of his later work, and here he died.

There is a quality, subtle and illusive of definite analysis, in the writings of men who have lived on speaking terms with birds and flowers, which is never found in the work of those who are too actively and aggressively literary to heed the simple things of woods and meadows. Thoreau and Burroughs have exhibited this quality, varied, of course, in each case by the personality of the writer, and Mr. Gibson caught much of the same spirit. He may not have been a man of conspicuous literary attainments, but he had the rare faculty of being able to write clearly, frankly, and attractively. Penmen whose literary entourage consists of hordes of dusty journals and tiers of dustier tomes might do well to follow the methods of Burroughs and Gibson, and move outdoors.

HENRY JAMES OF LONDON.

Mr. Henry James has practically expatriated himself, and has become a well known factor in London society. He lives in Kensington, near the palace, where he has an apartment in one of the "mansions" in De Vere Gardens. His windows are the highest in the house, and from them you step upon a balcony which is wide enough to hold a writing table, where Mr. James does much of his work in the early mornings, and the cage of a screaming parrot.

While the parrot does not appear to disturb the turgid flow of stories such as "What Maisie Knew," and "The Other House," the noises of the street annoy Mr. James. Last summer, when the season waned and the grooms took the early mornings to exercise the horses of the neighborhood, Mr. James sent down not only words, but finally flower pots upon their heads. And after he had secured silence he went back to the sentences which appear to have been constructed when there was nothing to divert the author's mind.

Mr. James and his wife entertain a great deal, and are social favorites, although one wit did say that whenever an idea struck Henry James at an evening party, he immediately went home for fear he should give it to somebody in conversation.

Mr. James has written about thirty five books, all of them fairly good, all showing

great cleverness and a wide culture; and yet he will always be remembered in the first instance as the author of one short story—"Daisy Miller." Mr. James was educated abroad, so that his expatriation is not singular. He is the son of the Rev. Henry James, of Boston, who was a well known writer of the last generation, and one of that little coterie which made Boston famous. His early life in America was spent in Newport, Rhode Island, where he is still borne in kindly remembrance, particularly so by the boatmen. Those critics who have had occasion to complain of the watery character of much of Mr. James' prose, certainly that entire absence of blood and sinews from his created characters, will learn with interest that young James was aquatic, and spent much of his time upon the water. It was then, doubtless, that the damage was done and his inspiration diluted

A COMMERCIAL SUCCESS IN FICTION.

Miss Marie Corelli is one of the most successful novelists of this age, if success consists in selling an enormous number of books and being noticed in high quarters. She may be called the favorite of the English middle class. She has absolutely no sense of humor. She preaches and she prosed, and the half educated say to each other "How true!" when they have waded through her fine writing of platitudes. Reading her books, they feel that they are getting something for their money. J. M. Barrie would starve if he depended upon England to support him by buying his books, but Miss Corelli is growing rich.

A great deal more has been made of Queen Victoria's alleged favor toward Marie Corelli than the facts warrant. Kensington Palace, where the queen was born, is a sort of royal asylum in these days. In it are a dozen families, or more, who have some sort of claim upon the crown. The widows of bishops or high army officers, of aristocratic birth but small purses, are lodged there free of charge. Some of them have been and still are close friends of members of the royal family. It happened, a few years ago, that one of these ladies extended her income by taking an ambitious American girl as a "guest." This young woman made friends right and left, and among them was Marie Corelli. Her hostess was induced to bring one of Miss Corelli's books to the notice of the Princess Christian, and the princess read it and handed it over to the maids of honor who read aloud to the queen. The sovereign asked what else this young lady had written, and the authoress sent her majesty an *édition de luxe* of her works.

Miss Corelli is the adopted sister of Eric

Mackay, who wrote "The Love Letters of a Violinist." She was adopted as a child by Charles Mackay, the song writer, who educated her with his son. The two have a home together in London. "A Romance of Two Worlds" was Miss Corelli's first book. She sent it to several publishers, who refused it. She finally rubbed her own name from the title page, and signed it "Marie Corelli." The next publisher took the book, and she has kept the name for her own.

Miss Corelli has always been unwilling to allow her photographs to be published, but lately she sent a card to the London newspapers, announcing that a portrait of herself would be on exhibition in a certain gallery.

GEORGE GISSING AND HIS BOOKS.

George Gissing is one of the men who is writing for posterity, the student, and the lover of the morbid. His most depressing books are full of understanding of certain phases of civilization, that excess of civilization which becomes the apotheosis of selfishness. They are fine in form, well constructed, entertaining with the fascination of an unstrained cleverness, but they do nothing to cheer the people who are struggling through the very conditions he depicts, and trying to lighten their sorrows with the aid of their imagination. Most of us get our enjoyment out of life as the prisoner in "Little Dorrit" got feasts out of plain bread. The man who puts sentiment into our lives, who gilds their humdrum dullness, is a benefactor. The man who shows us their sordidness steals from us what nature meant us to enjoy.

The sale of Mr. Gissing's books is not particularly large. He lives outside of London, not far from the Epsom Downs, where the Derby is run. He is one of the men who have absolutely no touch with the literary or social life of London, where he could have so much of that advertising which we have grown to expect public people to seek. He asks to be left entirely alone. He has a tiny little house, with a quiet work room, and he goes up to London for a day or a night, wandering through the streets and looking for his characters. He is like Dickens in some ways, and yet entirely different, inasmuch as the great love of humanity, the firm belief in humanity, which was the essence of Dickens' genius, appears to be lacking in Mr. Gissing. He sees only the dark side, and yet he sees it vividly and portrays it powerfully.

ROYALTY IN PRINT AGAIN.

There must be something delicate and perishable about royalty which causes it to blight and wilt when the rude finger of the press is laid upon it—precisely as the "sensitive plant"

shrinks even from the breath of the inquisitive examiner. However this may be, royal personages seldom appear to advantage in print. The level of the daily press is none too exalted at best, and it is possible that the incongruity of penny newspaper interviews with reigning monarchs strikes discordantly upon the sensibilities of the reader.

Even to our democratic minds—we may say especially to our democratic minds—a royal personage is essentially different from ordinary people, and the blazoning forth of petty details of royal attire, royal habits, and royal gossip is out of keeping with the dim religious light of our somewhat weak minded hero worship.

Some ill advised person—"a member of the royal household" is all that is vouchsafed to us on the title page—has written all about the private life of Queen Victoria. Her majesty appears as an economical housekeeper, the head of a quiet, typically English home, a genial hostess—in fact, everything but a crowned queen. We are told where she sleeps and what she eats and drinks; when she retires and when she rises; the author waxes eloquent over the royal washbasin; we are taken into the storerooms, and the confidential domestic details are aired for our benefit; we are taken into the cellars and the kitchen, we dine with the butler, and are even permitted to take a flitting glimpse of the royal stables. If one is inquisitive enough to enjoy it, he should be duly grateful to this "member of the royal household." But this gratuitous task of elbowing one's way into print with the private affairs of the queen seems to us a bad breach of etiquette.

One chapter is devoted to "The queen as a writer." The author says: "It was at one time rather the fashion to decry the queen's power as an author—or rather as an expressive writer. Those who did so were neither judges of style nor method. Such writings of the queen which the public have been permitted to see essentially have the elements of great work, perfect simplicity of expression, and admirable self restraint." And so with a disregard for the rudiments of grammar which is positively delightful in its naïve simplicity the author continues.

As a sample of the publisher's art, the book, with its royal binding of scarlet and gold, its excellent photographic reproductions and careful presswork, is admirable, but as an exhibition of questionable taste, ponderous treatment of household trifles and small gossip, it exceeds anything within our recollection.

THE NEW ENGLISH POET.

The recent publication of a new volume of poems by Francis Thompson brings to mind

the early struggles of this young, but widely known poet. His autobiography, if he ever writes one, will make an impressive narrative of hardship and struggle. Mr. Thompson is thirty five years old, and his name has been before the literary world for possibly four years, but between the ages of twenty four and thirty he knew every depth of poverty, of wretchedness and misery, which the streets of London exhibit.

His father, a practising physician, angered by his son's refusal to study medicine, cut off his allowance and set him adrift. Young Thompson, wrapt in dreamy meditation, which makes an admirable substitute for laziness, could find nothing to do. It is said that for years he lived the life of a beggar—if a London beggar may be said to live. At times he blacked shoes and sold matches, and thus enjoyed occasional waves of beggarly prosperity. Yet he never once relaxed his hold on the world's best literature. It is inspiring to think of this waif haunting the libraries day after day until he became too shabby even for admittance to these centers of free learning. Often hungry for food, he was yet more hungry for book lore, so he stifled the lesser hunger with drugs and read instead of eating.

After four years of such a life, he sent some poems to an editor. They were written on dirty fragments of paper; every editorial office receives many just like them, mere odds and ends of wrapping paper, and—yes, even torn grocery bags; but, alack, genius is not often wrapped up in them.

The story of the final acceptance of the despised manuscripts, the search for Thompson, and the quick recognition of his work, constitutes one of the most dramatic episodes in recent literary history.

"Those who claim to know" are loud in the poet's praise, and indeed his work possesses qualities which compel recognition. At the same time he exhibits little which may be called essentially new, and we occasionally find a time worn figure decked out in the stiff finery of cumbersome wording. Then, again, the imagery is at times positively startling.

Mr. Thompson is not likely to become a popular poet while his work abounds in baffling metaphors and agonizing flights of poetic fancy. The experiences of the young poet through those trying days in London were not precisely what one would choose as a literary preparation, and they should draw to the young poet at least a sympathetic audience. One critic has said, "I could wish that Mr. Thompson had set himself in the past few years to cultivating the comely beauty of lucidity," forgetting that for a number of years the object of his displeasure had

to set himself rather hard at work to cultivate the comely beauty of a square meal.

A SOURCE OF "PROBLEM" PHILOSOPHY.

In the crowds of new books, books whose allusions to today's events assure us that they are "up to date," we are apt to lose sight of the old ones from which the core of most recent literature has been borrowed. When a new writer comes up on the crest of one of the little waves which are constantly landing things worthy and worthless at our feet, we are gravely presented with a list of the books that have been studied by the author. It seldom appears to strike the reader that the thoughts of the earlier writers might be a little less mixed and distorted if they were taken at first hand instead of being filtered through somebody else's brain, often an immature one.

Arthur Schopenhauer is one of the men who have done much to influence the past decade's novels—chiefly, it would seem, because he is easy reading. His meanings are not obscured by the intricacies in which most of the philosophers delighted to lose themselves. A dip into his essays, for those to whom he is unknown, will give the concentrated essence of many of the conversations which have gone halting through some of the novels we have read in recent years. His "Metaphysics of Love" appears to have been a gold mine to a certain class, who have spread his theory thinly upon their own dross. It isn't a healthy theory, or a poetic one, but it sounds better in the brutal fashion in which he writes it down than when made up into the sickening messes we have been asked to swallow as "problem novels."

A new book has just appeared in Germany, edited by Dr. Griesbach, which is called "Schopenhauer's Table Talk." It gives some of the interesting incidents of this man's life. Schopenhauer was the son of Johanna Schopenhauer, the German novelist, who made her home at Weimar, and who was the center of a brilliant literary circle there. Her son took his doctor's degree at Jena, and then went to Weimar, where he became the intimate friend of Goethe and of Mayer, the orientalist. It was through them that he took up the study of the old Indian philosophies by which he was so deeply influenced.

Wagner sent him a copy of some of his Nibelung operas, and Schopenhauer wrote back: "Hang music on the nail; you have more genius for poetry." But one of the quaintest stories in the book relates that, while the famous pessimist admired Byron immensely, and had not much opinion of women, he was prevented from presenting an

introduction to Byron, which Goethe had given him, because a woman with whom he happened to be in love at the time was a worshiper of the poet, and Schopenhauer was jealous!

A QUESTION OF TIME.

"At what time of day do authors work?" is a question recently asked at a literary gathering. Several authors who were present said that they always worked in the morning, and this seems to be the rule with a large number of popular writers at the present time. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who gave up the practice of law only four or five years ago, still keeps his old law chambers in Buckingham Street (where, by the way, it is as quiet as the heart of the country, though it is just off the roaring Strand), and there he repairs every morning at six o'clock, as he long ago formed the habit of doing. After smoking a pipe he buckles down to write, and he does not leave the office, save for luncheon, till four o'clock. In telling of this, however, he always explains that he does not write steadily from ten till four; much of the time is consumed in revising.

Du Maurier, when he had a book under way, used to write for a large part of the day, but on three days in the week only. Stanley Weyman writes in the morning, going to his desk with hatred for his task, a feeling that soon wears away, however, as he gets into the glow of his narrative. Henry James finds the latter part of the afternoon a good time for authorship, and W. E. Norris, who turns out novels with a steadiness that at once betrays system, has confessed that he never works more than two hours a day—from three to five in the afternoon—the rest of the day being devoted to sports. Another enthusiastic literary sportsman is Conan Doyle. He writes in the morning and does his studying and reading in the evening, giving three or four hours of his afternoon to the exercise that he feels he needs from his long confinement in his den.

Among our American writers, the most prolific—like Stockton, who dictates every morning to a stenographer, and like Howells, who either writes in his own hand or on the typewriter—are those who work every morning. Marion Crawford is even more industrious, for he can write at any time of day and all day. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is another English or American author who is so assiduous. To his wonderful physique is undoubtedly due his capacity for long stretches of work. He has unusually good health, and the only ill effect he ever feels as a result of his labors is an occasional touch of insomnia; at night when he cannot sleep

he writes. When he has finished a particularly hard task at his home in Sorrento he likes to go for a trip on a sailing vessel and share the work and the hardships of the voyage with the seamen.

"It is the continual dropping of the water that wears away the stone," says Anthony Trollope, in his "Autobiography," a book, by the way, that every writer ought to read, and the testimony of living authors only adds to the evidence given of the energetic Englishman who turned out so many books, that perseverance and pluck count in authorship as well as in any other career.

There are still, of course, some authors who follow the old fashioned habit of writing when they are in the mood, or when they are spurred by necessity only. Some of these perform very remarkable feats. Every writer has noticed in his own experience that his best work can sometimes be done under pressure and under adverse circumstances. It is also true, that under the same conditions a great deal of bad work is done. A story is told of a popular American writer who received an order for a story of sixty thousand words to be delivered within six months. He accepted the commission, put off undertaking the work for a time on account of other tasks, and finally forgot all about it. Three days before the manuscript was due, he received a letter from the editor saying: "I must have that story on the first of the month. If it isn't delivered then I shall not be able to use it at all." The unhappy author had the alternative of letting five hundred dollars slip through his fingers or of writing the story in three days. He wrote the story, and as one of his friends, in relating the incident, says, he has never accomplished anything to compare with his best work since. It may be that the strain hopelessly injured his creative faculty.

A somewhat similar incident occurred only a few months ago. Two young writers, both of whom have been rapidly growing in popular favor during the past three years, were dining together at a hotel. At the close of the dinner the editor of a popular periodical rushed up to the table.

"I've been hunting for you for three hours," he said to one of them. "I want a story for our Christmas number at once—ten thousand words. I'll pay you two hundred dollars for it."

The writer considered for a moment and then said, "When do you want it?"

The editor replied, "I must have it tomorrow. The man who promised to do it has disappointed us."

The writer shook his head. "I haven't it on hand, and though I'd like to oblige you, and though I want the money badly enough,

I couldn't risk my reputation by turning out a story at such a short notice."

The editor's face fell; then his eyes brightened. Turning to writer number two he said eagerly, "Will you do it?"

The man addressed pondered a moment. Then he said:

"What is the latest possible moment you can receive it?"

"I must have the copy in my hands at twelve o'clock tomorrow without fail," the editor replied. "Haven't you something written?"

"Not a line," replied the young author, "but you'll have it."

He left the place at once, wrote all night, finishing the story at seven in the morning, sent the manuscript to a typewriter, slept till eleven, and at twelve he placed the work in the editor's hand.

A French author has just had the good luck to have his new novel barred out of Russia. Pierre d'Alheim is the man, and "Sur les Pointes" the book. D'Alheim was for some time the Russian correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, and only his nationality saved him from repeated conflicts with the Muscovite authorities. The Russians belong back a century or two in the order of civilization, and they do things which our ancestors thought all right, but which scarcely suit our modern ideas. D'Alheim's book was suppressed because it gives an account of a Russian shooting match which some of the highest Russian nobility organized immediately after the disaster on the plains of Chodinka, where so many peasants were crushed to death, and very close to the scene of the tragedy.

This is one of the stories which Mr. Richard Harding Davis did not tell us about the coronation times. No doubt he knew of it, because he is always invited to everything; but while it is a good story, it would not have been courteous to the highest nobility in Russia.

The statement has lately been made that Mark Twain is to receive forty thousand dollars for his forthcoming book. Assuming that this work is to be eighty thousand words in length—an assumption based merely on averages—this is at the rate of fifty cents a word. Under such stimulating and incentive conditions one's genius should be unflagging, and we do not wonder that there exists a vast army of people each with a literary bee in his bonnet. But Mr. Clemens can write.

Count up the words in your next letter and reflect that it would be worth say a hundred dollars "at current rates," if you had the

genius of Mark Twain. The other side of the question is not so alluring, however. Many a newspaper writer is glad to get half a cent a word against Mr. Clemens' fifty, and the latter's generous remuneration is no more to be taken as an average example of the compensation of literary people than Patti's fabulous salaries were to be taken as a corresponding example in the world of music.

Eighteen years ago Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote "An Old Maid's Paradise," and the story is still fresh in the minds of many of our readers. Now comes, from the pen of Herbert D. Ward, the belated sequel to that story in the shape of a volume with the title, "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise." This enterprising robber not only burglarized the matched board cottage by the sea, but carried off the house and its mistress on a floating arrangement of scows and tugboats. The narrative is bright and entertaining, but here, as elsewhere, fact is stranger than fiction, and news comes from the far West of a feat of engineering that puts *The Burglar* to shame. This is nothing less than the moving of a whole town several miles by water, the houses having been towed on scows in much the manner suggested by Mr. Ward. Verily these are wonderful times. Possibly the day is not far distant when the engineers of great projects will turn, for suggestion and advice, not to the ponderous scientific treatises of their libraries, but to the latest novel!

James Lane Allen's success as a novelist is not of such recent origin that one may speak of him as a new man, but his name has been more prominently before the reading public during the last few months than ever before. In fact, the remarkable qualities of "The Choir Invisible" have placed him very near the top of the list of the literary successes of the year. Mr. Allen is a man of unassuming nature, and is said to have a horror of the publicity which does duty for legitimate renown. Therefore, one hears far more about his last and most notable book than about the author. He is well known to New Yorkers, however, and it is here that he finds his keenest incentive to continued literary labor in the tremendous activity of the metropolis. The literary tastes of a noted writer are always a matter of interest, though so many factors of a purely personal nature influence the choice that the importance to be attached thereto is questionable. Mr. Allen speaks appreciatively of Kipling and Balzac, and our clever commentators may find much opportunity for the display of sagacity in tracing his literary qualities to these dissimilar favorites.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

A SINGER WHO CAN SING.

Paris shows the observant why she is the center of the world of art whenever one takes the trouble to study her methods. She will have nothing which is crude, nothing which is uncertain. An artist who attracts the multitude there must come with the voice of authority. A man or woman may have a dozen qualifications for success, but if one is lacking he is cast aside. This is preëminently true in music. The singer who makes a genuine Parisian success must be an artist, not simply a man or woman with a great voice, or even a sweet one. The emotions must be stirred; singing is not a mechanical art, the Parisian tells you.

No man in Paris, outside of grand opera, has given stronger proof of the correctness of this theory than Charles Holman Black. He is an American, and the best known salon singer in Europe. His younger brother, Frank Holman, is the well known painter. Mr. Holman Black, having been educated in America, went to Paris to complete his musical training, and Paris has never since let go her hold upon him. After he had sung there several times his reputation was carried over the continent and to Great Britain, and he was called upon to follow it. His voice is a baritone of great compass and thrilling sweetness, but it is in the artistic simplicity of his rendering of songs that he is remarkable, and it is this which sends composers home to write songs for him. He and his artist brother have a house in Paris which they bought and remodeled to suit themselves. It is not crowded with objects of art after the curiosity shop fashion, but it is beautifully and appropriately furnished with absolutely unique pieces. There is nothing which is hackneyed or conventional, nothing which is not interesting. Here, to this house, come all the celebrities of Paris during the season.

THE DE RESZKES' NEW VENTURE.

It is said that Mme. Eames-Story will go to Russia with the de Reszkes on their operatic venture, which they are going to manage themselves. They will sing mostly Wagnerian music, because Wagner is the fashion in Europe now, and nobody wants to listen to anything else but his thunders. Hans Richter is to be taken along as conductor.

Mme. Eames-Story is exactly the prima donna for the Russians. Her beauty is the style which they most admire, and her voice

is in the height of its power and freshness. She is good enough to carry an opera company. With the mounting which the de Reszkes can afford to give their operas, with Hans Richter's conducting and their reputation, the tour should be a great success.

Mme. Story's husband will accompany her. When he married Emma Eames he said that he was not going to be *le mari de la prima donna*, and by his talent he has made a name of his own, but his studio and the beautiful house in Paris stand empty most of the time.

THE WAGNERIAN INFECTION.

Seidl has come along with a story to the effect that Calvé has been smitten with the Wagnerian fever and would study *Kundry*. Nobody wants to hear Calvé in Wagnerian opera. She is an actress with a great deal of temperament and not too good a voice now. We want her to keep all she has, and not to distract her talent by attempting a part totally unsuited to her.

The Wagnerian fever is sure to burn itself out. Wagner will always be the greatest of opera writers, or he will be until some other genius as great is born into the world—a contingency almost as unlikely as that there should be a new Shakspeare. And yet Shakspeare's plays are not the most popular ones on the stage, and the honest critic, bound by no traditions, must say that they are not preëminently the best acting dramas. We shall inevitably come to a time when every singer will not strain her voice with the heavy music of the dramatic poems.

YOUNG WAGNER AND THE BAYREUTH MONOPOLY.

Siegfried Wagner has determined to come to America and conduct an orchestra, to render especially, if not exclusively, the music of his maternal grandfather, Liszt, and of his mother's two husbands, Von Bülow and Wagner. It is said that Frau Cosima Wagner had many arguments with Seidl as to his standing sponsor for her son over here. Seidl insisted that the young man should first gain a European reputation. But while the European critics are grumbling at him, the managers, who ruin America for real, serious efforts, are sending the young son of his father all sorts of tempting offers to come here and show himself to the public. His conducting appears to be of minor importance.

He is young—twenty eight—not very tall, and his personality is not in any way striking. His head reminds one of the outlines of Liszt's, but he has none of the wonderful magnetism which distinguished that genius. At Bayreuth his conducting this year was by no means remarkable. Indeed, it begins to appear that, as the festivals there become more popular and fashionable, they decline in musical interest, and presently we shall hear in Bayreuth, as we do in London, more of the princes in the boxes than the singers on the stage.

Bayreuth was supposed for a long time to be a singular instance of artistic enterprise for art's sake, but we find that in reality it is becoming a business enterprise. This is the only place where "Parsifal" is performed, and the profits which come from this opera alone are said to reach one hundred thousand dollars every season. Frau Wagner has refused half a million dollars for the right to produce it elsewhere. But Bayreuth, with this following, this reputation, is not the place in which to set up mediocre singers or the place to make experiments, and it can hardly be called more than an experiment for a young man like Siegfried Wagner, who has only lately taken up music as a profession, to attempt to interpret the "Ring" music. Nor is Bayreuth the place to produce budding artists.

DISTINCTIONS WITH DIFFERENCES.

The contrast between really great and experienced artists and young aspirants, with voices however good, was never shown more plainly than at Bayreuth this year.

There were advertising agents who spoke of Frau Ellen Gulbranson—one of the *Brunnhildes* this year—as the "coming dramatic soprano." She is anxious to come to the United States, and various correspondents evidently offered her their assistance. She is a Norwegian, is young and fairly good looking, is the wife of an army officer in Christiania, and a pupil of Marchesi. Frau Gulbranson has what is called "staying power," but all the time you are conscious that she is just failing to interest you. Vocally powerful, she fails to give you the effect of grand climaxes. In the funeral march of "Siegfried" she was flat and inexpressive, and the whole performance fell short of legitimate expectations.

On the other hand, "Die Walküre" was the most enjoyable of the performances. *Siegfried* and *Sieglinde*, the unhappy brother and sister, were sung by those two veteran artists, Rosa Sucher and Heinrich Vogl. The great vocal power which was once theirs has been marred by the wear and tear of long years on the stage, and yet these two have

brought, as a crown to their long labors, an artistic sense which causes them to dwarf the other singers, however young and fresh, who may be with them. Transcendent talent is shown in every thrilling note of Sucher's. The only criticism that the spellbound audience could make was that she made the mother of *Siegfried* too great a figure. She put *Brunnhilde* in the background.

But the great success of the festival this year was Herr Van Rooy, whose magnificent singing of the part of *Wotan* put him at once in the first rank. He is a bass with the ringing quality of a fine baritone, and we predict for him a great reputation.

TASTE BY PROXY.

In the foreign opera houses they make the taste of this country and send it over to us. They take music as an every day necessity there, instead of as a high priced luxury for very rich people, and they have time to try the new and old operas. In Vienna they have in preparation one of Tchaikowsky's operas, "Iolanthe," which ought to be very popular here, as there are few composers who are better known in America than this one. He appears to have caught, in a fashion, the keynote of the American temperament, and he was instantly recognized here even in his smallest pieces. Leoncavallo's "La Bohème" is also in preparation at Vienna. But it was long ago settled that the author of "I Pagliacci" had nothing particularly new to offer to the world.

MORE EUROPEAN VISITORS.

It has been several years since Trebelli came over here to the Cincinnati Musical Festival. Since then she has become one of the best sopranos in England for concert and oratorio work, and now we are to have her again for the first symphony concert on the sixth of November. She will visit Canada before she comes here, and will then probably make a tour of the United States. The Henschels will also be heard here this winter. They began their season on October 12 in Brooklyn.

George Henschel and his wife are almost as well known as music teachers in London as Mme. Marchesi is in Paris. Henschel is nearly fifty years old, but he still gives the impression of youth. He was born in Breslau, of Polish parents, but he has become an Englishman in the years of his residence in London. His wife was Lillian Bailey, the singer. They were married in 1881, and since then have been giving concert tours all over Europe. Henschel is no stranger to the United States. He was appointed the first conductor of the Boston

Symphony Orchestra, and he founded the Symphony Concerts and the Henschel Choir in London. He has written endless songs, also the "Stabat Mater" which was produced at the Birmingham festival in 1894.

The conductor and his wife have a charming home in London, in Kensington, where Mr. Henschel has a fine collection of old paintings and old glass. Both are very fond of horseback riding, and are frequently seen in the Park in London.

MARY ANDERSON AT HOME.

Notwithstanding the repeated denials that Mary Anderson was going on the stage again, as a concert singer, she has actually appeared in a concert in the village of Broadway, in England, where she lives, singing five songs, this being her first appearance on the stage since her marriage. Mrs. de Navarro has cultivated musicians much more than actors ever since her marriage. She leads an ideal sort of life down in Broadway, one of the most beautiful places in England, and the resort of artists of all sorts. She and her husband entertain all the literary and artistic lights who are personally worth while.

This year Mr. de Navarro organized a cricket match between "Literature" and "Art." Men like Conan Doyle, Mr. Barrie, and Anthony Hope made up the "Literature" side, and Plunkett Greene, Mr. Rumford, who has one of the most wonderful baritone voices in the world, but who prefers to use it for the pleasure of his friends, instead of selling it to the public; Mr. Herkomer, the young American artist whose portraits are adding new glories to the name his cousin, Hubert Herkomer, has made famous; and half a dozen other men before the world, were selected for the "Art" team.

Verdi, the dean of composers, was eighty three years old last month. But the love of making music is still a dominant passion with him, and it is quite possible that the world will hear another new work of his before he is called hence. In Italy the maestro is little less than idolized. Stopping at an inn not long since, he left the dining room, forgetting to take his hat. A couple, breakfasting at an adjoining table, noticed the fact, and the husband suggested taking the hat to its owner. But to this his young wife, happy to possess so precious a souvenir, objected, whereupon a lively discussion ensued between the two. But suddenly a new factor in the affair appeared in the shape of another guest, who declared that the hat was his. Imagine the embarrassment of the lady, who forthwith relinquished her prize, only to ascertain the next day that the hat was really Verdi's after

all, and that the stranger had employed this device in order to capture it for himself.

* * * *

The novelty set before Parisians at the Grand Opéra this autumn is Wagner's "Meistersinger"—*Maitres Chanteurs*, as it reads on the boulevard *affiches*. According to an agreement with Frau Wagner the director of the Opéra must pay her a forfeit of thirty thousand francs if it is not produced before October 31. *Eva* is cast to four different singers, and the other important rôles to three each, so that the management evidently looks for an extended "run" of the work. Wagner appears to be carrying everything before him in the city where his works were once hooted from the concert platform. "Lohengrin" was given several times last summer to big houses, and "Tannhäuser" is also in the repertoire.

* * * *

Mr. Damrosch appears to be having a change of heart on the subject of Wagner. His opera venture was in the beginning supposed to owe its origin to his desire to give America the proper interpretation of the great German's music. He had carefully studied the operas, and felt that, with his direction and the German singers he brought here, he was adding to the sum of American understanding of art. But he never conducted as well as Seidl, and his seasons were not a brilliant success. Now we hear that he is to give us Melba this year as *Arlene* in "The Bohemian Girl"!

* * * *

While the season of Damrosch opera at the Metropolitan will undoubtedly attract much attention from music lovers, the sensation of the winter will be the series of entertainments in the new Astoria ball room. They are to be given by the Society of Musical Arts, under the direction of Ruben & Andrews, who stood sponsors for the Waldorf concerts last season. Admission will be by subscription solely. The programs will embrace a wide variety of offerings, from operettas, ballets and solos by oratorio singers, to pantomime and specialties by the most refined "vaudeville artists." The performances—there are to be eight in all—will not begin until half past nine and—shades of persecuted Hammerstein!—refreshments are to be served at tables in the rear of the seats.

* * * *

Henry Waller, whose opera, "The Ogalallas," was in the repertoire of the Bostonians some time ago, is bringing out a new operetta this year. It is called "The Mouse and the Garter." It is bound to be original, whatever its faults may be, and its title sounds amusing.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE,
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

AN EPIDEMIC OF ELDORADOS.

This is a season of gold mines. The administration may consider itself fortunate that right on the heels of dissatisfaction should come the pleasing news of treasure trove, rich and varied. President McKinley should issue a proclamation of thanksgiving that Miss Fickle Fortune has lured away from the corridors of the White House the petitioners for positions. Government situations are below par at this writing. Yielding as they do an annual income of from \$1,200 to \$3,000 for sitting at an unromantic desk, drawing breath and drawing salaries, they are not to be compared to the larger excitement to be found today in the gold mines of the far north.

What are commonplace salaried posts to any one with grit nowadays? Ruby mines have been discovered in the Carolinas, and the Crackers are wild with joy. In Arkansas, another land of natural wonders, milky pearls have been fished out of a lake, and the Arkansas traveler is journeying thither. Over in the State of the mischievous mosquito mines of mica have been run against, and the war against the pernicious insect is nothing to be mentioned in the same day with the war for wealth. The mother of Eldorados, California, her bosom heaving with jealousy of the Klondike country, has revealed to men more hidden treasures—and the search for riches goes merrily on.

We are living once more in the days of dreams, as daring and romantic as those of Cortez. The world owes us all a living, and we are going to dig for enough pay dirt to support a thousand of our kind. And the dreamers are deserting the common posts for the pots of gold at the end of the rainbow, while wiser men step into their places and work for enough to pay for the keeping of contentment.

Not the least amusing feature of the scramble for the Northwest is the variety of the projects for getting there. These plans exhibit the customary ingenuity of the inventive genius and the usual disregard for life and limb. We are to have air lines to the Klondike with fleets of dirigible balloons; we are to have bicycle boulevards through the Chil-koot Pass, and possibly even trolley cars.

Then again, an immense amount of study has been devoted to the food problem, until now one may provide himself with a variety of compressed viands, ranging from a plate of soup to a table d'hôte dinner, and all within the compass of a lozenge.

Last year the inventors were racking their brains for bicycle novelties; now they are intent upon all devices which are, or might presumably be, of use or interest to miners. But it's all a question of Eldorados. The ore digger goes into the far off corners of the earth in search of his land of gold, while the inventor stays snugly at home, thinks out a profitable scheme, and his Eldorado comes to him. He knows the epidemic of Eldorados is catching; therefore he watches quietly to catch whatever comes his way. Who shall deny that his is the better way?

FOR SWEET CHARITY—OF COURSE.

Royal precedent is a capital thing, and Victoria of England has just established one that will settle a vexed question forever. During the last few years the custom of giving wedding presents has grown to an alarming extent—alarming to the friends and acquaintances of the bride for obvious reasons, and alarming to the bride herself, because no girl wishes to be under obligations to mere acquaintances for gifts of more or less value, neither does she wish to begin her married life weighed down with several hundred more or less useless pieces of silver and cut glass.

However, the wedding present custom has come, and probably to stay. With it came the question, shall the presents be displayed or not, and if so, should the cards of the donors be detached? Common sense and good taste answered one way, but the demands of society are so exigent that such trifles as sense and taste are overthrown, and much to the bride's displeasure, as a rule, a room is set apart for the presents. In the eyes of society, next in importance to the bride herself are these gifts, spread out very much as they had been in the shop windows. The brides of the future will no longer have to hesitate over this display. England's queen has decided, after much persuasion, we are told, to exhibit her jubilee gifts, labeled with

the names of the donors, whether they are countries, communities, august personages, or private individuals.

The proceeds of the royal exhibition are to be given to the hospital fund of the Prince of Wales, and this offers a suggestion to charitably minded brides. When vast crowds of people will stand for hours in the snow to catch a fleeting glimpse of an American girl about to be transformed into a princess or a duchess, assuredly they would not mind paying a small admission fee to see the wedding gifts. Quite a sum of money might be realized for hospital or kindergarten, and there would be in reality no more publicity about the affair than there is at present. Some half dozen detectives, in citizens' clothes, of course, are always scattered carelessly about among the gifts, and the same men in regulation blue with silver stars would not be any more out of place if the general public were admitted than are these disguised policemen now.

Whether this new idea will be started on this side of the water or the other remains to be seen; but with Victoria's example to follow, the wedding cards of the near future should bear the legend: "Gifts to be exhibited at — for the benefit of St. Somebody's Hospital."

THE LADY AND THE CUE.

Behold, woman has erected unto herself a new throne. Her scepter is the billiard cue, her field of conquest the pool table, and her loyal subjects the enthusiasts of carom and hazard. So potent is her charm, so powerful her sway, that those who come to criticise and ridicule are quickly won over to her side.

The average masculine billiard player is on his mettle, for women have learned to play the game with the best of their brothers—and sweethearts. Extravagant as such a statement may sound, the craze threatens to become as popular as golf or bicycling. The very high priestesses of society's temple are among its devotees, and their example has its due and merited influence.

If Adelina Patti knows something of singing, she also learned, along with it, a good many years ago, the consummate art of wielding the cue. It is reported, from observations made on her one hundred and thirty seventh positively final farewell tour, that she is the best woman billiard player ever seen in this country. The Princess Hatzfeldt, daughter of Collis P. Huntington, the railroad millionaire, is said to be almost equally skilful. The names of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and Mrs. George Gould are also upon the list of billiard enthusiasts.

What has inspired this sudden fancy in the fair sex? Is it simply the novelty of the game? Is it their desire to prove themselves proficient in all branches of sport? Or is it that they have awakened to the knowledge that from an esthetic point of view they never appear to better advantage than when gracefully handling a cue? We fold our hands in resignation, and wait for the time when women shall hide their pretty faces behind the catcher's mask; start an equestrienne annex to Squadron A; enroll themselves in the immortal Seventh; and overcome their fear of mice!

A DIARY OF AVOIRDUPOIS.

Silversmiths are always exerting themselves to devise some new trifle for milady's dressing table or boudoir, and milady is ever inventing necessities. It is not definitely known whether the latest addition to her needs was created by the jeweler or by milady herself. That the thing exists is a fact, and a fact that has quickly grown into a fad. On every up to date dressing table is a tiny silver bound book labeled "Weights and Measures." And yet milady is not studying the old arithmetical tables nor the metric system. This is an age of cold, hard facts and systematic precision. Scientists and physicians have tabulated accounts of the proper size, shape, and weight for every height and every age of feminine life. On the first page of the little silver bound volume is the *ideal*, the exact height and then the correct weight, the proportional size and the proper measurements to accompany the given feet and inches. On the following pages is inscribed the record of the real—alas, so different from the ideal—varying from day to day as milady labors to attain physical perfection at every point. Swedish movements, massage, and bicycling are brought into requisition, and day by day the figures change, sometimes approaching, sometimes diverging from, the longed for proportions.

Occasionally milady is at the verge of despair, because the very thing that has taken pounds from one friend has added pounds to another, and she knows not what to do, what expedient to try next. She turns the pages, looking with tearful eyes on the items of the real—jotted down in her own handwriting—growing no nearer the ideal, and she is tempted to give up, to accept the inevitable. Then on the last page in the book she sees again in clear, strong type the formula of perfection, and once again she plucks up her courage. The tape line is brought into requisition, and she begins on a new system, a new diet.

That these little books, when once they have left the jewelers' shops, are intended

for only one pair of eyes, is a matter of course. For that reason many of them are fitted with padlock and key, the latter to be worn on bracelet or chain.

TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC PEDAL.

Vagaries of sport and pastime find their most advanced expression, as might be expected, among those who are surfeited with rational pleasures, and are forced to extremes to escape that remorseless foe of idle people—*ennui*. We cannot understand, on any other basis, why such strained and unnatural forms of amusement as one occasionally hears of should be possible. For instance, one cannot realize how or why the bicycle should be used for waltzing unless the rider has danced his feet into revolt and feels it necessary to waltz sitting down.

Bicycle dances are not a hypothetical instance, but a fact. A metropolitan club has given a series of them, after much preliminary tumbling and colliding. Quadrilles and intricate figures of the lancers are said to have been gracefully wheeled through, though we suspect that to the mind of an unbiased observer the comical side of the performance must have been uppermost.

It is interesting to watch each successive step in the direction of parodying natural and normal sport. The quantity of hard, fagging labor people will cheerfully perform in evolving some new and exaggerated type of alleged amusement is astonishing. People into whose lives comes but little real joy are apt to look covetously upon the pleasures of swelldom; but there is this point to be considered—the existence of these unnatural types of amusement proves that those who devote their time to the pursuit of pleasure find the chase more and more difficult, and are driven to scouring the highways and byways for their elusive game. Such wholesome and diverting pleasures as find their way into one's life give a new zest to it, but when one deliberately undertakes to invent some exciting novelty of sport or pastime he soon finds that there is a tedious and pathetic side to the quest of a good time.

A SUGGESTION.

If you have wearied of monogram fans and mushroom growing, why not try something quite novel, and enjoy the distinction of being a pioneer in a new hobby? For instance, why not try frog farming? This is not only quite new, but possibly remunerative. There is at present, we believe, no organized frog industry in this country, and the rural bogs and pools are drawn upon at random to the extent of many million pairs of succulent frogs' legs per annum. It is evident that so

great a demand should be catered to on a thoroughly scientific basis, and by making a hobby of frog culture the imperious demands of the frog market could be met in a most prompt and satisfactory manner. Frog catching is not exciting sport, but it is quite as exhilarating as golf, and a fat batrachian is vastly easier to manage than a golf ball.

Possibly the United States Fish Commission knows more about the care and cultivation of frogs than we do, so we shall not undertake a prolonged discussion of the questions involved. Suffice it to say that a frog fad appears to us fully as reasonable as the monogram mania, and we think it might in time become quite the correct thing. Many European noblemen depend for the larger part of their income on farm or dairy enterprises, which they conduct under the mask of a hobby, though in a number of instances the noble names and titles of the proprietors appear as a guarantee of "quality" upon the marketed product of their estates. Surely frog farming might flourish equally well if some obliging duke or other would establish a precedent in this direction. Even if one were disinclined to supply the market, he would derive an immense amount of satisfaction from the novelty and interest of the enterprise.

Think also of the delight the epicure would take in rearing esculent batrachians for his own table, fresh from his own private garden, as it were!

COMPETITION IN SENSATION MACHINES.

We were not jesting, the other day, when we headed a sketch in these columns "The Craze for Novel Sensations." We might as well face the matter squarely and admit that we (most of us) like to have our nerves upset, figuratively at least, on a toboggan slide or a water chute. It would be interesting to collect the financial data of the innumerable devices of this general class in, say, this country alone. Doubtless the total would include many million dollars.

We once heard a political economist soberly discussing the economic value of a "house afire," and maintaining that the pecuniary loss to the individual owner was, on the whole, more than balanced by the pleasure the spectators collectively derived from the sight of the conflagration! Possibly on this score the gigantic contrivances for producing sensations, blennish though they may be to the neighborhood wherein they are located, are actually justified, on a strict economic basis, by the amusement that people apparently derive from being hurled up and down, or fired back and forth, on these sensation machines.

In recognition of the popular demand for more novelties in this line, the committee of the Paris Exposition of 1900 has invited designs for a "sensation machine" to be the great feature of the fair, which, to be accepted, must dwarf all former attempts in this direction. More than one hundred designs have been thus far presented to the committee, many of them of startling originality. One of these provided a restaurant entirely of glass, to be submerged, so that one might enjoy the novelty of eating under water. Another design included a restaurant to be hoisted bodily up a mammoth vertical shaft, so that one might feed at his leisure in a huge elevator car making hourly trips a thousand feet or so up into the air. It will be seen that, extreme as these sensational designs are, they include the old and well tried sensation of eating.

Another device comprises a toboggan slide from the top of the Eiffel Tower. The inventor of this arrangement should have gone a step further and arranged an indestructible sliding restaurant to operate on the toboggan slide.

Our own suggestion for a huge restaurant hung like a garden swing from twin towers ten thousand feet high, and arranged so as to swing completely around the circle, does not seem, thus far, to have found favor with the Paris committee. Evidently the promoters of the exposition of 1900 have not been educated up to the latest and most characteristic Yankee ideas.

CIGARETTES AND SNUFF.

Since the fastest pacers in Vanity Fair have learned that the Queens of Roumania, Italy, and Portugal are great smokers, and that the Empress of Austria consumes no less than thirty five cigarettes a day, their haughty nostrils are inflated with something more than pride. They have taken to the nicotian art, and are not satisfied until they have mastered it—as an art.

But our sweet sisters in Vanity Fair are not to outdo their brothers, for the latter, finding their special field invaded, have betaken them to snuff. The snuff box is the masculine fad of the hour. We are treated to the spectacle of many *Sir Plumes*—

Of amber snuff box justly vain,

And the nice conduct of a clouded cane ;

and we are not living in the first half of the eighteenth century, either.

Some people attribute the return of this habit of our forefathers to the revival of the interest in such inveterate snuff takers as Napoleon, Byron, and other celebrities of the last century. But whatever has brought it about, it is here in earnest, as it was in Eng-

land more than a year ago ; and it bids fair to bide in the land of the dandy for a long time to come, for the young exquisites have not provided themselves with elaborate snuff boxes only to throw them away in a few hours. Besides, snuff taking, like smoking, is a habit that cannot be broken as easily as begun. The devotee has to be cultivated up to it, and when once acquired it is exhibited for the benefit of the envious ignorants who cannot do it gracefully, if at all.

The revival of the snuff habit will lead to many things. It calls for a display of the hands, and the coxcomb will look to it that his hands are kept lily white and graceful. We should not be surprised if the lace ruffle were again brought into the service of the tender ones of the sterner sex. Of course, it goes without saying that the most costly or unique finger ring will be brought out for ornamentation on the occasion of snuff flourishing.

Now is the time for all you Beau Brummels who glide on the boards of folly to hunt up your grandfather's, great grandfather's, or some other great body's snuff box. Of course you can have one made after your own design, but that is a dull business, and appears as if you did not possess an available ancestor. Find some dead worthy's receptacle for the golden dust, and your position will be assured. Perhaps you do not object to hunting for one on your trip abroad this summer. A few cheap ones were sold in London the other day. A Louis XVI, of gold, went for the modest sum of \$7,540; another of the same pattern, with green enamel, for \$2,782; one from the late Emperor of Brazil's collection, for \$2,604; and still another Louis Seize, for \$2,444. Too bad you missed the chance !

SKYLARKING AGAIN.

It is refreshing to think that among the innumerable fancies of fashion imported from foreign lands there is one, at least, on which our zeal for imitation will not be lavished. This is the incipient fad of assembling at dawn, out of doors, to drink coffee and hear the song of the lark.

As larks are not to be found on every bush in America, some early rising bird will have to be substituted by those who are rash enough to issue invitations for a "dawn party." It would be rare sport to witness such a company of enterprising faddists gathered together at the unearthly hour of 5 A. M. to await the pleasure of that whimsical and uncertain songster, the lark. But to all intending imitators who have thought of this as a novel form of entertainment for next spring, we would say "first catch your lark."

THE STAGE

"CHANGE ALLEY."

The play with which Sothern opened his present season is simply a beautiful series of stage pictures. Dropping one or two acts out of the five would not materially affect the unraveling of the plot, which is as slender as is usually the case with far different dramatic offerings—the musical comedies imported from England. Only once before during the ten years Mr. Sothern has been a star, and that on the occasion of the production of "The Victoria Cross" in 1894, have the critics quarreled with his choice of a play.

Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, who served us dainty "Rosemary" last year, are the authors of the new piece, and they have chosen for their setting practically the same period. Their mistake has been in using a very large piece of cloth out of which to cut an exceedingly small garment. And yet the cloth is so beautiful that at times one is inclined to forget that it simply goes to waste so far as utilitarian ends are concerned.

Mr. Sothern himself is kept almost constantly in the passive voice. Other people are always busily engaged in doing things for him. However, where so many pieces are written simply that stars may shine, we are not inclined to censure a dramatist for thinking of the play rather than of the player. There are, indeed, two especially pretty scenes in which Sothern has all his own old way—that of the attempted proposal in the second act, while Virginia Harned touches the harp, and that of the restoration of his fortune in the beautiful Dutch Garden at the close of the play.

"THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY" AND ITS "FAY."

There lives in London a certain good lady from the United States, Mrs. Ronalds, who is to the American colony there what Mrs. "Jack" Gardiner is to society at the Hub. Something less than three years ago she introduced at one of her afternoons a slip of a girl from Boston who recited. Among the guests was Charles Wyndham, then about to produce at his Criterion Theater "The Squire of Dames." After hearing Fay Davis, Mr. Wyndham went to his hostess and said: "That is just the girl I want for a certain part in my new play. I must have her."

Miss Davis was told of her good fortune, but exclaimed at once, "Oh, I can't! I am not ready to go on and play a rôle like that

yet." But she was finally persuaded, and as *Zoe Nuggetson*, the American girl (played here in the Drew company by Agnes Miller), she set all London talking. And yet she was quite unconscious of the hit she had made. Standing in the wings, on the first night, listening to the thunders of applause, she innocently remarked to Mr. Wyndham, by her side: "You must be very proud to have them want you out so much."

"It is not me they want, my child, but you," he replied.

Interest in the little maid from Boston town did not flag. The company was commanded to play before the queen at Osborne, and it is whispered that Pinero had Miss Davis in mind when he wrote "The Princess and the Butterfly." At any rate, he named the part she played after her—*Fay Zuliani*—and when the piece was produced at the St. James, last spring, she was called before the curtain five times.

This is the rôle Mary Mannering is to enact here, when this much discussed comedy is brought out at the Lyceum during the present month. It represents a girl of nineteen, who loves and is loved by the leading man, *Sir George*, who is forty five and wishes he wasn't. This was George Alexander's part, and is to be intrusted here to Mr. Hackett. The latter's engagement to Miss Mannering was announced at the close of last season, and it is quite appropriate that the two should have been doing the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" on tour. As stated last month, the *Princess Pannonia* will be Julie Opp, who in the London cast played *Mrs. Ware*, a lady of questionable reputation.

The reception of "The Princess and the Butterfly" by an American audience is awaited with interest. It is a drama, as one of the London reviewers observed last spring, that "may be looked upon as a daring experiment—one that only a dramatist of the first rank dare place before an audience." If this be so, why does Mr. Frohman assign the leading part to a man of Hackett's grade?

NEW PLAYS AT THE FIFTH AVENUE.

Henry C. Miner, who made money out of Eighth Avenue variety houses, and fame out of Duse and a brief Congressional career, decided last spring that he was tired of business and went abroad for a lengthy stay with his young wife, who was Annie O'Neill, erstwhile William H. Crane's leading woman.



MARY MANNERING.

From her latest photograph by Thors, San Francisco.



FAY DAVIS IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

Several tenants applied for the lease of his Fifth Avenue Theatre, but his price was a stiff one, and there was much dickering thereover until finally Edwin Knowles, a Brooklyn amusement caterer, secured the property and opened it September 4 with a brand new play, "A Southern Romance."

This is a very reprehensible piece of dramatic work in that it arouses in the beholder expectations that are not fulfilled. Leo Ditrichstein (the *Zou Zou* of "Trilby") helped to make it out of Dora Higbee's novel "In God's Country," and he plays the leading part, that of a French tramp who turns out to

be a nobleman in disguise. The critic of the *Sun* declared next morning that Mr. Ditrichstein spoiled everything because he could neither look nor act the rôle, while the *Tribune's* reviewer affirmed that "the acting of Leo Ditrichstein was the redeeming feature of the play." As a matter of fact, the theme itself is so miserably theatrical and untrue to life that it is no wonder spectators are confused in their estimates of the manner in which it is rendered.

Maud Haslam, who was for so long with "Too Much Johnson," is a particularly bright spot in the surrounding gloom, while

the leading woman, who falls in love at sight with the musical tramp, is made into as reasonable a being as possible by Katherine Grey, who was the original *Nell* in "Shore Acres," and has since been with Mansfield.

Mansfield, by the way, follows "A Southern Romance" at the Fifth Avenue, producing "The Devil's Disciple," a new play by G. Bernard Shaw, the English critic, whose

so I conceived the idea of giving a high screech at the climax, which proved to be just what it needed. It is a difficult song to render effectively, as it must be spoken almost entirely; and as I have a very good ear for music I found it hard to keep from singing. The high note must be off key to make it more ridiculous.

"I shouldn't care to sing the song for any



JOSEPHINE HALL.

From her latest photograph by Glines, Boston.

"Arms and the Man" stands forth as one of the best written dramas ever imported.

HOW "MARY JANE'S TOP NOTE" CAME ABOUT.

One of the most undeniable hits of "The Girl from Paris" is made by Josephine Hall in the character of *Ruth*, the English servant. Her "Mary Jane's Top Note" is an incident of the evening not soon to be forgotten. Miss Hall was asked to tell the readers of *MUNSEY'S* her first impression on studying the song, and in reply has given some facts which will be of interest, especially to those who have seen her in the part.

"I felt that it would not be a success," she says, "unless I did something out of the ordinary. The manner of the song indicates a high note, which was not given in London,

length of time, as it would injure my speaking voice; but I am very much pleased now that I did it, as it has turned out to be so popular."

Miss Hall is a member of Charles Frohman's forces, and is merely "loaned" to Mr. Rice for this production. Her portrait shows how much makeup it requires to turn her into the *Honeycomb* slavey.

THE AMERICAN "MERCIA."

The return to this country of "The Sign of the Cross" is doubtless a surprise to those who had knowledge of the poor attendance on the play during its presentation in New York last autumn. Much better business, however, was done on tour, and in Philadelphia the piece aroused intense interest. Wilson Barrett has recently revived it at the Lyric,

in London, where it ran for so many months. The original cast was kept almost intact, Maud Jeffreys being again the persecuted Christian maiden, *Mercia*, and the play appears to have entered on another lengthy run.

secured a small opening at Daly's, soon resigned, and then, without friends or influence, called one day on Wilson Barrett on the mere chance that he might want to engage her. She has not played in her own country since,



MAUD JEFFREYS.

From her latest photograph by Downey, London.

Perhaps if Miss Jeffreys were sent over at the head of the cast, this peculiar drama might be made to appeal more strongly to metropolitan critics. Charles Dalton, who takes Barrett's own part here, is all right, but Miss Jeffreys has certainly had an experience that should be worth "featuring," as the players term it. Born in Helena, Arkansas, she was "raised" in Mississippi and Tennessee, but went to England to be educated for the stage. Returning to this country, she

but in London her name ranks high in the list of favorite leading women.

A VERY YOUNG LEADING WOMAN.

Now that time has mellowed vindictive feelings, the "late unpleasantness" is proving a bonanza to the theaters. "Held by the Enemy," "Shenandoah," "The Heart of Maryland," "Secret Service"—all these names are synonymous with big monetary returns. "Cumberland, '61," is a new candidate for



FLORENCE ROCKWELL.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by George G. Rockwood, New York.



MARIE STUDHOLME OF THE "IN TOWN" COMPANY.

From her latest photograph by Downey, London.

honors in the same bloody field. Augustus Pitou is its financial sponsor, and it was written by Franklin Fyles, dramatic critic of the New York morning *Sun*, and co-author with David Belasco of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." We present a portrait of the leading lady in this production, Florence Rockwell, who has an especially interesting history, because of, rather than despite, the few years it covers.

She belongs to a good Southern family, but has always been firmly determined to become an actress. When she was twelve years old,

she presented herself to the stage manager of New York's Lyceum Theater, made him listen to her reading, and heard from his lips the welcome prophecy: "My dear, you have the true dramatic gift; keep at it, and you will make a great actress." The little girl did keep at it, and when only fifteen she was engaged to play such leading rôles as *Juliet* and *Ophelia* with the Thomas W. Keene company.

That this highly ambitious effort was something more than an experiment is proved by

the fact that Miss Rockwell retained the position for three years.

A MAN OUTSHINES THE GAIETY GIRLS.

If there are any Englishwomen who can sing, "In Town," the newest musical farce

Marie Studholme, who has absolutely nothing to do. She was here two years ago with "An Artist's Model," in which she played the leading part. The English know how to dance, and what little there is of this in "In Town" is good; but what would become of



CYRIL SCOTT IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

imported from their shores, gives no more evidence of the fact than its predecessors afforded. The piece was written some four or five years ago by two of the men who have since had a hand in "The Circus Girl," but these gentlemen have learned much in the interim, for "In Town" is both tedious and coarse, while "The Circus Girl" is vivacious and dainty.

"In Town" is supposed to show off the far famed Gaiety girls at their best, but about the only really pretty woman in the lot is

the show without W. Louis Bradfield is not difficult to guess. He was here with "A Gaiety Girl," and now, as a man about town, he works like a trooper in a variety of ways. Women like "In Town" better than men do. Mr. Bradfield is doubtless responsible for this—or is it the opportunity of seeing the latest thing in tight sleeves from London?

CYRIL SCOTT.

The revival of "The Circus Girl" at Daly's has proved highly profitable, and the arrival



LULU GLASER.

From her latest photograph by Rosser, Pittsburg.

of "In Town" at the Knickerbocker affords a splendid opportunity to contrast the work of an American and an English company doing practically the same line of business. Our own people have a more delicate touch; there is more of the drawing room and less of the stage door atmosphere in their methods.

This superior daintiness of treatment is capitally illustrated by Cyril Scott, who never blusters, even in his pantomime work, but always remains graceful in his motions and apparently at perfect ease. He has become a great favorite in his present environment, and many admirers will be glad to learn a few things about him. He was born in Ireland about thirty years ago, but came to this country when he was a mere child. His first appearance on the stage took place in August, 1883, at Paterson, New Jersey, when he figured in a play called "The Girl I Love; or, The Diamond Mystery." Later he went with E. H. Sothorn, and had parts in "Lord Chumley" and "The Maister of Woodbarrow." He joined Charles Frohman's forces in 1890, was seen in "Men and Women" and "The Lost Paradise" at Proctor's, and created the amusing young doctor in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the first piece at the Empire Theater, playing opposite to Edna Wallace. After he had enacted a horsey individual in "Sowing the Wind," he spent a year with De Wolf Hopper in "Dr. Syntax." The season before last, he was the lieutenant who captivated the girls in "The Heart of Maryland," and last winter he was seen in "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," and "My Friend from India."

Mr. Scott has an engaging personality, and is far more serious minded than the generality of his profession. Although he might easily rank high in the legitimate, he prefers the line of work he is at present doing, and he certainly excels in it. After the run of "The Circus Girl" he is to be *Dick Cunningham* in "The Geisha," the part formerly played by Herbert Gresham.

FRANCIS WILSON AND HIS LEADING WOMAN.

In these days, when the theater goer rushes madly after the new play and so soon tires of it, an actor must indeed have great faith in a play and just a suggestion of confidence in himself to attempt to float it for a second season. This is what Francis Wilson is doing. "Half a King" is again the vehicle of his fun making. Wilson would seem to believe that it is well to stay with a good thing when he finds it. If the size of his audiences in New York can safely be taken as an index of the second season's run, then it is evident that he has made no mistake.

The company, with one or two exceptions,

is the same. It has undoubtedly suffered in the loss of Christie MacDonald, but with Wilson and Lulu Glaser at the head, it could suffer many losses and still stand to win. Miss Glaser has all the exuberant vivacity that has always been a preëminently winning element in her acting. She is almost, if not quite, as great a favorite with the people as Wilson himself. Her work in "Half a King" has been particularly good—excellent, in fact. It would be difficult to imagine a more captivating *Pierrette*.

Miss Glaser has already signed with Wilson for the season of 1898-99. She has had many advantageous offers to star, but prefers to remain with the man who gave her the opportunity for a stage career, and under whose direction she has developed into the first rate artist she is.

Miss Glaser is a thoroughly conscientious worker. She realizes that the true artist must have a wider knowledge than that which pertains strictly to the technique of the stage, and is accordingly giving many hours to study and reading. This means a broader culture, and a broader culture means even better work, more subtle work, work with a finer feeling and a finer finish.

MAUDE ADAMS AS A STAR.

The stage version of "The Little Minister" is a pretty love story. Mr. Barrie has valiantly drawn—or rather redrawn—and quartered his own novel in the interests of the playgoer—and Maude Adams' signal and unequivocal success as a star is the result. Whether the same verdict would be rendered with any other *Babbie* in the bills we shall know when the piece is presented in England. Enough for us that "The Little Minister" keeps Miss Adams on the stage almost constantly and permits her to display a wide range of her captivating arts. She has always been exceedingly winning in her work through the sheer magnetism of her personality. Her smile, her voice, her carriage, her womanly ways and never failing grace of manner—all these have been appreciated at their true worth during her five years' association with the Drew company, and now she adds to these in "The Little Minister" a versatility of resource that had no opportunity to manifest itself in the drawing room repertoire to which she was confined. Her *Babbie* is a thoroughly delightful creation.

She wins you at the very start by her elfin-like coquetry in the wood, where, masquerading as the gipsy, she meets the little minister and cajoles him into giving the signal with the horn, and the chains that bind you a willing slave to her charm are riveted fast long

before the tea drinking scene at the cottage is over. Her clear, distinct enunciation falls almost like music on the ear, and her quick assumption and as speedy dropping of a brogue are managed with a cleverness as happy as the swift transformations of her countenance, when, for an instant, she takes the audience into her confidence in the frolic the key to the secret stairway has opened to her. The rôle is an arduous one, but the energy of the player never flags. And her reward is a hit which may keep John Drew himself out of the Empire for a more or less lengthy period.

Charles Frohman has given Miss Adams an admirable supporting company. Robert Edeson plays with a trifle too much vehemence in the name part, but he looks the rôle, and there is no reason why he should not readily work into its requirements. He was the American who mixed the cocktail so gracefully in "Thoroughbred" two seasons ago, and last summer replaced Faversham in "Under the Red Robe," which had introduced him as the lieutenant. William H. Thompson, who was so excellent in "The Fatal Card" as the forger who loves his child, shows his versatility by losing himself in the part of *Thomas Whamond*, the chief elder.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL AND THE METROPOLIS.

There are many Russells in the business of entertaining the public, but Sol Smith stands alone—the founder of a school in which no pupil is likely to equal the master. For Mr. Russell's art lies wholly within his personality; it is innate, and consequently cannot be acquired. But this does not make the man any less the actor. It is not himself that he shows us on the stage; but his conception of the author's fancy is so colored by his peculiar intonation of voice and expression of countenance that it is an absurdity to think of his having an understudy, to say nothing of a successor.

Mr. Russell is immensely popular on the road, but New York has always looked askance at him. Following his brilliant engagement in Chicago during the World's Fair summer, he undertook to play a hundred nights at Daly's in the fall of 1893. The season was disastrous, and Mr. Russell kept away from the metropolis until the present autumn, when he came to the Garden Theater with a new play by a popular writer, with an exceedingly strong company, and with Charles Frohman as sponsor—and conquered.

Martha Morton need not take credit to herself for this, as "A Bachelor's Romance" is by no means so entertaining as "A Poor

Relation." As to the company, Annie Russell is past mistress in the art of love making, Blanche Walsh looks the regal dame to perfection, and William Sampson—who last year was the inimitable Chinaman in "The Geisha"—makes a veritable classic of the broken down secretary; but even Mr. Frohman's liberality in the matter of the cast cannot be set down as the cause of the change, for the chief enjoyment of the audience appears at all times to be derived from Mr. Russell's own delineation. And certainly the critics have been no kinder. How, then, account for the crowded houses?

There seems to be but one answer to the question. The metropolis is proverbially slow in making up its mind to accept an innovation. Many smaller cities were lighted by electricity before New York's chief streets gave up gas, and she is the only great American community that still tolerates the obsolete horse car. But patience has its perfect work, and as Sol Smith Russell is worth waiting for, so he will find New York a generous patron when once she decides to open her heart.

"A COAT OF MANY COLORS."

Mrs. Ryley's new play is a difficult one to weigh. She just misses so many opportunities for good situations that one is inclined to lose interest in the whole fabric, when presto, she slips in a pretty little scene, so deftly handled, and with its sentiments so prettily expressed, that resentment is swallowed up in admiration. But the critic should not permit himself to be blinded to many defects by a few spots of brilliance, and it is here regretfully recorded that "A Coat of Many Colors" has by no means struck the high average of "Christopher, Jr.," and "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle." Nevertheless, the author has succeeded admirably in one portion of her task—that of suiting parts to the twin stars—Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon. Mr. Kelcey is ill adapted to depict jauntiness and dash, and his rather heavy method is just what is needed for the methodical old bachelor whose aversion to women has earned him the sobriquet of "Joseph." Miss Shannon, who looks pretty even in the linen duster worn on her entrance, makes a most engaging woman of business, with all the charm of womanliness and none of the grating elements of trade.

William J. Le Moyné, as Kelcey's father, with a penchant for sweethearts and for quoting poetry which he can never remember, gives a well conceived portrayal, but Burr McIntosh is quite thrown away on the rôle of an Englishman. With his numerous inches and reverberating bass he requires

more of the center of the stage than he can possibly get in a part that could easily be cut out, along with that of the silly youth who becomes so lost in reading a guide book that he forgets to be polite.

THE ANTIDOTE TO "FAUNTLEROY."

Following Willard at Wallack's comes Julia Arthur, opening November 1 in a play that will undoubtedly give rise to much comment—"A Lady of Quality." It has been said that Mrs. Burnett wrote the story as a sort of *tour de force*, determined to achieve renown for something besides the sentimentality of "Fauntleroy." In a certain sense, she has undoubtedly succeeded. The fame of her *Clorinda*, who swears on occasion, and finally kills a man with her riding whip, has gone forth to dispute possession of the earth with little *Cedric's* naïveté and innocence.

When Julia Arthur was in England last year, playing with the Irving company, one of her relatives wrote her about "A Lady of Quality." "You should read it," she said. "The heroine has your black eyes and raven hair. She reminds me constantly of you."

Now Miss Arthur is exceedingly quiet and gentle in her manner, as far removed as possible in disposition from the vehement *Clorinda*; and yet, when she had read the story, she wrote to her brother, who was planning her starring venture for the present season: "I wish I might play in a dramatization of 'A Lady of Quality.'" Mr. Arthur Lewis thereupon took steps to gratify his sister's wish, but discovered that there were already two Richmonds in the field—Olga Nethersole and Miss Eleanor Calhoun. The story of the quarrel between the Frohmans and Mrs. Burnett over the respective adaptability of these actresses to the name part has already been told in this place. Mr. Lewis kept his eye on the play through it all; and when this suddenly came into the open market, he made an offer for it in his sister's behalf, and the bargain was closed. Miss Arthur had never met Mrs. Burnett till she came to New York last summer to rehearse the piece, nor had she ever read any other of her books.

"I suppose the critics will have much to say about the episode of the murder," remarked Miss Arthur, in chatting over the coming ordeal of the first night. "But it must be remembered that it is not an intentional slaying; then, *Clorinda's* hiding of the body is instigated not by cowardice, but by the deep love she has for *Osmonde*, which prompts her to spare him pain."

THAT CHINESE FETISH.

The theatrical world of the metropolis was stirred to its depths this autumn, all because

of a little play that took not an hour in the acting. The manager of the music hall where it was produced was arrested, warrants were issued for other managers in no way interested in this particular piece, while the head and front of the one and only theater trust breathed war from every pore of his sturdy little frame. But war anent "The Cat and the Cherub" will be a matter of history when these lines are read, so the details need not be here rehearsed.

As to the play itself, novelty is its only excuse for being. The Chinese, we are told, have not yet had their just due on the stage. Neither, for the matter of that, have the Hot-tentots nor the aborigines of Australia. But the admirers of such a piece of revolting realism as "The Cat and the Cherub" belong to a class that is continually posing. In their eyes, our own civilization is vulgar, because it is easily apprehended; let the kidnapping and the murders which constitute "The Cat and the Cherub" be done on the stage with white face instead of yellow, and it would be shunned by the elect as melodrama fit only for the Bowery. As a matter of fact, the Bowery wouldn't have it; the piece is too deadly dull, its speeches are tedious, and the machinery used in its construction keeps constantly bursting forth from the swaddling clothes in which its adolescent author has endeavored to conceal it.

But let him enjoy his little hour of triumph. Novelty carries its own knell of doom, and soon his Chinese pagoda of glory must come tumbling about his ears, overset in the mad rush for a later fad.

A TRIO OF FUNNY PLAYS.

The man who writes an actable farce without using the incident of mistaken identity, may be deserving of honorable mention for having accomplished a *tour de force*, but ten to one his play will not win so many laughs as if built on the old lines. In truth, it is about time the public rang the bell on the critics who keep harping on that old theme of one play's resemblance to another, when they ought to know, if anybody should, that it is easier to juggle jokes out of familiar quantities than unknown ones. All of which is prefatory to recording the success of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," "A Bachelor's Honey-moon," and "A Stranger in New York," in each of which mistaken or concealed identity plays a more or less prominent part.

"The Wrong Mr. Wright" is by George Broadhurst, whose "What Happened to Jones" is as happy in drawing power as it is in title, and serves as the vehicle for Roland Reed's skilful delineation of the matter of fact American man of business whose long

buried vein of romance crops up again, at an awkward crisis. "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" is by John Stapleton—a new name in farce-dom; but his work is one continuous laugh. Among its interpreters are two adepts in the line, M. A. Kennedy and Max Figman, and a third well known player, W. J. Ferguson, who, in stepping into a new field, has won more laurels than any of them.

"A Stranger in New York" is Hoyt's latest "attempt," as he modestly terms it, to be introduced to the metropolis after being "tried on dogs" here and there throughout the land. Mr. Hoyt's cleverness at devising unhappy situations is in ample evidence, and the two Harrys on his staff of players—Conor and Gilfoil—have many funny things to do which could not possibly be better done.

It is now well known that Mr. Hoyt thinks there is luck in beginning the title of all his plays with the letter "A." He must have the same superstition in regard to three acts—or is it simply to afford Sadie Martinot an opportunity to change her gown that he has avoided compressing his "Stranger" into two? The "business" of the last act goes right on where the middle one leaves off.

It must be added that both "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" and "A Stranger in New York" contain passages which hover dangerously near the wrong side of the border line of propriety, and the elimination of which would add to the comfort of the ladies in the audience without subtracting from the enjoyment of the men. If the latter want this sort of thing they know where it is to be found. Certainly they do not look for it at Hoyt's or the Garrick.

"THE FRENCH MAID."

Rice's successor to "The Girl from Paris" is somewhat of an anomaly in the musical comedy line. It is overburdened with plot instead of being short in that commodity. But to offset this, there is some good music, several cleverly worded songs, and a cast that, with two exceptions, could not easily be improved upon. Charles Bigelow, who was the erring husband in "The Girl from Paris," is a waiter this time, and if any one was to be starred in the piece it would not take a second vote of the audience to determine on the person. His limberness of body was never before put in evidence against so fitting a background, and if an actor's various creations could be hung in a picture gallery according to their merit, Bigelow's *Charles Brown* would be right on the line opposite the entrance way. Will Armstrong, also transferred from "The French Maid's" predecessor at the Herald Square, in which he was *Tom Everleigh*, makes a particularly

manly lieutenant with a good voice, and another winner among the men is Hallen Mostyn as a young sailor, bluff and hearty of mien. Marguerite Sylva, in the title part, is so much more like Clara Lipman in "The Girl from Paris" than like herself in "A Round of Pleasure" that she made an unexpectedly pleasing impression.

Mr. Rice still thinks it necessary to feature on the house bills the length of time the play has run in London. It is to be noted, however, that among the most popular numbers in the score are four interpolations, two of them by the Columbia College men, MacGregor and Powers, who furnished the music and lyrics respectively to the amateur production of "Cleopatra" last spring.

In connection with our notice of Sol Smith Russell's appearance in "A Bachelor's Romance," we may add that John Hare produced the play at the Royal Theater, Edinburgh, on September 10, and secured for it a favorable reception. His own rôle, of course, was that played here by Russell, while his son Gilbert won praise for his impersonation of the old secretary. The *Sylvia* was an American—Nanette Comstock, wife of Frank Burbeck, of "A Southern Romance."

* * * *

It's a small thing, but in these days of much boasting about perfect mounting of plays, it is not too small to escape the notice of a closely observant spectator. We refer to the unvarying emptiness of the property valise. No matter whether the traveler be bound for the Klondike or for Trenton, his satchel has that jaunty swing which betrays the dearth of contents as surely as any Röntgen rays.

* * * *

Now that the obstructing theater hat has been practically subdued, unreasonable prices for seats should be attacked with equal persistence. The rates charged at certain houses in New York are unreasonable, because they are inconsistent. One may occupy a first class seat in a beautiful theater and see a good comic opera—than which there are few things so expensive to mount—with a well known star heading the cast, at a cost of \$1.50, while a similar seat in a box of a house on a side street, where the play is a farce employing perhaps eight or ten people, and one set of scenery, will be taxed \$2.

It is all wrong that the prices should be made to fit the house and not the piece. In Germany just the reverse is the rule. The theaters there have a graduated scale of charges, varying with the nights on which grand opera, serious drama, and comedy are respectively produced.

STORIETTES

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

SHE was young and pretty, and she wore her clothes and carried her small self with a grace she had inherited from a French great grandmother, together with her dimples and the droop of the long, curled lashes over her velvet brown eyes. He was young and tall and handsome, and had about him a certain winning air of cheer and confidence, as if life looked well to him. She usually went from her dinner back to the business college where she was studying shorthand at precisely the same hour that he left his office for lunch. They encountered each other at the same corner of the same street almost every day. Hence they soon began to recognize and look for each other.

It is useless to say that a "nice" girl would not have done such a thing. The girls will tell you so, to a woman, with convincing fervor, whenever the subject is discussed before male hearers—and whenever they find it convenient and agreeable, they will do it.

She was thoroughly "nice," but she came from a little country village, where everybody knew everybody else, and the girls flirted with the candor born of a consciousness that they were not likely to be misjudged. She was no flirt. She was a little startled when first she saw the recognition and admiration in his eyes as they met hers—but the sight was not altogether unpleasing to her.

The plain girl who generally walked to school with her rallied her openly and a little enviously on her "conquest." The others took up the fun, and the chatter about it filled some of the spaces between the talk of speed tests and examinations and "grades," and who had passed and who had failed, which made up the staple of conversation at table in the students' boarding house. What he said, if anything, she of course had no means of knowing.

The days went on. She was working very hard as her "finals" drew near. So much depended on her record at the college, and the first place it might obtain for her. There was little money at home, and many calls upon it. She was eager to be supporting herself—helping the others. For all her brave outward brightness, she felt tired and anxious and alone. The look of instant recognition in the friendly blue eyes and strong and handsome face, so regularly met

among the passing crowd of strangers, came like a daily cordial to her.

He was evidently prosperous. His dress bore the stamp of a smartness beyond her appreciation, and through the bleak autumn weather a fresh flower bloomed daily in his buttonhole. It was his flowers, indeed, that had first led her to notice him. She had been long enough in the city to miss her garden, and to linger at florists' windows for glimpses of unattainable luxuries.

Presently the glance of mutual recognition became a smile of greeting—the smile grew into a bow. She fluttered doubtfully at this advance, but the plain girl beside her pressed her arm, and, ashamed not to seem equal to the occasion before her city friend, she bowed in reply. Then one day it happened that the violets he wore fell from his buttonhole to the pavement, and he, neither knowing nor caring about their fall, trod upon them. But she, true flower lover that she was, had made a quick, instinctive movement to save them before she remembered and stopped. filled with shame at his swiftly comprehending glance.

When they met the next day she was alone, and in his hand he carried a great fragrant bunch of violets. The usual greeting smile and bow, and *then*—oh, joy! Oh, terror!—the flowers were for her—they were being offered to her, accepted by her, to her surprise at her own misconduct, in the midst of her delight; and then the two were passing in their opposite directions with the noonday crowds again.

The stern realities of life had gone on with the days. She had just graduated. Talk at the boarding house table had for some time turned more anxiously on the possibilities and probabilities of finding situations than on even the passing of speed tests. She had already answered an advertisement for a position.

The firm of Smith & Bronson, real estate agents, had advertised for a stenographer. They required a young woman who was neat and accurate in her work, and rapid in taking notes and transcribing letters; who had a fair education and a ladylike manner, dressed well, but not showily, was punctual, patient, and willing, did not object to working over hours, and never talked about office affairs outside. For this they were willing to pay seven dollars a week. They were, of course, fairly snowed under by applications for the place.

Out of the avalanche of letters a chosen few were submitted to the junior partner, who was practically the firm. From them he selected two which gave the best references, and also pleased him most in style and penmanship. The writers were invited to call in person at appointed hours.

The one who wrote the best letter and had the highest recommendations from the business college at which both had just graduated was Miss Mary Lamont. The hopes and fears with which she had written and rewritten her letter of application were more than could be told. To her it was a most important matter. The money that had been raised with such difficulty to give her a business education was nearly spent. No more could be spared. If she failed in finding a place at once she must go back to the bare little village, grim in its winter snows, to depend on the chance of the college remembering her among its long list of graduates and applicants for positions. She would be loved and welcomed at home, but none the less she would feel herself a failure and know herself a burden.

She was punctual to a minute at the appointment. Mr. Bronson was not quite so prompt. She waited in the outer office for some time before he came breezily in, with a cigar in his mouth. She had risen at the friendly office boy's whispered "There's the boss to see yer!" and stood clutching her letter of recommendation from the business college as the proverbial drowning man clutches at his straw. Against her utmost will, tears of sheer nervousness trembled in her eyes. So much seemed staked upon what this stranger might happen to think of her!

Then she saw that he was no stranger, and a new shyness touched her face, while sudden hope—even confidence—lifted her heart. He recognized her as instantly. His frank eyes clouded in vexation at sight of the pretty, brightening face, its prettiness so well set off by the cheap black fur of the fluffy boa that framed it, and the bunch of violets nestled under the curved pink chin.

Without taking the cigar from his lips, he brushed past her with a short assurance of attending to her in a moment. Mary sank back into her chair to wait again. She quite pitied him, because business cares were so evidently troubling him.

"Great Scott! if Miss Lamont doesn't turn out to be my little mash of State Street!" he was just then saying disgustedly to the head clerk in the inner office. "Now we'll have all the confounded bother of winnowing applications to go through with again—or no; there was another girl about as good; I'll take her."

"But why?" questioned the head clerk, using the freedom of old acquaintance. "Miss Lamont's references are excellent. The college said she needed the place, and was unusually well qualified for it; and she looks—a lady."

"References be hanged! Do I want a girl in my office that flirts with me on the streets?"

The other man smiled. "Well, are *you* just the one to send her packing for that?" queried he.

"Don't talk like a new woman—or a new man, which is worse. Business is business, and I don't care to mix drinks. Nice discipline I could keep in the office if I went in for fetching violets to my typewriter! Besides, I won't have any one about the place that my wife oughtn't to meet when she happens in. If I should run across little Brownies again outside, why, of course—" A laugh finished the sentence. "But just now you must get rid of her. She looked fit to cry when she saw me, and I never could stand a crying woman."

A little later the head clerk very politely informed Miss Lamont that the firm would not require her services. She took him for the senior partner, and felt sure his unknown objections to her had borne down Mr. Bronson's championship. Therefore, she not unnaturally held a grudge against him nearly as long as she cherished a certain bunch of withered violets.

Genevieve Lel Hawley.

A TALE OF BLOOMERS.

PHYLLIS, Maude, and I all took to the wheel at about the same time, and for weeks our tiny apartment echoed with the sounds of battle over the dress question.

Maude, the emancipated, declared that skirts were an abomination, and that bloomers were the only things for a sensible woman to wear when wheeling. Phyllis and I raised our hands in holy horror, and cried "Bloomers!" in tones of disgust, but Maude persisted in "blooming," and departed to order her suit and buy herself a diamond frame wheel.

"Long skirts and high boots are the most rational and ladylike clothes, and I am not going to ride with Maude if she persists in wearing bloomers," I said decidedly. "You and Maude are small, but I am a bean pole and don't intend to make a guy of myself."

"But high boots, Jim!" Phyllis exclaimed. "So warm and uncomfortable! And they bind one's ankles so if they are laced at all close, and if they aren't close they wrinkle. I'd rather they'd hurt than wrinkle, but since they *will* do one or the other, I shall not wear boots at all. My costume will be not

very full bloomers—more like a man's, you know—under a short skirt, with golf stockings and low shoes. A long skirt is terribly in the way, and bloomers without a skirt are horrid. I don't see how Maude can wear them."

When we started out on our first ride, you might pay your money and take your choice. I looked the acme of respectability, Phyllis very graceful and pretty, and Maude—well, we couldn't approve of her exactly, although she was a "peach," as young Dick Bragdon, who lived next door, was overheard to say. We were satisfied to let her skim along ahead; and when we stopped we "sort of grouped ourselves," as Phyllis explained it, so that Maude would not stand forth conspicuously in the foreground.

I, tall, dignified, and fair, should have been called Maude, instead of having my name, Mary Jamesone, corrupted into "Jim." That boyish appellation would have suited Maude, who was petite, independent, and dark, to perfection. As for Phyllis, her name was appropriate. When she assumed her womanly air, and made eyes demurely at her numerous admirers, she was "Phyllis fayre," but when, after an attack of fever, she came back to us with a crop of short brown curls and an effervescent flow of good spirits, she was our boy, our "Phyl." As the summer wore on, she grew more like a boy than ever, with her tanned cheeks and freckled nose. I wrote stories for children, Phyllis illustrated them, while Maude was the "bloated bondholder" of the crowd, painting when she felt inspired, and "doing nothing and signing checks," Phyl declared, when art failed to satisfy.

Phyllis was printing pictures out on the fire escape one day, and Dick Bragdon brought up a fallen printing frame.

"My brother's coming home next week," I heard him say. "He's got a wheel just like Miss Julian's. Been all over Europe on it, too. He's bringing home some pictures. I'll bring them over if you want to see them. Say, that one you've got of Billie Jones and me is pretty good, isn't it?"

"Eliot Bragdon is coming home from Europe next week," Maude informed us at dinner. "I met Mrs. Bragdon at the library, and then came up town with Kitty Hollister. He is a great catch, it seems. 'Family, money, everything!' Kit said. 'And such manners!' She raved over him. Phyl, you'd better set your cap."

Phyl's lip curled in scorn. "I don't want him. Dick is devoted enough for one family. I think he would wed me instantly, in spite of the wide difference in our ages, if I had blond hair like Jim's and could make

century runs as easily as you do. Set your cap for Eliot yourself. He has a wheel like yours, Dick says, and nowadays the way to a man's heart is through his wheel."

Eliot Bragdon came, and Maude and I assisted at his reception, but Phyllis couldn't go, and was out when he called upon us. Maude talked wheels and art to him, and I talked literature and wheels, but we seemed to make very little impression; and even Kitty Hollister, who became unusually neighborly with us suddenly, did not receive much more attention. Phyl went her way, never happening to meet Mr. Bragdon, and not seeming to care.

"Do you want to take a spin out to Riverside and back?" inquired Phyl, one afternoon.

"Can't possibly," I replied. "This gown must be made lovely for the affair at the Bragdons' this evening. And I should think that you would want to stay at home and be comfortable instead of getting all roasted and freckled and burned on that wheel. You'll look like a beet tonight, in white. What kind of an impression do you expect to make on his majesty?"

Phyllis closed the door emphatically, and went.

An hour or so later, a despairing figure rose up from the wayside, firmly clutching the garments at her waist, and almost flung herself in the path of Phyl's wheel as she spun along. It was Maude.

"Oh, Phyl!" she cried. "I'm so glad you've come! Do look at this!" and she displayed an appalling rent in her costume.

"However did you do it?" Phyllis gasped between fits of laughter.

"A combination of beautiful meadow lilies, a cow, and a barbed wire fence—mostly the latter. Kitty Hollister is with me, and she has gone on to the next house to see if she can borrow a skirt or something. I've been sitting here for the last hour, it seems to me."

"Can't you pin them up?" queried Phyl.

"Pin them up! Look at them! Oh, here's Kit!"

"Maude, it's no use. Only an old man lives in that house, and he's so deaf I can't make him hear a word," Miss Hollister reported.

Maude was on the verge of tears.

"I can't stay here all night!" she said, and then, "Oh, Phyl, let me have your skirt!"

Poor Phyllis looked at her in blank dismay.

"Oh, *do!* That's a dear! I'll take your wheel, and Kitty and I will take the train home. You ride my wheel in. Really, you look all right without your skirt—doesn't she, Kit!" Maude urged.

"I'd lend you mine," Kitty said, "if my bloomers and skirt weren't made in one piece."

Phyllis hesitated no longer, and the transfer was made in a second.

"Phyl, you look exactly like a boy," Maude cried. "Change caps with me. There! No one would ever imagine you weren't one of Dick Bragdon's little playmates."

"Thank goodness!" Phyllis sighed. "I'm glad my appearance is satisfactory. I *feel* like a freak. If I meet any one I know, I shall *die*! Please have me laid out in skirts;" and shaking off Maude's embrace, she jumped upon the wheel and was off.

"Phyl! Phyl!" Maude shrieked, but Phyl never turned her head. "Wearing bloomers is my limit," she thought, "and whatever she wants now she can wait for."

"Hi, little chap!" a voice called, as a young man—and such a fine looking, athletic young man, too—wheeled up to her side. "Isn't this your tool case? A young lady was calling you to come back for it. You're a scorcher!"

Poor Phyl's cheeks burned, and she was at a loss for a moment what to do. Then a bold resolve, prompted by the young man's first words, formed itself in her mind.

"Oh, thank you," she said, dismounting. "It is mine."

Was her voice boyish enough, she wondered, and wasn't that fellow ever going on?

"Your front tire needs some air," he remarked. "Perhaps the valve is loose. That's it! There! I guess you're fixed. Are you going my way?"

"Idiot!" thought the "little chap." "As if I *could* go any other way without turning around and going back!" Then she took a good look at him. "Eliot Bragdon, of all people in the world! Oh, Maude, how could you!" and Phyllis turned so pale that Bragdon jumped to her side in alarm.

"What is it, my boy? You're not faint, I hope? Ridden too far?"

"No, I'm all right," rather roughly. "Let's go along."

"Has Maude got home?" demanded Phyllis, bursting into my room and casting herself tragically upon my bed.

"Not yet," I replied. "Why, Phyllis Carleton! where's your skirt?"

"Maude has it. The old wretch! I'd like to eat her and him and everybody! Oh, I'm so mad!"

"You needn't commence your meal on me," I said. "What is the matter? And while you're telling me, you might take your dusty feet off my pillows."

Thus admonished, Phyllis sat up and related to me her woes as I have written them,

winding up in a better mood than the one in which she began, as the real humor of the situation struck her.

"He really thought I was a boy, you know, and he talked about the Wild West show, and baseball, and said he'd like to have me come over and meet his brother, who was about my age, and he'd show me some pictures he had of the Cambridge and Oxford crews and cricket teams. He asked me my name, and I told him 'Phil Julian.' I ought to have said 'Sapphira.' He asked me if I was Maude's brother, and I said, 'No, not her brother,' as if I was some near relation. Then he asked me where I had kept myself that he hadn't seen me before, though I lived so near, and I said I had just come in from the country, and *that* is true, Jim. Didn't I come in from Beverly on Monday? And, furthermore, I'd rather die a thousand deaths than go over there this evening, so you can make my excuses to Mrs. Bragdon and I'll stay at home. I don't want any dinner, and Maude needn't come near me!"

"Did you like him?" I asked, as Phyl was going. "Didn't you think him interesting?"

"Interesting enough!" Phyl snapped. She was fast getting cross again.

When Eliot Bragdon mentioned at dinner the "cute little chap" with whom he had been riding, and discovered that his companion and Miss Phyllis Carleton, of whom he had heard a good deal, were one and the same, he bore the laughter of the family with ill concealed irritation, and threatened to "settle" Dick if he ever dared to mention the subject.

After Maude and I had gone to the Bragdon's that evening, Phyllis received by messenger an enormous box.

"Oh, roses!" she exclaimed. "How simply gorgeous! Who could have sent them?"

A card in the box informed her.

To the nicest boy I know, with humblest apologies for any annoyance caused.

ELIOT MACRAE BRAGDON.

"He's so nice, I almost wish I'd gone," soliloquized Phyllis. "And he is ever so much handsomer than his pictures. Why, are they home so soon?" she went on, as she heard a key turn in the hall door; and rising, she stood face to face with Eliot Bragdon himself.

"Pardon me," he said. "Miss Julian sent me for her music."

"The situation was a bit awkward," Phyl said afterward, "but I told him who I was, and thanked him for the roses, and then we talked."

"What hid *he* say?" we asked, but Phyllis was noncommittal.

"Oh, I don't remember. Anyhow, I came back with him, didn't I?"

Maude has given up bloomers. "They are treacherous things," she says.

Rowena A. Ladd.

LETITIA.

LETITIA came home from the Adirondacks with a trunkful of mussed gowns, a large supply of white birch bark, two balsam pillows, and a broken heart.

That, at any rate, was what she told Felix Chase when he called to see her. She never hesitated to tell Felix Chase anything, however trivial, however vital and momentous. She had the trustful familiarity of their long friendship.

"One of the balsam pillows is for you," she said.

"I am more interested in your shattered heart," he answered. "Who shattered it?"

He could never be sure that Letitia was in earnest; and on the other hand he could never be sure that she was not. He looked at her now with an anxiety but ill concealed.

"A man," said Letitia. "A man, of course."

"Young?"

"Young?" said Letitia, with a dreamy gaze. "I don't know. Such a man could never be old. At least, he would always be fascinating," she added reflectively.

"Good looking?"

"I never considered it. I think he was plain. When a plain man is attractive, he is irresistible," said Letitia. Felix Chase was not plain.

"Well, what else?"

"He had a poetic soul," said Letitia. "Poetic and artistic. He had a nature above the common things of life, the sordid things. Not that he vaunted it, but it impressed you."

Felix Chase was superintendent and part owner of a woolen mill, and enjoyed making money. "Ah," he said.

"He had a subtle mind. You have gauged most men's depth when you have talked with them half an hour," said Letitia sweepingly. "I could not sound him. He was refreshing and stimulating, besides. What he said always had point and significance. He said once that nothing of importance had happened in the world since Pyrrho gave it his system of philosophy, and that to all intents and purposes it might therefore as well have ceased its existence twenty two hundred years ago. There!"

"Cheerful and encouraging," said Felix.

"It was the quality of his mind that I admired most," said Letitia, "but I almost think I might have been in love with him without that. He had a delicate reserve, and he had

dignity always. He was beautifully considerate; he was polished——"

"You could have said it all in two or three words," said Felix, flinging one leg over the other, and flinging it back. "He was a piece of double distilled perfection."

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you marry him?"

"He did not ask me," said Letitia. "He walked and talked with me; he danced with me at all the hops, and with almost nobody else. He picked flowers for me, and pine needles. He took me driving, and sent to the city for books for me, and candy, and roses, even. And after all that, he did not offer himself. It is unkind in you to ask me why I do not marry him, but that is one reason."

She raised to him a pathetic gaze. Felix Chase stared at her moodily. For aught he knew she might be in deadly earnest. There was blank amazement in his eyes, too; there was incredulity. He himself had asked her several times to marry him. Did the man live who, knowing her, could resist her?

"Who is he?" he asked. "What is his name?"

"Atterbury," said Letitia, dwelling pensively on all the syllables.

"Not Lucian?" said Felix.

Letitia nodded. "Do you know him?"

"I knew him," said Felix. He opened his mouth twice, but he said no more.

"Well?" said Letitia.

Felix Chase answered nothing.

"What do you know about him?" Letitia demanded.

"Well—for one thing, he has a wife."

"Oh!" said Letitia, in a long note with a fall at the end. A little color reddened her cheeks. She inquired, after a silence, "Where is she?"

"At home with her father. It's the opinion of those who know that there is no doubt of her being able to obtain a legal separation."

"Oh!" said Letitia again faintly. She clasped her hands around her knees, and she let the silence lengthen.

"It accounts for some of his delicate reserve," Felix Chase remarked. He rose.

"Sit down," said Letitia. She pulled a sofa cushion higher, and sank into it. The pensiveness of her expression merged by degrees into unclouded cheerfulness. She turned upon him a ruminating smile. "If that is what he was," she said, "if he wasn't the person I thought he was, at all—why, then I couldn't have been in love with him."

"I don't see that in the least," Felix answered stiffly.

"And if I wasn't in love with him, with

whom am I in love? I must be in love with somebody," argued Letitia serenely.

Felix looked, frowning, at the ceiling.

"I must be," Letitia declared, "in love with somebody entirely different; as different as possible."

"I fail to see any force or logic in that," said Felix.

"It's plain enough. I could prove it," said Letitia, "if I had time. I must be fond of somebody that hasn't his qualities in the least. If he was brilliant, I must like somebody that isn't—not so very. He was dignified and reserved, and I must be in love with some man that hasn't much dignity, and gets confidential when he's feeling good, and tells all he knows. Somebody that isn't plain at all, but good looking. And who isn't polite always, but rather blunt when he wants to be. Somebody," said Letitia, "that is not poetic—that can't be hired to read poetry; and is matter of fact, and hard headed, and—and—perhaps—remotely connected with the manufacture of woolen—"

But Felix Chase met her eyes unsmilingly.

"Don't trifle with me, Letitia," he said.

"Do you think it is a thing to joke about? I have asked you more than once to be my wife—"

"Three times," said Letitia.

"And I shall not ask you again. What would be the use?" There was a tremor in his voice. He rose again, and looked around for his hat, blindly.

Letitia rose, too. She laid her hand on his arm, and the smile she lifted to him was suddenly vivid and tender, and a valiant confession of unsuspected things.

"Then," she said, "Felix—I shall have to ask you!"

Emma A. Oppen.

NO MESSENGER NEEDED.

ENGAGED! Going to be married! No more bachelor quarters and stag dinners. Such was Townsend's condition. He was sitting in his apartments, speculating as to the future. It was hard for him to realize that in eight weeks his life had been completely revolutionized. Townsend the club-man was no more; he was Townsend the attendant upon art exhibits, the frequenter of musicales, and the promoter of charity; and one woman had brought about this change.

It was hard for him to believe it, and when he came to think it over it seemed a little dangerous to get so completely wrapped up in one person, even if he was engaged to her. Of course she wouldn't jilt him, but somehow his situation seemed rather—oh!—uncertain. He glanced about the room and saw his friends' pictures: his college chums—some of

them now in the city; his club friends who had been his companions for six years. These men, until two months before, had been all that was necessary to make his life pleasant; but now they had been displaced by the girl whose picture stood on the mantel. One friend for thirty friends; would the exchange be one that he would ever regret?

He, the blasé Townsend, the man who had thought rather lightly of his friends when they had fallen in love, was doing just what they had done; but was it love? He was sure he admired her greatly, but then he wasn't alone in this; all the men of his set admitted that she was interesting, and it made him feel rather queer to think that she was interesting to some of them.

Townsend's introspection didn't seem to substantiate his passion. His two months' devotion reacted upon him. He saw clearly what a foolish move he had made, and realized that he would fain retract. There was only one thing to do; he must tell her, and ask to be released from his engagement. A cold shudder came over him with the thought. How could he endure the look of sad reproach that would come into her eyes? There was only one alternative: he would write his explanation. Somehow everything he wrote looked so cold, and sounded as if it had fallen from the lips of a man in great anger; and he wasn't angry with her, but with himself. The note had to be written, and last he succeeded in composing one that sounded a little better than a death sentence. He sealed it, summoned a messenger, and started it with the injunction that there would be no reply.

He mechanically went to the mantel, and turned her picture over. The thought of the pain his note would give her made him wince. She would cry, perhaps; no, she wouldn't, either, for she was one of those sensible girls who never cry. He walked to the window and gazed out; through a lack of anything else to do, he pulled his watch out and opened it. But he didn't see what time it was; her picture looked appealingly at him from the watch lid.

He pulled on his topcoat, with the intention of going down to the club; but he started in the other direction, and somehow he seemed to be in a terrible hurry. At first he walked very briskly, then he began to run, and before he had gone two blocks he was running at full speed. A policeman yelled at him, but to no avail. Three blocks more, two blocks, one block—there was the messenger boy standing on the steps.

Townsend arrived in time to relieve the boy of the note, and handed his card to the maid who answered the bell.

Charles S. Smith.

ETCHINGS

THE IMPECUNIOUS CRICKET AND THE FRUGAL ANT.

AN ant there was, a spinster ant,
Whose virtues were so many
That she became intolerant
Of those who hadn't any;
She had a small and frugal mind
And lived a life ascetic,
Nor was her nature of the kind
That's known as sympathetic.

I skip details. Suffice to say
That, knocking at her wicket,
There chanced to come one autumn day
A common garden cricket,
So tattered, limp, and needy that,
Without elucidation,
One saw the symptoms of a bat
Of several months' duration.

He paused beside the doorstep, and
With one pathetic gesture,
He called attention with his hand
To ragged shoes and vesture.
"I joined an operatic troupe,"
Said he, "and they disbanded,
And left me on the hostel stoop,
Lugubriously stranded.

"I therefore lay aside my pride
And frankly ask for clothing."
"Begone!" the frugal ant replied.
"I look on you with loathing.
Your muddy shoes have spoiled the lawn
Your hands have soiled the fence, too.
If you need money, go and pawn
Your watch—if you have sense to!"

THE MORAL: When your means are scant,
Consult an uncle, not an ant.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

BOY LOST.

"Boy lost!"—these are the words I cry—
Lost unto me forever.
Nothing left now but to struggle and die,
To mourn till the soul cords sever.

"Boy lost!"—one with an innocent heart
And a soul as white as a lily;
And my man's heart bears a poisoned dart,
And the winds mourn for me shrilly.

"Boy lost!" Yes, and I was the boy.
Man must I be hereafter,
With strength to make worrying work my
toy
And to greet defeat with laughter.

"Boy lost!" Yes, and that boy was I,
And down in my heart I'm fain
To kneel and ask the Father on high
To make me a boy again.

Tom Hall.

WAYSIDE SIGNS.

YEARS ago, in days Elysian,
Wandered we 'mid sylvan ways;
Airy castles filled our vision,
Threaded we a gilded maze.
By the wayside joy supernal
Lurked where morning glories twined,
Sun's slow pilgrimage diurnal
All too swift—so we opined.
Bud and bloom upsprang to render
Tribute from their treasured sweets,
While the earth her robes of splendor
Flung before our leisured feet.

That was in the days of olden;
Signs and seasons changed be.
Then the fields with flowers were golden
Pigments *now* on fence and tree.
Daubs of color fill our vision;
Plasters—pills—are painted there,
And where once were fields Elysian
Now these flaming signboards glare
Bah! These wayside signs infernal
Flaunt in cacothymic rout;
Haste thy pilgrimage diurnal,
Kindly sun, and blot them out.

John Carleton Sherman

TO A PLAYWRIGHT.

POOR playwright, when the play is on,
With all its pomp and glare and show,
And mirth treads close where tears have gone
Who thinks of you, I'd like to know?

And when the hero shows his wit,
Or does some deed that's fine and true,
We credit him with every whit;
Nobody stops to think of you,

Of you who carved him from your brain;
With loving care and patience wrought
And shaped in solitude and pain
These living children of your thought.

And when they speak the words you gave
Witty or tender, grave or glad,
And act the gentleman or knave,
Who thinks of you? Too bad, too bad

And if the play should make a hit,
Why then the actors made it go;
You are not praised a little bit,
We never hear of *you*, you know.

Unless, indeed, your work should fail,
And then we hear of you enough;
Actor and manager both rail,
"There's nothing to his play, mere stuff!"

Poor playwright, may I pity you?
I do not think that you should wonder
Compassion thrills me through and through,
When other people steal your thunder.

If I were you, the world should pipe
My praise as well, or I'd know why;
My name should boast the largest type,
If I were you, and you were I.
Anne Virginia Culbertson.

A STUDY IN SYMBOLS.

FROM blue to red,
From red to gold,
From gold to gray;

So turns the sky,
So fades the light,
So ends the day.

From ease to strife,
From strife to pain,
From pain to peace;

So life shall wax,
So grief decline,
So toil shall cease.

Clarence Urmy.

I WONDER WHY!

A WREATH of yellowed orange flowers,
A wedding wreath!
I wonder why I take it out, and lay
Its drooping leaves against my hair today,
Now I am gray?

A gown of lace and lavender,
A wedding gown!
I wonder why I lift it, just to hold
My faded cheek against its faded fold,
Now I am old?

Catharine Young Glen.

TO AN OLD JOKE.

REMINDER of the dim, forgotten past,
'Twere fitter far your old age to respect;
A chance to rest, a peaceful grave at last,
Were you but half your age you should expect.

Long years have passed away since first we met;
And though you've often reappeared since then,
The antiquarian's appetite to whet,
I've thought—I've hoped you'd bore us ne'er again.

Were you a horse a way they'd surely find
Out of your misery to put you quickly;
With jokes it seems they cannot be so kind,
However old they are, infirm and sickly.

Yet don't despair; for know, 'tis my intention
To start a new society or two
The aim of which will be for the Prevention
Of Cruelty to Antique Jokes like you!

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

GOLDEN SILENCE.

I TOLD her I loved her and begged but a word,
One dear little word, that would be
For me by all odds the most sweet ever heard,
But never a word said she!

I raged at her then, and I said she was cold;
I swore she was nothing to me;
I prayed her the cause of her silence unfold,
But never a word said she!

I covered with kisses her delicate hand,
But she only glanced down where the sea
Low murmured in ripples of love on the sand,
And never a word said she!

I cast her hand from me with rage un-suppressed,
And she turned her blue eyes up to me
And smiled as she laid her fair head on my breast;

"What need of a word?" asked she.

Ellis Parker Butler.

EVER OLD AND YOUNG.

IN the dance's devious whirls,
Through a cloud of yellow curls,
Roguish eyes she casts at me,
Deep and wise, and barely three!
Of coquettish arts what store
Holds this maid in pinafore;
In her knee high pleated skirt,
An unconscionable flirt!
How she plays her woman's part,
Little minx, with hair of gold;
*Every maid is wise and old
Somewhere, deep down in her heart.*

Lady of three score and three,
Not less beautiful to see!
With her hair so snowy white,
But with gray eyes keen and bright;
Eyes where linger even yet
All the arts of the coquette,
Arts unpractised long, but not
In her autumn quite forgot;
Nor with these, her girlhood's part,
And love's lesson, softly sung;
Trust it—*every woman's young
Somewhere, deep down in her heart!*

Joseph Dana Miller.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY

In the July *MUNSEY* I said that I was just off to Europe, and that on my return I would resume these personal chats. I also said that one of my objects in going abroad was to buy the best art and the best literature on the other side for this magazine and our other publications.

So far as the latter statement goes, I have held faithfully to my promise. I secured about twenty thousand dollars' worth of material—fiction, articles, and art—and made connections with literary men and artists that will add strength and brilliancy to this magazine, *THE PURITAN*, and *THE ARGOSY*.

Of the fiction secured the most important works are: a serial story entitled "Born in the Purple," by Anthony Hope; a serial story by Stanley Weyman, not yet named; a serial story entitled "The Swallow," by H. Rider Haggard; a serial story entitled "The Woman of Kronstadt," by Max Pemberton.

But as to the resumption of these chats on my return from abroad, I have not kept my promise. I came back to New York nearly three months ago, and have been giving close attention to this magazine and the other problems connected with my publishing interests. I have given a great deal of thought to *THE MUNSEY*, and have perfected plans for making it not only better and better, but tremendously better, in all that goes to round out a clever, brilliant, beautiful magazine. In a word, it will be so strong, so up to date, so alive with human interest, that no family, I care not how much a dime means to it, can afford to let a single month go by without *THE MUNSEY*.

* * * *

When we gave the ten cent magazine to the people, four years ago, our work for the people had but just begun. *THE MUNSEY* has since that time grown from a small magazine till today it is as big as the 35 cent magazines, and still it sells for ten cents.

THE ARGOSY, another of our magazines, has been developed from a small weekly paper. It is framed on unique lines. It is larger, even, than *THE MUNSEY*—larger by thirty two pages. It, too, sells for ten cents, and is reaching a very wide circle of homes.

THE PURITAN was our next conception. Its first number was issued last January, and already it is ranking with the important publications of the country. It has enriched

the field of journalism in all that goes to make up a high grade periodical for gentlemen.

Last summer I announced that we would undertake to give to the people books at a right price—first rate cloth bound books, copyrighted books, books printed from new plates on good paper—in short, such books as are published by other houses at from one dollar to one dollar and a half. The price we fixed upon was twenty five cents a volume. Wiseacres shook their heads; old publishers shook their heads; the book trade generally said it couldn't be done. But it has been done. We have done it—the twenty five cent book has come to stay. It is a right price—quite enough when modern business methods are applied in making and marketing.

And now comes *THE QUAKER*, a new periodical—a periodical preëminently for the people—the whole people. It sells for two (2) cents a copy—yearly subscriptions, twenty (20) cents. This latter sum is only one and two thirds ($1\frac{2}{3}$) cents a copy. At such a price *THE QUAKER* is easily within the reach of all the people. It contains more good reading for the price than has ever been offered in any literary journal in the whole history of the publishing business anywhere.

But *THE QUAKER* is not all I have to tell you about this month. It is not the only new thing we have for you. *THE RED SEAL LIBRARY* is just as new—it is brand new, in fact—just out. You may wonder what *THE RED SEAL LIBRARY* is. I will tell you. It is a series of standard books issued neatly in paper covers, pocket size. There is nothing very wonderful about this fact alone; the wonderful thing is the price—two (2) cents, two cents a volume.

* * * *

The announcement of standard books at two cents a volume is indeed startling. But it can be done; we shall do it. *THE RED SEAL LIBRARY* will be a marvel to everybody—nearly 150 pages to a volume, and all for two cents. The plates from which these books are to be printed are brand new, the type is clear and sharp, and the press work excellent. Three books are now ready:

"Peg Woffington," by Charles Reade,

"Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson,

"King Solomon's Mines," by H. Rider Haggard.

The best known authors in the world will be included in this series. Among them will be :

Charles Dickens,	A. Conan Doyle,
Thackeray,	H. Rider Haggard,
Fenimore Cooper,	R. L. Stevenson,
Sir Walter Scott,	Hall Caine,
Jane Austen,	J. M. Barrie,
George Eliot,	Olive Schreiner,
Nathaniel Hawthorne,	Robert Buchanan,
R. H. Dana,	Stanley Weyman,
Captain Marryat,	Anthony Hope,
Charlotte Bronte,	Jerome K. Jerome,
Charles Lever,	Marie Corelli,
Charles Kingsley,	John Strange Winter,
Charles Reade,	Florence Warden,
Harriet B. Stowe,	Beatrice Harraden,
Disraeli,	Jules Verne,
Lord Lytton,	Victor Hugo,
Harrison Ainsworth,	Count Tolstoy,
Mrs. Gaskell,	Turgeneff,
Ik Marvel,	Eckmann-Chatrian,
Sir Walter Besant,	Alphonse Daudet,
George Moore,	Georges Ohnet.

* * * *

To refer once more to THE PURITAN, I want to say that it is my purpose to make it the cyclonic success of the season in publishing circles. THE MUNSEY is in nearly every home today. It can't grow much more in circulation until the population of the country grows. But there is room for THE PURITAN, and we are going to occupy it. We shall spend the money and do the work and command the talent—artistic and literary—to place THE PURITAN in the front rank of all publications of its class.

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From time to time I meet people who simply know that there is such a magazine as THE MUNSEY. They read it and like it. They are rather surprised that they do like it. It is a young magazine, and of course a young magazine can't, in the nature of the case, be first rate.

These are the people who never think, compare, reason, investigate. They move along in a rut. They are surprised, deeply moved, when I tell them that THE MUNSEY is now as big as *Harper's* and *The Century*—160 pages of reading matter, exclusive of advertising. They had supposed, as a matter of course, that the magazine was a tiny affair, because its price is only a trifle more than 25 per cent of that of the high priced magazines. They had supposed, too, that its circulation was correspondingly diminutive. There was no reason for thinking this. They saw it everywhere—in every home—and yet it had never occurred to them to think that it had a very big circulation. Naturally, the old magazines had the big circulations. This is the way they looked at it. It was easier to look at it this way. There was no strain on

the thinking machinery—no shock to their sense of the fitness of things.

But there are facts too big to be kept down. They will reach to the uttermost parts of the earth. One of these facts that can't be kept down is the circulation of THE MUNSEY—nearly seven hundred thousand (700,000)—more than double the combined American circulation of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and *The Century*. That is to say, if the circulation—the American circulation—of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and *The Century* were added together, and the total multiplied by two, the result would be less than that of THE MUNSEY.

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It has been a long time coming, but it has come—the new special machinery for cutting THE MUNSEY. Last spring I told you that it was being built for us, and that it would be ready for use in the early summer. But it has taken a lot of time to perfect it. It has been perfected, though, and is all right. THE MUNSEY is cut this month throughout, with the exception of one signature (16 pages). The last machine received from the manufacturers was not erected in time to do its share of the work. Consequently, one of the old folding machines had to be used. Hereafter the book will be cut absolutely throughout.

Let me remark on this point that there is a wide difference between the book cut in folding, as THE MUNSEY is cut, and the trimmed book—that is, a book with the edges sliced off by a cutting machine. In the latter case the size of the book is materially reduced, making it unsuitable for binding. Our plant is today the only one in the world that can produce a cut book. Much of the machinery was designed and built especially for this purpose.

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I fancy there is nothing I could say that would interest you more just now—the opening of the reading season—than a chat about our publications. I am, therefore, confining myself closely to this theme. Later on I will talk of other things.

I don't know that I have ever said much to you about THE ARGOSY. It was my first publication. I will tell you a good deal about it some day, and there is a good deal to tell. The thing I want to tell you about now is the handsome growth in the circulation of THE ARGOSY. In a single year it has run ahead of its own accord, without any pushing, from about 30,000 copies a month to 90,000. This is the edition we are now printing. The gain has been made solely on the merits of the publication itself. When a publication does this, there is only one reason for it, and the reason is that it gives the people what they want, and gives it to them at a right price.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

A THRONE IN THE BALANCE.

THE news from Spain grows daily of a more disquieting character, and unfortunately, owing to the fact that our commercial and other interests are inextricably bound up with the Cuban question, which is still without a solution, we cannot afford to await the events which are to come with but a platonic interest. The rapid and uncertain changes of cabinet and other incidents of political interest in Madrid are not to be compared, in gauging the situation, with the growing activity of the many uneasy and restless elements which compose the political world of the Iberian peninsula.

As the necessity of evacuating Cuba becomes daily more apparent, the Carlists and the republicans are preparing for the struggle in a way which leaves but little ground for hope that it is to be fought out in the forum and not upon the tented field. Exhausted and impoverished, without men and without money, unhappy Spain would seem to be upon the brink of another civil war, this time a triangular contest, with Don Jaime wearing the white plume of the Carlists, little Alphonso with the standard of the Bourbons fighting for the crown he has as yet never been permitted to wear, and Salmeron and Pi y Margall representing the various creeds of Spanish republicanism.

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

ORGANS of public opinion in Great Britain, particularly those which in the past have been inclined to predict that in a few years the Anglo Saxon thirst for land will become an overmastering passion with our people, and lead our government on to territorial expansion, strengthen their editorial expression of opinion by the publication of news items in support of their argument. The latest bit of information which comes to us from abroad upon this subject is a stray shot of the wildest description. It takes the shape of an announcement from London that the government of the United States has made overtures to the government of Denmark, with the object of acquiring Greenland, a country which, as we frankly confess, we learn now for the first time belongs to the little kingdom on the Baltic.

The London press does not enlighten us as to the reasons which have induced our government to take this unusual step, and perhaps in England, where the hunger for land leads to the annexation of any unappropriated

territory in sight, no explanation was required. We do not wish, at the present stage of these delicate negotiations which the London press announces, to express decidedly an opinion upon a subject of such absorbing interest, especially to all who are connected with the ice business, but at the same time we cannot refrain from uttering a word of warning and of caution.

From all the information available in regard to the lay of the land of that new country, where the London editor already sees the overshadowing reflection of the American eagle, we should say that it might, and indeed probably would, prove a slippery possession. Unless Uncle Sam put on skates, a course which would not meet with the approval of our numerous and influential fellow citizens of the prohibition persuasion, he would probably have a nasty fall. We believe that the present administration can be relied upon to keep cool without our cruisers being sent to cut ice in the coves and fjords of Greenland, a step which might, as the merest tyro in foreign affairs knows, easily lead to complications with the polar bears. The proposed addition of a silver and a polar star to our galaxy might, however, secure the enthusiastic approval and support of those who fear that the possible addition of Hawaii and Cuba, with their tropical heat, may disturb our already not too equable national climate, unless offset by a biggish lump of ice in the shape of Greenland.

THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY.

WHATEVER may be the results, in a political sense, of the present struggle in New York, we have every reason to expect nothing but an improved order of things from the present popular upheaval. All parties and all classes seem determined to send to the front their very best man and secure the best showing possible for the ideas of city government which they have at heart. The people of Greater New York seem to have awakened to the fact that the government of the Empire City is not peculiarly the concern of politicians, but a question of municipal house-keeping, in which we are each and every one most directly concerned. Whether Mr. Low or General Tracy, or some other candidate at the present writing unnamed, is to be called to preside over the destinies of the city as it enters upon its new and more spacious career under the charter, it is a subject of congratulation to know in advance that the civic

virtues which we all applaud are likely to be worthily represented in the citizen to be chosen.

There is, however, one phase of the municipal campaign which, though somewhat prematurely, it is true, as all the candidates have not been named, we cannot refrain from criticising. All citizens seem anxious to secure for Greater New York a despotism with an angel on the throne; so it would seem that our political life, even in its best features, which have been so noticeable during the last few weeks, runs to one man power. The underlying principle of hero worship seems to be the same, although some burn incense at one altar and others at another. What we had hoped to see, and what we still hope to see, is a general coming forward of the men best able to give us good and practical government in the subordinate, though all important, posts of aldermen, city councilmen, and selectmen, rather than the enthronement of a stray angel under the dome of the city hall. When, a few years ago, the complicated condition of the government of London, with its city boroughs and parishes, was reconstructed and reformed by an act of Parliament, and the first election was held for the members of the newly created county council, there was a very different state of affairs noticeable. The very best men, irrespective of party or of previous position, came forward and offered their services in the humble but most useful capacity of counselors to the greatest and largest municipality upon the globe. Among these volunteers and drafted citizens was Lord Rosebery, and it is generally conceded that he displayed better qualities of constructive statesmanship as a member of the London county council than he did as prime minister. Unless our new aldermen under the charter, who at the present writing have not been named, or even nominated, shall prove to be men of the highest caliber, the very best talent that can be found in the varied professions and callings pursued in this vast Empire City, we shall experience much disappointment and feel that we have been defrauded of our legitimate expectations.

THE SHRINKING WORLD.

THE arrival in New York of the new four funneled steamer, *Wilhelm der Grosse*, after a record breaking trip from Southampton, emphasizes the fact that, as our great centers of population grow larger, the world becomes relatively smaller, and, as they say in the publication offices, the pressure for space more difficult to satisfy. Perhaps, if the crowding process continues for long, we shall have to adopt the plan of the Dyaks of

Borneo, and build our homes upon piles driven deep down in the river beds, utilizing the adjacent land for golf links and other out of door sports which are worth while. This process of shrinkage in the once goodly frame of our mother earth is fraught with consequences some of which do not appear to be very desirable.

Twenty years ago Jules Verne wrote his story, "Around the World in Eighty Days," and it met with the greatest success—as an extravaganza; then some pioneer, a Marco Polo of our day, went around the world in eighty days and said so, for which he was, of course, denounced as a liar. But in the year 1902, when in all human probability the trans-Siberian railway will be completed, a journey about the earth will not require much more than a month. Starting from New York, the circumnavigating tourist will reach Vancouver in six days. From this point to Vladivostok—or to Talienwan, in Chinese territory, which will in all probability become the terminus, on the Pacific, of the longest railway in the world—he will spend eleven or twelve days in great circle sailing. Crossing Siberia by rail, he will reach St. Petersburg in eight days, London in four, and turn up in New York in five or six days, so completing his jaunt in thirty five days or under. The actual cost of such a journey will be next to nothing; the round the world tickets, which sell at present for a little more than five hundred dollars, will then be sold for three hundred, at an outside figure. By this new route the longest and the most expensive strip of the route—and also, it should be added, by far the most interesting—that down the east coast of Asia from Japan to the Malay Peninsula, and then on to India, Egypt, and southern Europe—will be left out for those travelers who, though on pleasure bent, are of a frugal mind and disposed to economize; for the trans-Siberian railway proposes to take tourists across Asia and half of Europe for about forty dollars.

Until flying machines are gotten under better control, and balloons more thoroughly domesticated, the journey will continue to occupy, as outlined, from thirty to thirty five days. When the great trunk line through the Canadian Northwest is completed to some Alaskan port, and the passenger cars are ferried across the Straits to connect with the trans-Siberian schedule, the journey will be lessened by another five or six days at least. Then we may read a notice upon the office door of our hardworking professional and business men, when the time for the summer vacation has come: "Mr. Blank is out of town; has gone around the world; will be back in three weeks."